★ Sept. 20, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, Margaret Bannerman, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance Sunday evening, Sept. 21, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BURLESQUE:** The old one concerning a drunken comedian, who is played by Bert Lahr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay and that rabbit. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Harvey Stephens, Phyllis Ryder, and Peggy French are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Frank Rogier, and Jean Carlton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight and Marjorie Gateson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The Ethel Merman frolic. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making definite plans.)

I Gotta Get Out—A comedy by Joseph Fields and Ben Sher, with a cast that includes David Burns and Reed Brown. Directed by Mr. Fields, and produced by Herbert H. Harris and Lester Meyer. Opens Thursday, Sept. 25. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Our Lan'—Julie Haydon in a play by Theodore Ward. Produced by Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer, and directed by Mr. Dowling. Opens Saturday, Sept. 27. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Les Sylphides," "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Ballet Imperial," "Night Shadow," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Baiser de la Fée," "Madroños," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 21: "The Nutcracker," "Cirque de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 21 (final performance): "Les Sylphides," "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Anna Lucasta—A return engagement of Philip Yordan's all-Negro play, with Isabelle Cooley, Warren Coleman, and other members of the old cast. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Opens Monday, Sept. 22. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The usual mélange of cowboys, irascible horses, and formidable Brahma bulls, along with Gene Autry and his horse Champion, both of whom are even-tempered. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Evenings, starting Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 24, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Magic Show—Presented by members of the Society of American Magicians. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday evening, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—This late-blooming subterranean dell is enlivened by Basil Fomeen's dance orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Two orchestras play for dancing in the dignified Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, singing on amorous subjects with her customary enormous *élan*. Abbey Albert's dance orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A finishing school in social comportment, with emphasis on table-visiting. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Caligula might have found it a trifle ornate, but the customers seem to like it fine. Peter Walters plays the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra provides dance music afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is open again, with Señor Wences, the ventriloquist; a dance team; and

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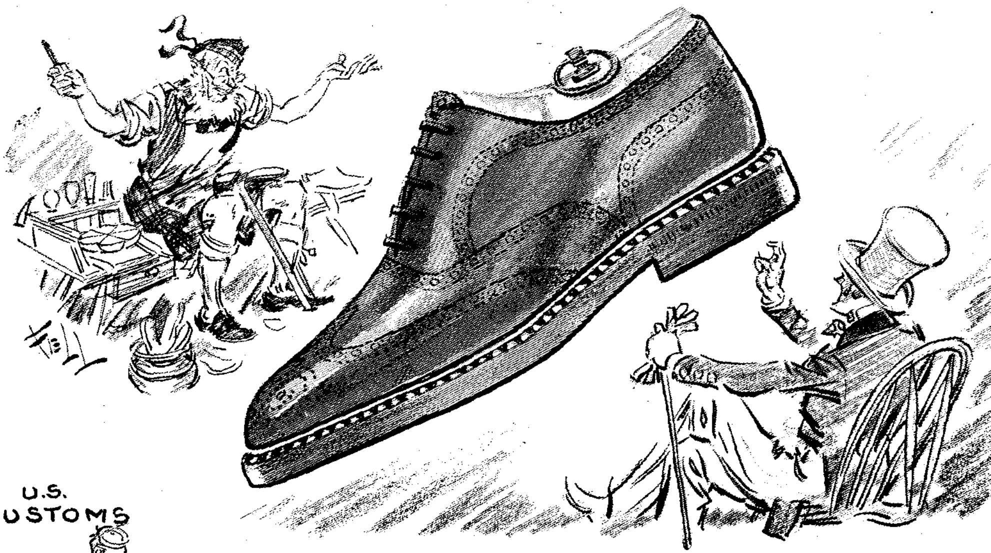

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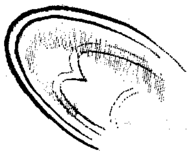

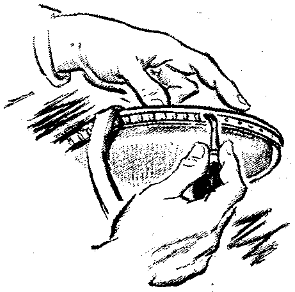

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FROM THE MAJOR'S LIST OF EXCLUSIVES FOUND ONLY AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE MEN'S SHOPS

NEW YORK **BEVERLY HILLS** **DETROIT**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Charles Reader's orchestra alternating with a rumba band.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, a *small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily* and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo takes charge of the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Emile Petti's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Several tons of chandeliers provide *an Old Vienna sort of atmosphere, in spite of* a disappearing bandstand that would have aroused quite a stir on the Danube. Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, there's the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, a fellow who does imitations, will give way to Dwight Fiske on Wednesday, Sept. 24. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays for dancing on the Starlight Roof, and Ginny Simms sings at supper. Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter; no dancing.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after nine-thirty.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ferrante and Teicher provide piano music after ten.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns at the piano all evening.... **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's dance orchestra until nine.... **ST. MORITZ ROOF,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A likely place to spend mild end-of-summer evenings. Alfred Menconi's dance orchestra and a small show.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, an importation from California; Dorothy Jarnac; and dance music by Dave Martin's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello will continue their racket until Saturday, Sept. 20. The place will be closed from Sunday, Sept. 21, until Thursday, Sept. 25, when a new show, headed by Ray Bolger, will move in.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, along with the usual noisy show; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, managing to keep his head well above these choppy waters; dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce, Amanda Lane, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chippie Hill, a rousing blues shouter right out of the twenties, abetted by the Jimmy Shirley Trio, and Don Frye at the piano; dancing.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, heading a new show.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Sheila Barrett (through Saturday, Sept. 20), plus Spivy herself, who contributes a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bright comedy by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors.... **CLUB TROUBADOUR,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): Mary Lou Williams, and George Auld's orchestra.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Monday night is visitors' night here.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio, to be replaced by Sidney Bechet's on Monday, Sept. 22. There's a jam session every Monday evening.... **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio will give way to Charlie Ventura's band on Thursday, Sept. 25.... **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Ben Webster's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Drawings and Lithographs—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57th St.: Small pieces by Matisse, Picasso, Juan Gris, and others; through Sept. 20.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Sol Wilson, John McCoy, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 30.... **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57th St.: Lithographs by William Stanley Hayter and members of Atelier 17, as well as by such men as John Taylor Arms and Stow Wengenroth; through Sept. 27.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, mostly by *newcomers; through Oct. 1.*

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—This year's show is given over to guests of Federation members, among them Perle Fine, Sidney Gross, and Mary Callery. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 27.)

Groups—At the **CHINESE,** 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this establishment; through Oct. 3.... **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57th St.: A large Picasso, called "Femme au Costume Vert," and more paintings of women, by Léger, Carl Holty, and others; through Sept. 27.... **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Recent oils and water colors by Joseph DeMartini, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this gallery's group; through Sept. 27.... **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY,** 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society; through Sept. 19.... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 4. (Closed Saturdays.)

John Sennhauser—Pleasant, if not particularly original, non-objective paintings. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 20.)

Water Colors—A collection by the late Arthur G. Dove, done between 1930 and 1946, as well as some new pieces by Charles Sheeler, George L. K. Morris, and others. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Sept. 20.)

Charles White—Mural-like paintings and drawings of Negroes. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 20.)

Stanley Wilson—Semi-abstract water colors of driftwood, mushrooms, and other still life, by an English artist new to this country. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 26.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Ralph Fasanella; through Sept. 27.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: J. M. Hanson; through Oct. 4.... **SALPETER,** 128 E. 56th St.: Eugénie Schein; through Oct. 4.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Jacob Getlar Smith; through Oct. 4.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: John Masteller; through Oct. 11.... ¶ Group shows at the **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.; through Oct. 18. **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56th St.; through Sept. 27. **SELIGMANN,** 5 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 1. **LAUREL,** 48 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30. **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 3. **NEW AGE,** 138 W. 15th St.; through Oct. 4.

Note—The semiannual art exhibition in Washington Square will be open daily, from noon until dark, through Sept. 28.

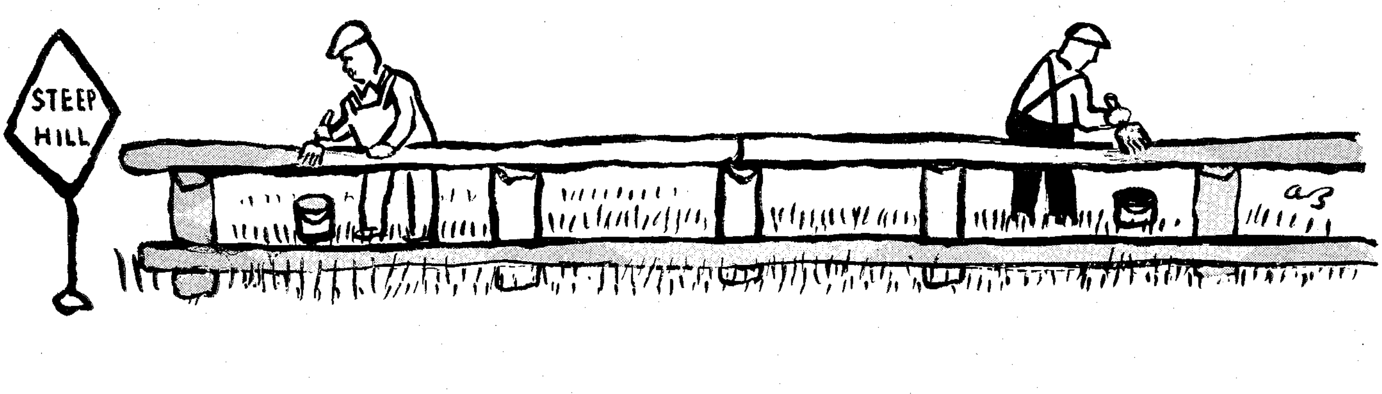
MUSEUMS

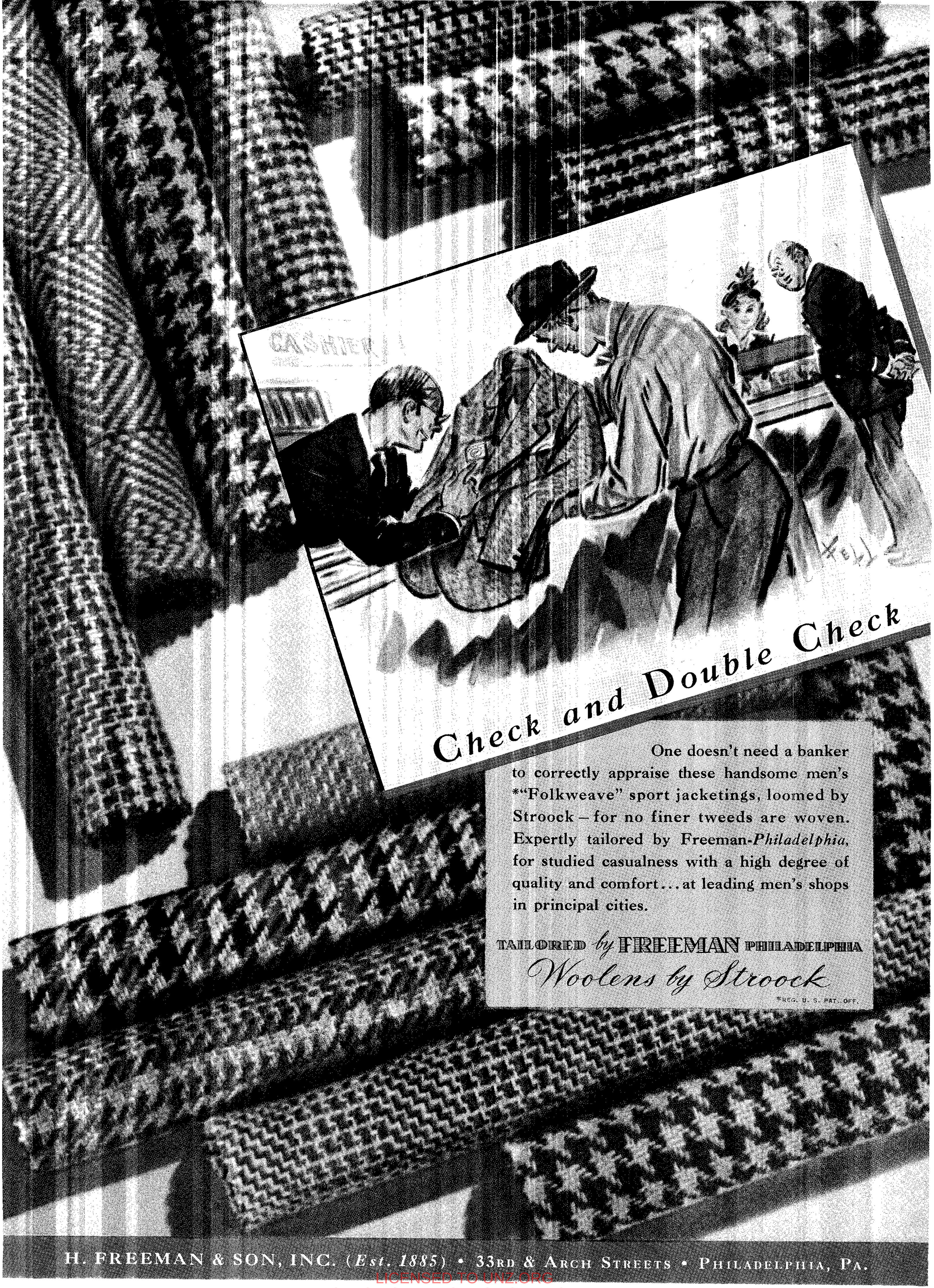
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists.... ¶ Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of photographs, by Alfred Stieglitz; through Sept. 21.... ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs, in a retrospective show of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, sculptures, and water colors from the Museum's





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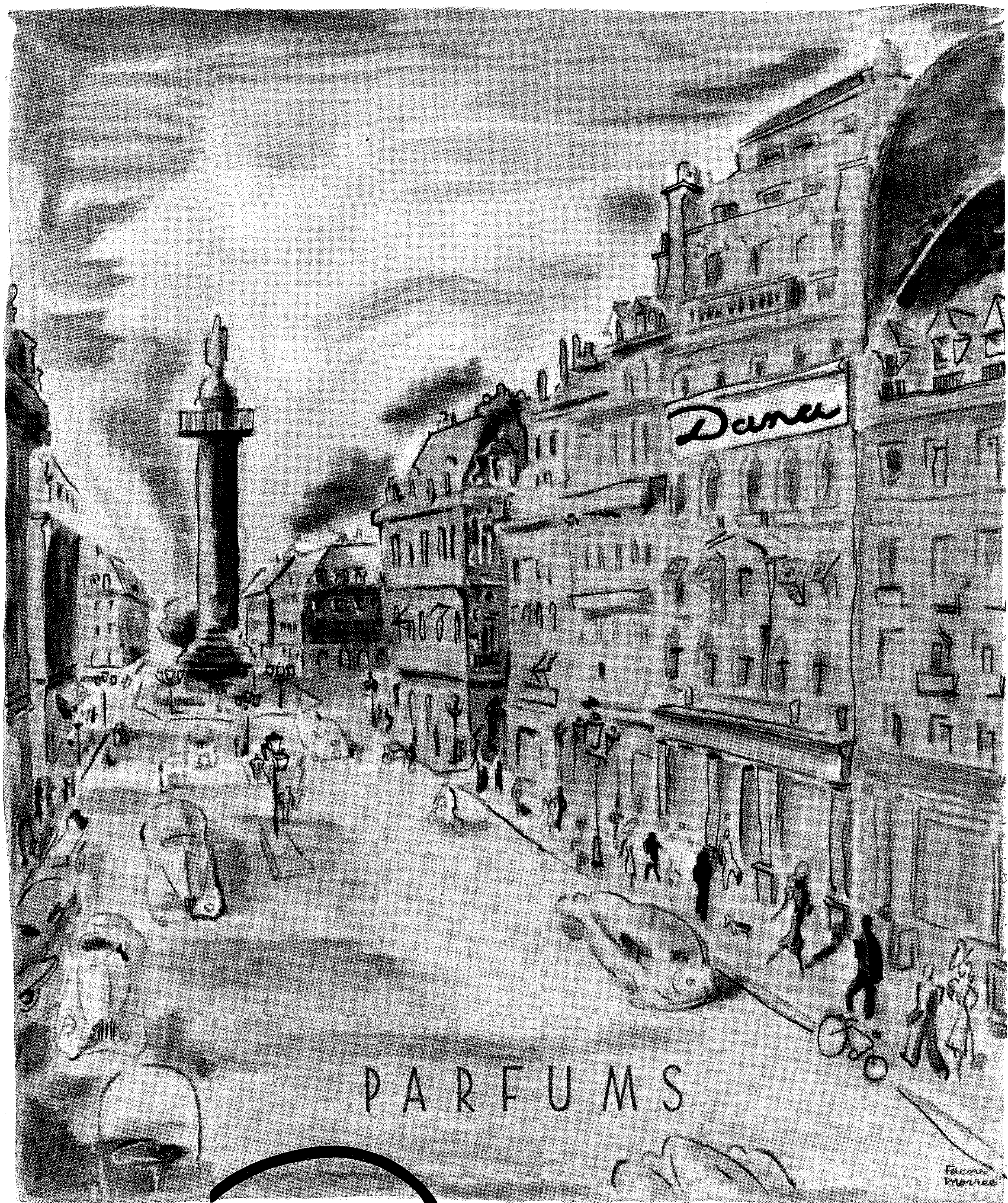
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

MUSIC

Josh White—Folk singer. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday evening, Sept. 20, at 8:40.)

New York City Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano; Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and the Schola Cantorum. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 22 and 24, at 8:30.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season—Thursday, Sept. 25: "Salome." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27: "Carmen." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—James P. Johnson, Albert Nicholas, Sidney Bechet, Georg Brunis, and others. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday afternoon, Sept. 27, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ A program by such Calypso singers as the Duke of Iron, Lord Invader, and Macbeth the Great. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Thursday, Sept. 18, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 22-23, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Washington. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23-24, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Giants. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Tony Pellone, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811, Friday, Sept. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 27: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Lehigh, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Western Maryland, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Merchant Marine, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

Dog Shows—Eastern States Exposition. (Springfield, Mass., Saturday, Sept. 20.) . . . ¶ Berks County Kennel Club. (Reading, Pa., Sunday, Sept. 21.) . . . ¶ Suffolk County Kennel Club. (Bay Shore, L.I., Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Horse Shows—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Eastern States Exposition. (Springfield, Mass., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr Horse Show. (Bryn Mawr, Pa., Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 24-27.) . . . ¶ Montclair Horse Show. (West Orange, N.J., Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27.)

Polo—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Final match in the National Open Championship, between Michael Phipps' Meadowbrook team and Jesús Grijalva Sonora's Mexicans, Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At GARDEN STATE: Weekdays at 2 P.M. The Jersey Handicap, Sept. 20; the Garden State Stakes, Sept. 27. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station weekdays at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Saturday, Sept. 20. The As-

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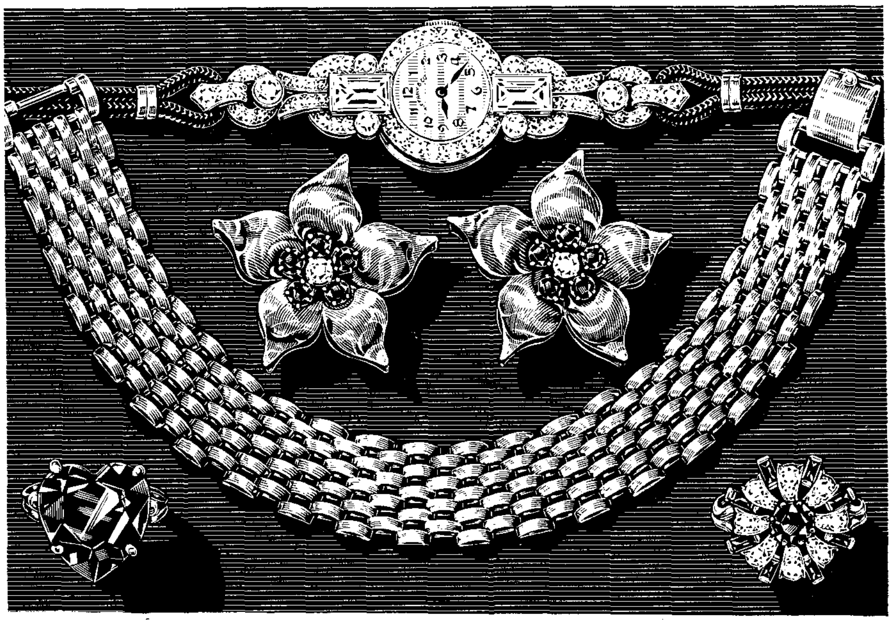

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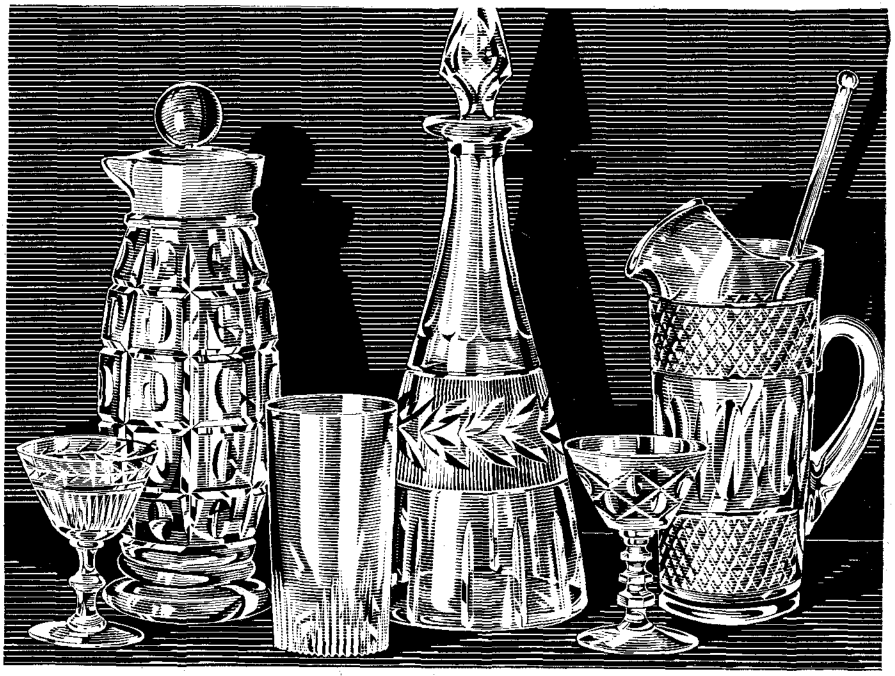

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tarita and the Beldame Handicap, Sept. 20. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Monday, Sept. 22. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Sept. 22; the Jerome Handicap, Sept. 24; the Matron Stakes, the Manhattan Handicap, and the Armed and Assault match race, Sept. 27.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M., D.S.T.)

Yachting—Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club championship races on the Sound. (Larchmont, N.Y., Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20-21.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The annual session of the General Assembly has convened at Flushing Meadow, and about six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station for the special United Nations stop at 8:07 A.M. and twelve minutes past the hour and half hour thereafter. Committees of the General Assembly meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about twice that number continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Freedom Train—A seven-car train, loaded with American historical documents—the Mayflower Compact, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and many other notable papers dug out of the nation's filing cabinet—will lay over in Grand Central on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25 and 26, before continuing its year-long tour of the country. The hours for this refresher course in American history are between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "A Rocket Trip Around the World." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English and American furniture and objects of art, owned by the late Agnes Page Bartlett and others. (Auction, Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Louis XV furniture, eighteenth-century porcelains, and a collection of modern French paintings, by Marie Laurencin, Degas, and others, owned by Paulding Fosdick and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Sept. 20, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 22-24, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, Sept. 21, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Saratoga Spa Music Festival: F. Charles Adler conducting members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, Sept. 22, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Beldame Handicap, at Aqueduct, Saturday, Sept. 20, at 4:15 P.M., WCBS, WNBC.

Drama—Full-length plays recorded by the B.B.C.: Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," Friday, Sept. 19; and Euripides' "The Trojan Women," Friday, Sept. 26; both at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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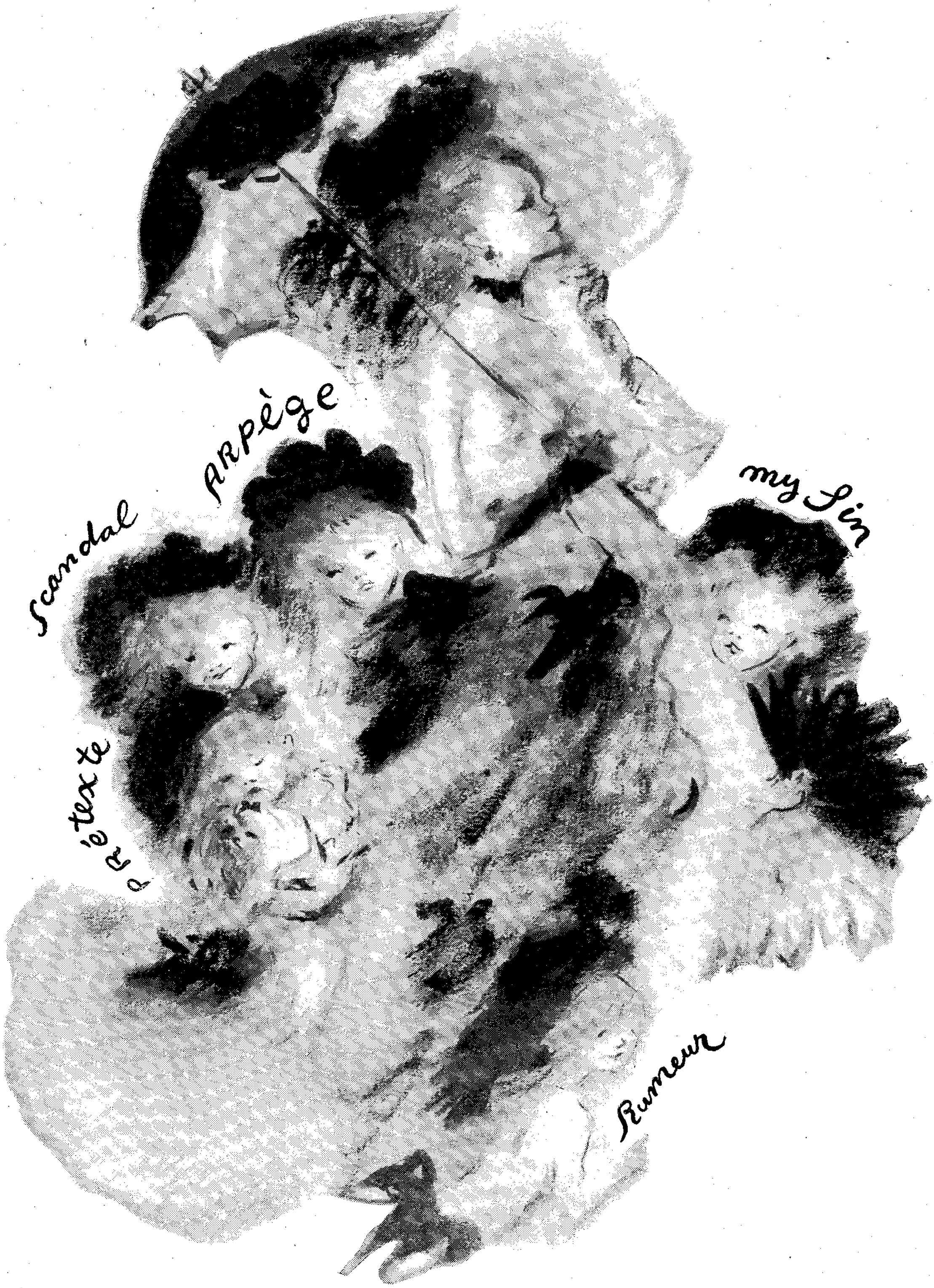
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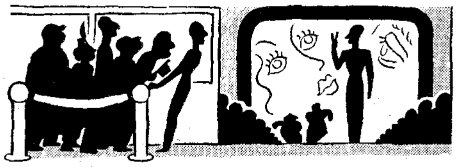

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour job as seriously as it takes itself. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Sept. 19.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 19-20.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Sept. 22-24.)

BLACK NARCISSUS—This story of nuns in the Himalayas, from the Rumer Godden novel, is a hard one for the movies to handle, but there are some extraordinary Technicolor camera-work and the cast, which includes David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, and Sabu, is uncommonly good. An English picture. (Fulton, 210 W. 46th; through Sept. 24.)

CROSSFIRE—An unpretentious mystery film, put together along standard lines but sharpened occasionally by candid talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is excellent as a soldier ridden by race prejudice, and most of the others in the picture are competent, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

DEAR RUTH—A pleasant adaptation of the war-time comedy of a couple of seasons ago. You'll probably like Billy De Wolfe as a civilian trying to keep his girl from giving in to a persuasive bombardier. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Sept. 21-24.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; starting Sept. 23.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th; starting Sept. 24.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—The Dickens story of Pip, the blacksmith's apprentice who becomes a London dandy, translated to the screen with fidelity and charm by an English company. In the role of Pip as a boy, Anthony Wager sets a pace that Hollywood kiddies would be well advised to try to keep up with. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; through Sept. 19.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Sept. 22.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; Sept. 22-23.)

THE HUCKSTERS—A bowdlerized version of the Frederic Wakeman novel about advertising men and their peculiar ways, which has in its favor a couple of praiseworthy performances by Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou. Clark Gable and Deborah Kerr have the principal roles. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; starting Sept. 24.)

KISS OF DEATH—An exciting and brutal gangster film, in spite of its silly title. The cast includes Victor Mature and Richard Widmark, who plays a singularly ferocious gunman. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—The play based on Clarence Day's stories has been expertly made into a movie. The admirable cast includes William Powell, Irene Dunne, Zasu Pitts, and the child Derek Scott. It is in Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st.)

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR—Hemingway's story of cowardice, lust, and death incidental to a hunting expedition in Africa. Hollywood has watered down some of the racier situations a bit, but there's still enough of the original in it to make it important. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; through Sept. 21.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; through Sept. 22.)

ODD MAN OUT—The first half of this English picture is as tense as they come, depicting James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. The second part, however, gets all tangled up in baffling symbolism. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Sept. 19-21.)

OPEN CITY—A deeply moving Italian film that describes the functioning of the Roman underground. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

THE OUTLAW—There's been quite an uproar about this cattle-country epic put together by Howard Hughes, but what it boils down to is a frequently diverting burlesque of all boots-and-saddles movies. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide most of the tongue-in-cheek effects. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd.)

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY—As James Thurber's daydreaming character, Danny Kaye is often very funny. Clarity, however, is not one of the outstanding virtues of this film. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

SHOE-SHINE—An Italian picture telling simply and with terrifying effect the tragedy of two shoeshine boys in Rome. The superb child actors and the picture's unrelenting honesty are remarkable. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th.)

TAWNY PIPIT—An English piece that manufactures some gentle fun from such mild ingredients as bird-watchers and nest rifling ornithologists. The cast, headed by Bernard Miles, is always first-rate. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

WELCOME STRANGER—A film that is very similar to "Going My Way," except that in this one Mr. Crosby and Mr. Fitzgerald are doctors instead of priests. Moderately amusing. With Joan Caulfield and Percy Kilbride. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd; through Sept. 23.)

REVIVALS

48 HOURS (1944)—A British piece about an imaginary invasion of England by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 21-22.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 18.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Sept. 18.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler thriller about spies in Turkey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Sept. 24.)

LADY IN DISTRESS (1942)—British melodrama concerning a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 21-22.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Sept. 21-22.)

THE SON OF THE SHEIK (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; starting Sept. 23.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th; starting Sept. 19.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scottish village and a flock of dogs. A British comedy, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Sept. 19.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 19-22.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier playing Emma and Lord Nelson. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Sept. 24.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; starting Sept. 23.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Anderson play. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 19-22.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Sept. 18, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: French films of 1926 to 1929.... ¶ Sept. 19-20, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sept. 21, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair.... ¶ Starting Sept. 22, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928). Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Romance of Rosy Ridge," Van Johnson, Janet Leigh.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

FULTON, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
Through Sept. 24: **BLACK NARCISSUS.**

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
KISS OF DEATH.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Down to Earth," Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"The Long Night," Barbara Bel Geddes, Henry Fonda.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Sept. 23: **WELCOME STRANGER.**
From Sept. 24: "Desert Fury," Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, Burt Lancaster.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 23: "Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.
From Sept. 24: "The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Sept. 24: "Cynthia," Elizabeth Taylor, George Murphy.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Lured," Lucille Ball, George Sanders.

WARNER, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Singapore," Fred MacMurray, Ava Gardner.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Roosevelt Story," documentary film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

STANLEY, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Russian Ballerina" (in Russian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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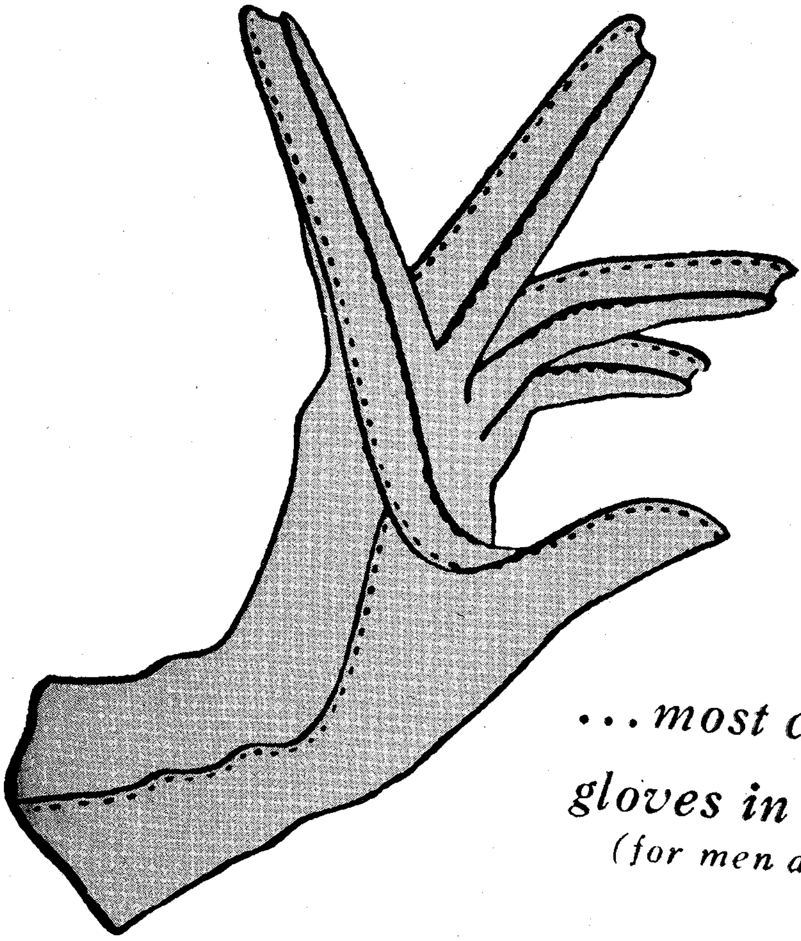

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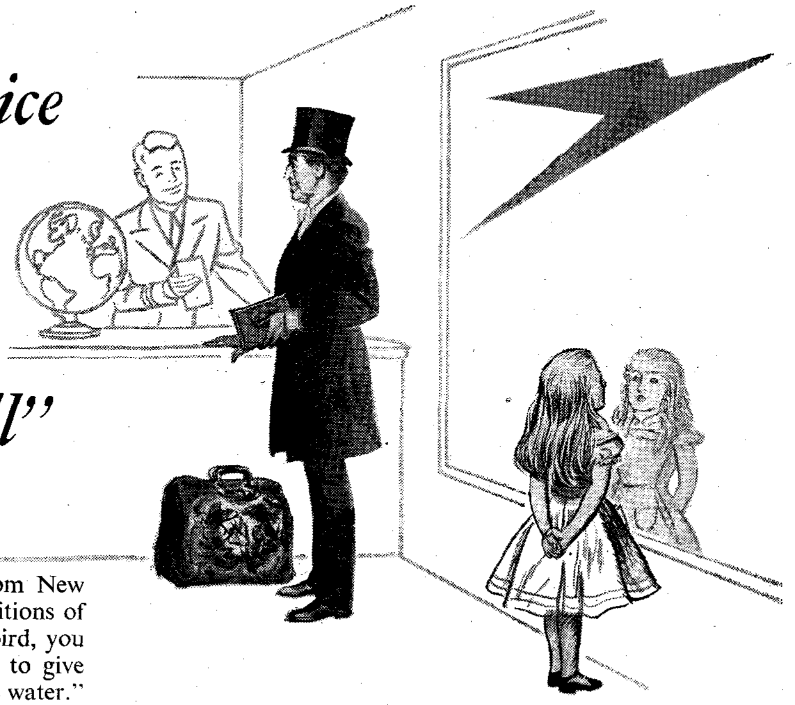

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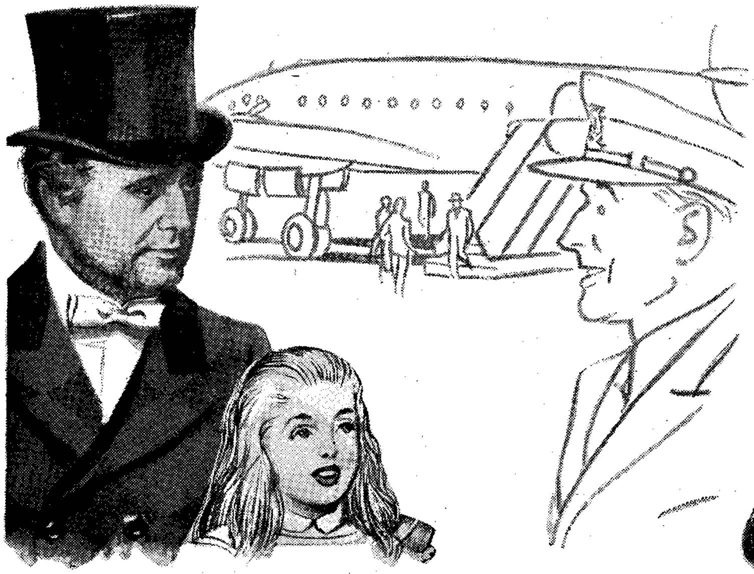

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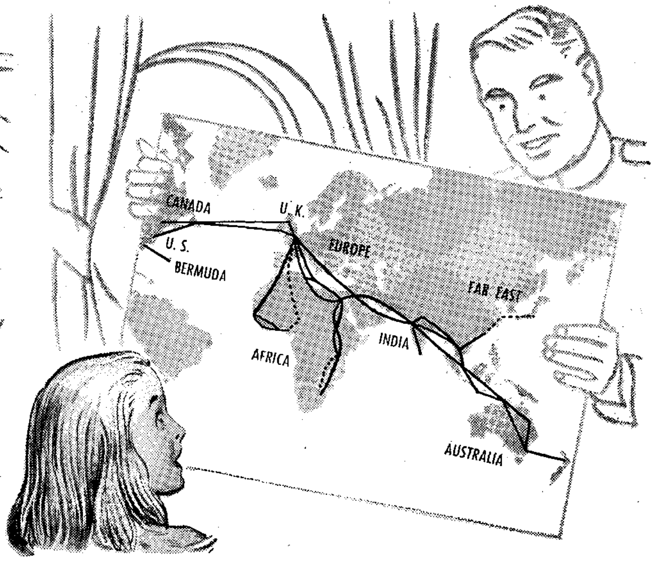

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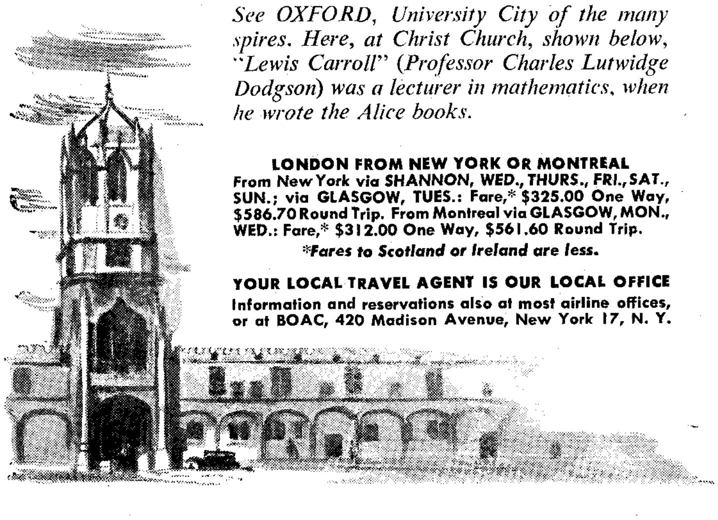

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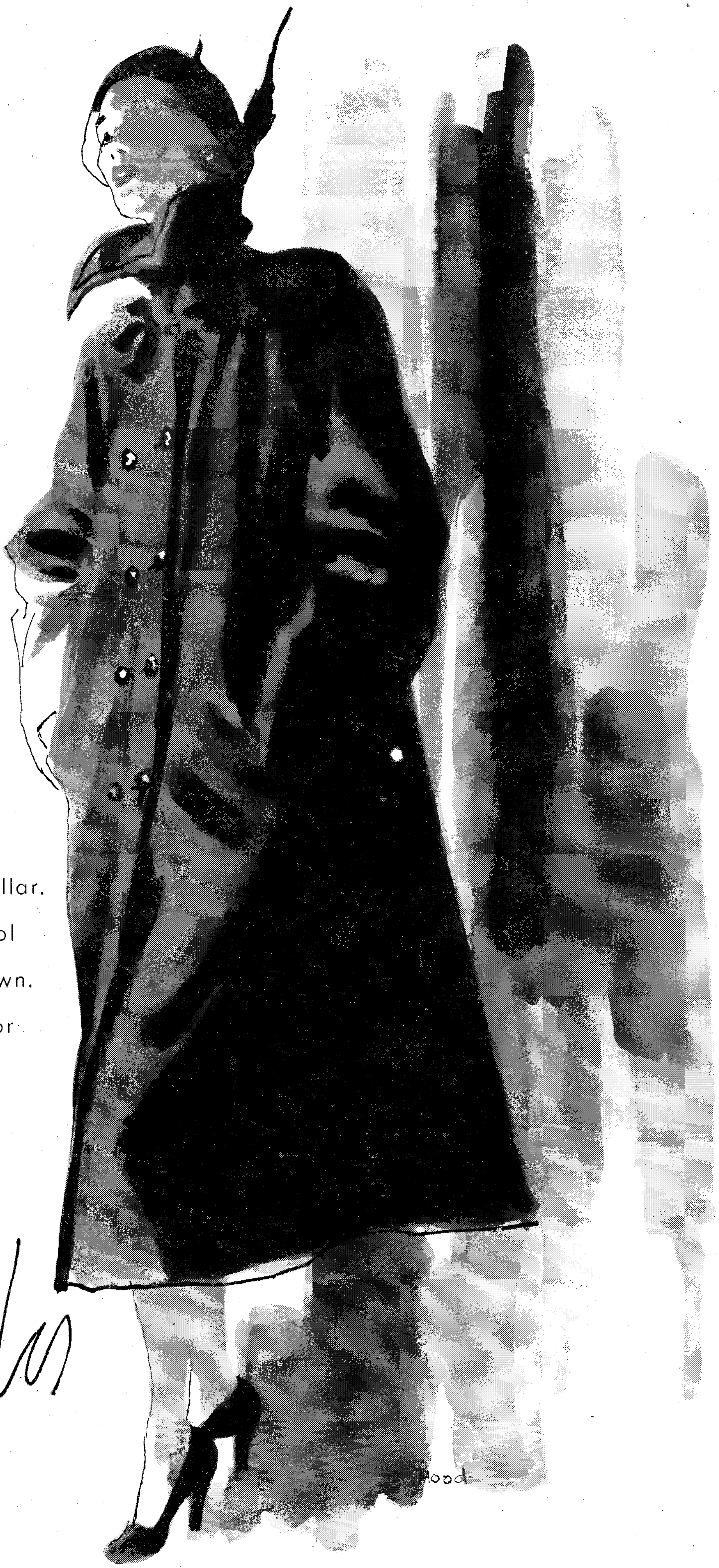

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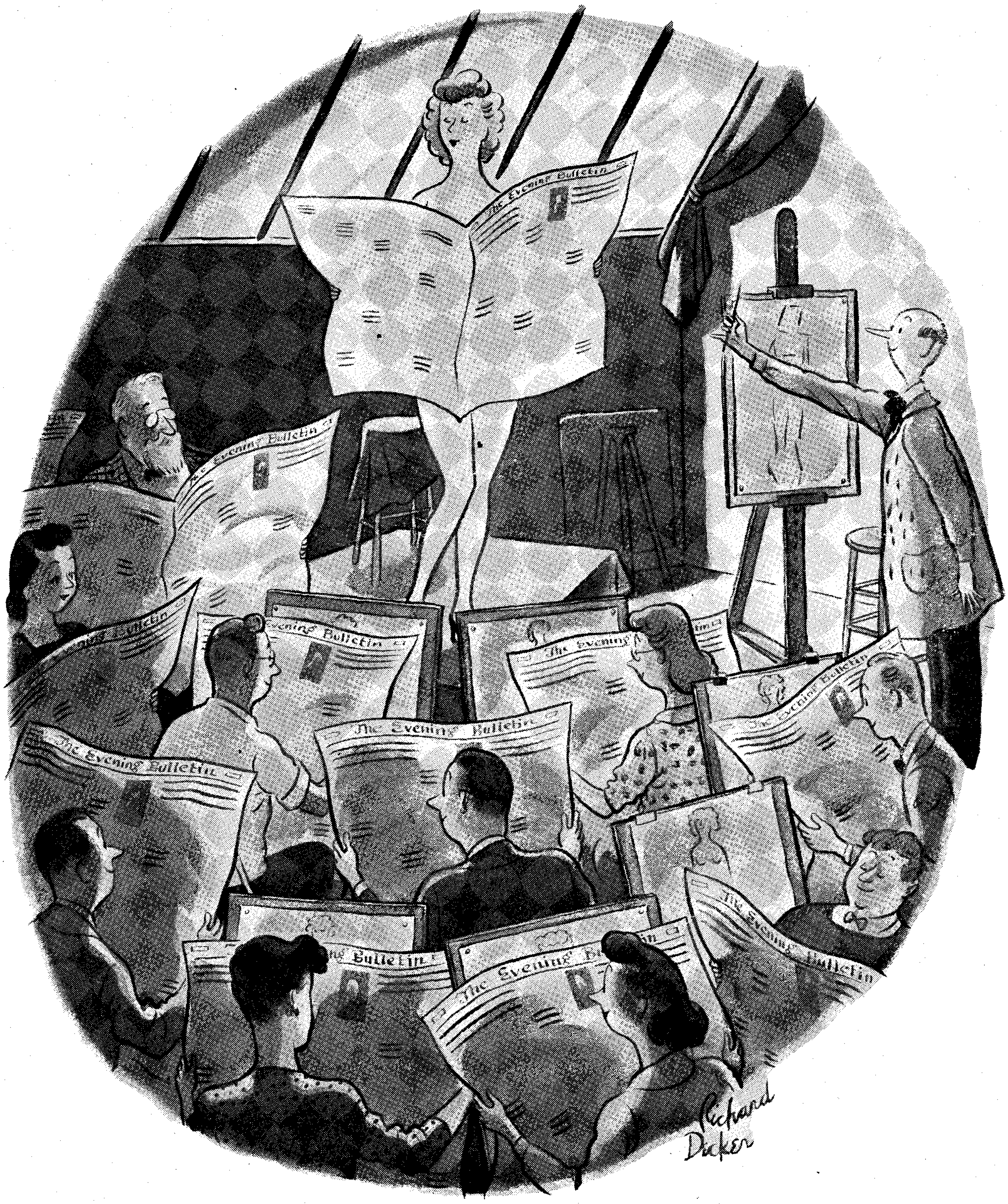
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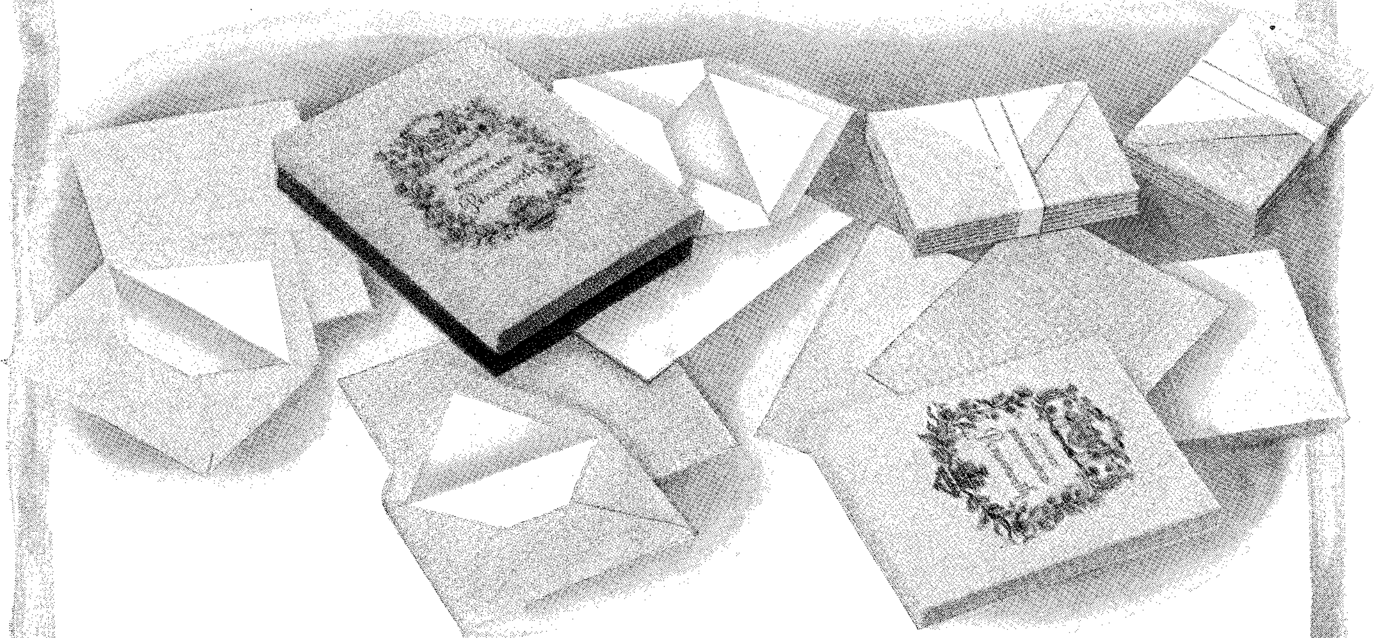

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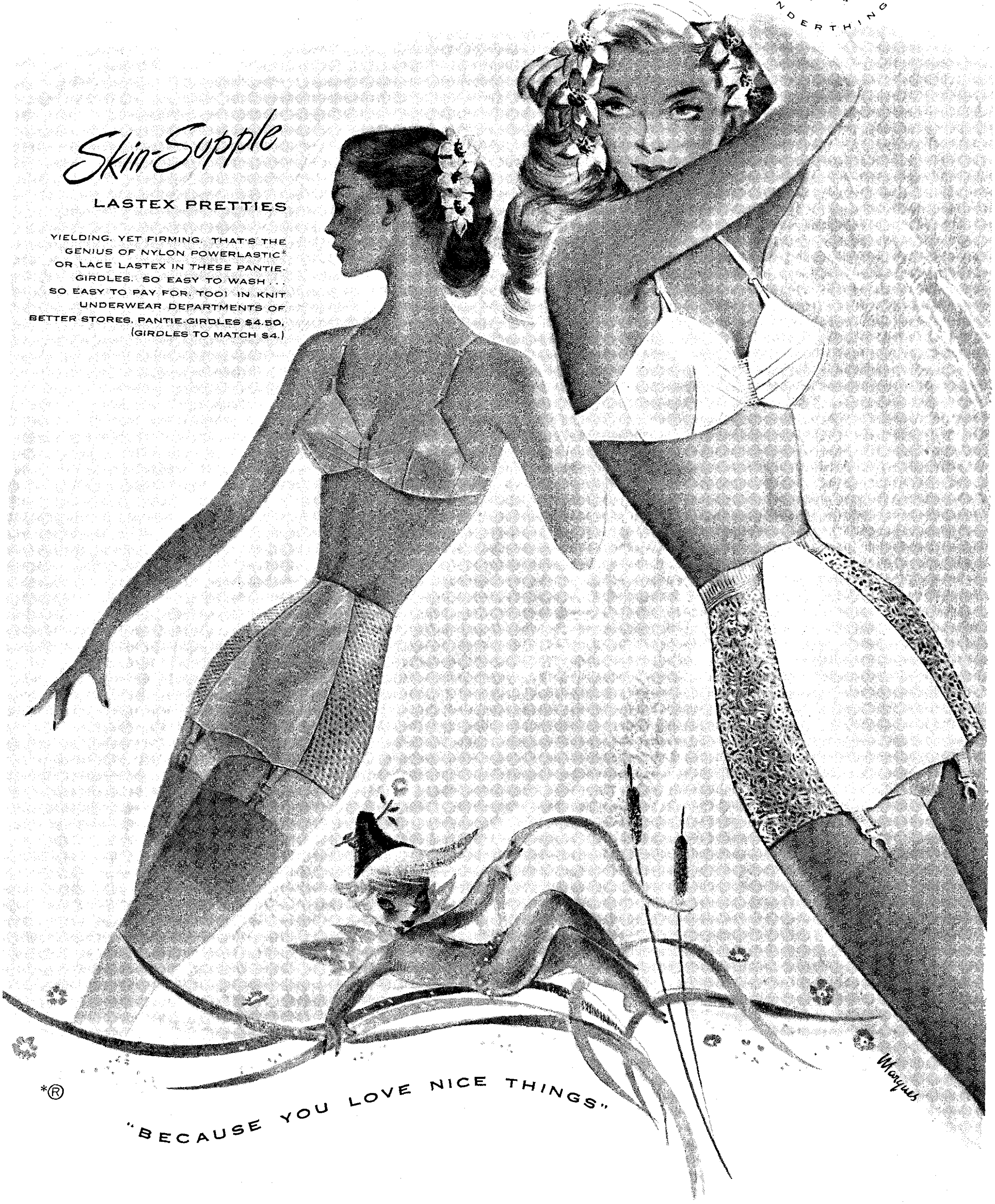
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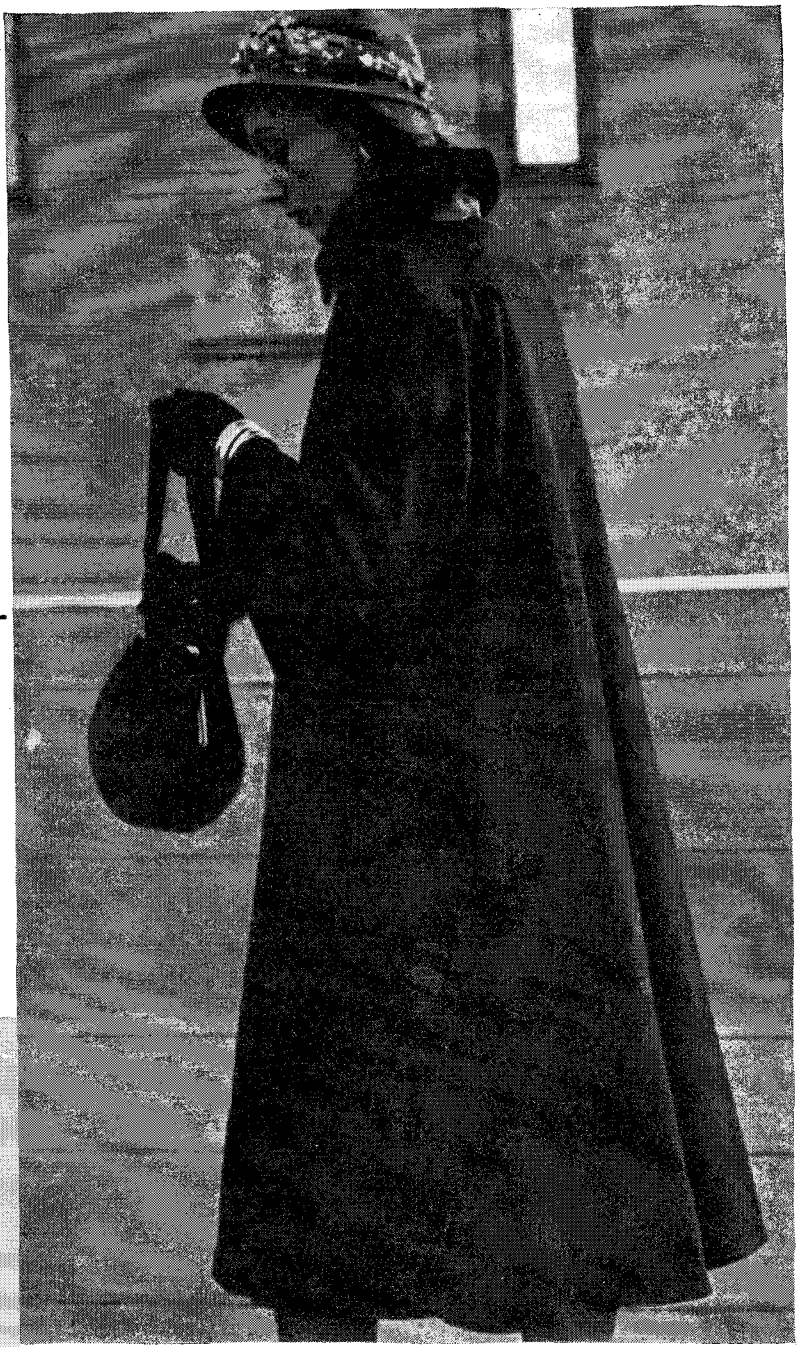

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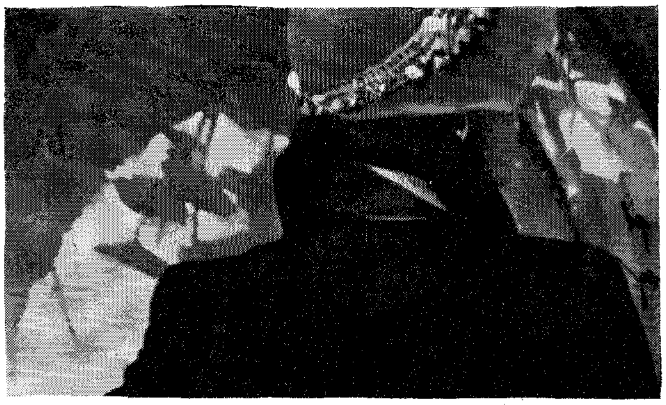

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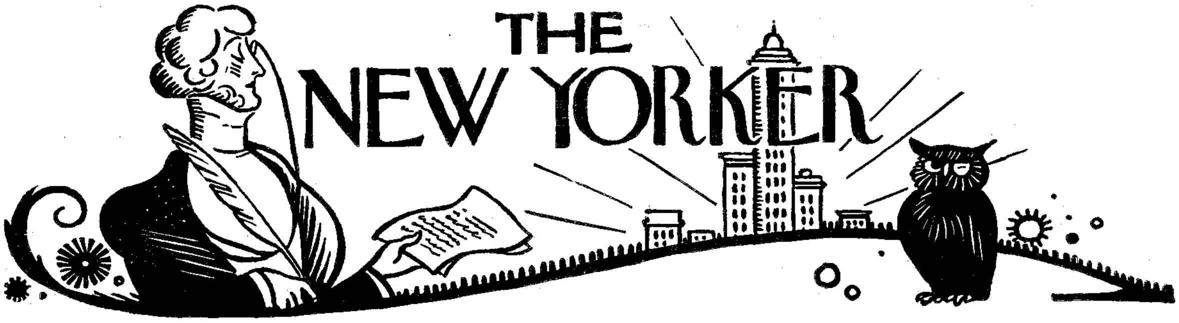

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME of our gloomy apprehension about the possibility of the world's becoming predominantly Communist was dispelled last week when we read a dispatch from Paris stating that *L'Humanité*, the Party's mouthpiece in that city, had instructed its lady readers to refuse to buy new clothes with the lowered hemline and, instead, just craftily lengthen their old garments. It seems to us that the Communists in Paris, situated as they are at the hub of the fashion world, were in a perfect position to take a firm, forceful, and inspiring stand against this latest bourgeois whim. *L'Humanité*, for instance, could have instructed its woman readers not only to ignore the fad but to defy it openly by hiking their skirts up an inch or two. The Paris Communists, however, committed themselves to a policy of compromise, appeasement, and expediency. We are unable to look upon a political philosophy that can be translated into such craven evasions as a serious threat to our democratic way of life. As long as the Communists are dominated by that kind of thinking, we have nothing to fear but fashion itself.

WE feel we owe it to the public to report promptly the first television casualty that has come to our attention—a victim of an affliction that is certain to increase along with the sale of television sets, and that may someday come to be known simply as video eye. We feel, too, that this casualty is all the more worthy of notice because he happens to be a bird dog, and cannot speak for himself. Prior to last June, when the dog's master installed a television set in the living room of his house in Greenwich, the patient's case history included only the usual record of worms and other diseases of early doghood, and there was no evidence of emotional imbalance on his part or on the part of either parent. From the moment the set was in operation, however, the dog seemed unable to get enough of it. He would crouch before the screen hour after hour, yipping in transports of delight and lashing the floor with his tail. When the field-trials season opened a couple of weeks ago, his master gave him a workout in some open country back of the house, and quickly realized that something was wrong—that the dog was, in fact, barely able to distinguish a bird from a dead branch. The dog was carried to a veterinarian, who gave him an exhaustive examination and announced that, unlikely as it might sound, the dog was suffering from eyestrain of precisely the sort that, in human beings, results from knitting or reading fine print in an insufficient light. The veterinarian recommended a gentle tapering off of the number of shows the dog was to be allowed to see, in order to wean him away from his addiction with a minimum of distress, and plenty of sunlight and fresh air. At last reports, we're glad to say, the dog had painlessly been reduced to one baseball game a week, and his vision, in field and living room, was back to 20-20.

SUCCESS, heretofore an intangible attribute to us, we now perceive to be something that can be defined as a group photograph taken in an armory. We owe this profound revelation to our estimable contemporary *Life*, which last week took what a press agent's handout described as "a diagrammatic picture showing all the ingredients of success for a singer like Beryl Davis." This project involved the renting of the 71st Regiment Armory for two days (one day for preparation, the other for taking the picture); the assembling of a singer like Beryl Davis (Beryl Davis) and such ingredients of her success—ninety in all—as dress designers, televisors, disc jockeys, motion-picture and musical-recording men, a hairdresser, press agents, and gossip columnists; the setting up of a buffet and bar for the convenience of one and all; and the installation of a public-address system for the use of the photographer engaged to take the momentous picture, Miss Eileen Darby, of Graphic House. We were privileged to witness the snapping of the panorama of the component parts of Miss Davis's success (excepting only an X-ray of her larynx), thanks to the invitation of an R.C.A. Victor Records public-relations man, who is himself a Davis success ingredient, being the author of a press release for a contest to select the most striking sales display of a Davis recording of "Mother, Mother, Mother, Is It Good or Is It Bad?" "This will be the biggest thing since 'Ben Hur,' " he said when we met him at the Armory at noon. "Got to check on where they put my dog Nipper. I'm afraid Danton Walker is getting preference over him. I've been assigned space in the picture for only half of our trademark—Nipper without his phonograph—and the least I can do is get him equal stature with Danton Walker." We followed Nipper's champion to the center of the Armory floor, which was carpeted with a rectangle of paper twice the size of a tennis court. On this stood a bandstand, four grand pianos, two typewriter desks, Nipper, a motion-picture camera, three manne-

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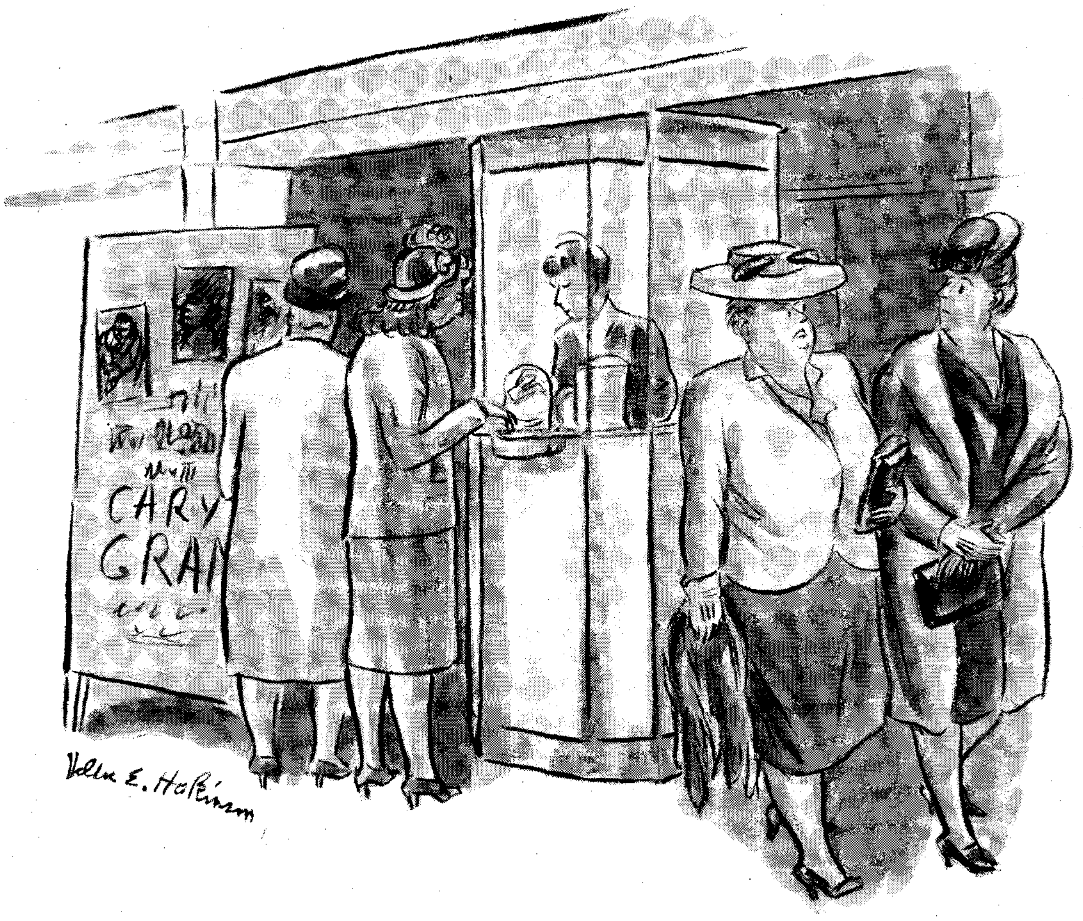

"Well, of course, why Barbara Hutton got tired of Cary Grant is the mystery of the ages."

• •

quins in evening gowns, and a number of place cards marked "Disc Jockeys," "C.B.S. Group," "Columnists," etc. Our friend introduced us to Wayne Varnum, Miss Davis's press agent, who told us that a lot of big wheels were coming. "This is costing me over two thousand dollars," he said. "Rent of Armory, three hundred dollars for the food, seventy-six dollars for that paper on the floor alone. All for Beryl, the best girl vocalist in the British Isles, a real, throaty, vibrato type." A barefooted lady in a polo shirt and plaid slacks padded past us, and Mr. Varnum identified her as Miss Darby. "Don't talk to her while she's moving," he said. "She likes to scurry." "I know where I stand. Where do you stand?" the Victor man asked him. "As Beryl's personal publicity man, I flank Winchell," said Mr. Varnum. "My God, where's Earl Wilson?"

The Victor man started passing out Davis recordings to a dozen or so disc jockeys, for them to hold up in the picture, and we fell in line at the buffet behind a man assembling a tongue-roast-beef-ham-corned-beef-Swiss-cheese-on-rye. "Charnay," he said, introducing himself. "I designed Miss Davis's gown for this occasion. Hammered blue satin, bustle back, low bodice, full drape, gathered front, six hundred dollars, pass the pickles." Miss Davis, a brunette with long, loose hair, came up and told Mr. Charnay her bustle was coming off. He set down his sandwich, carefully arranging it so that it would balance, and pinned the bustle back. We sat down with a group of men in checked suits who said they were Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, just flown in from Boston for the picture. "I don't know whether I'm in the photo or not," said a girl who was standing nearby. "The top level hasn't decided whether it's right for *Life* to photograph *Time*. I'm *Time*."

Miss Darby scurried past and made for a balcony where her camera had been set up. "Will the contingents lay off the food and assume their positions?" her voice called through the loudspeaker. We got out of range of the camera and sat in one of three jeeps at one end of the Armory. The roll was called over the public-address system. It turned out that Mr. Walker and Dorothy Kilgallen were the only columnists on hand, and that Miss Davis's hairdresser, Victor Vito, was unaccounted for. Someone called out that Vito was on his way by taxi. Without waiting for him, Miss Darby hoisted a reflector up a pole and made two takes of Miss Davis and the ingredients of her success. "I thought they were going to take individual pictures," said Mr. Walker to Miss Kilgallen. "I thought I was going to be flanked by Earl Wilson and Frank Conniff, but here I am with you," said Miss K. "Danton Walker has to leave," Mr. Varnum shouted. "Only time for one more take." The Armory door opened and a chubby man with a bow tie strolled in—Vito, the hairdresser. He was got in position, a third picture was taken, and the ingredients began rushing out of the Armory. Mr. Varnum shook his head. "*Life* was supposed to develop the negative on the spot to make sure it was perfect before disassembling the various contingents that have done things for Beryl," he said. "Now everything is in the hands of God."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A jewelry shop on Fifty-ninth Street has a sign in its window reading, "On Fifty-seventh Street Since 1928."

According to Webster's New International Dictionary, F.B.I. stands for Federation of British Industries.

Dr. Lamb and Dr. Wolff share an office at 349 Franklin Avenue, Nutley, New Jersey.

G Street, Washington, D.C., is the temperate address of the High Power Church of God.

Among the souvenirs for sale at the United Nations Gift Bar at Lake Success is a cigarette lighter in the shape of a cannon.

Inside Man

THERE was a story in this magazine a couple of years ago about an itinerant old gentleman who became a barge captain because he found that it permitted him to indulge his interest in the Socratic dialogues more comfortably than the open road did, and now we've got a companion item, on John von Wicht, an abstract painter who's captain of the scow Dorothy of New York and considers the scow way of life even more suitable to painters than to philosophers. To date, von Wicht is the only abstract painter in the Deck Scow Captains Local of the International Longshoremen's Association of America, but he wouldn't be surprised if, assuming the vogue got started, it swept the union. When we visited him recently aboard the Dorothy, which was moored to Pier 80, at the foot of West Fortieth Street, he told us that his nautical career has greatly stimulated his production of abstract paintings. He's been selling from six to a dozen a year, about equalling his salary as a scow captain. This year, he's at his peak, having had three one-man shows in the last eight months—one locally, at the Kleemann Galleries, and two out of town.

Von Wicht is a large, vigorous man of fifty-nine, who began painting in Germany when he was seventeen, and later painted and exhibited in Scotland, Sweden, the Orkneys (we're leaving the whole troubled question of abstract art in the Orkneys for another day), and, since 1923, in this country. Abstract paintings being the last thing the general public wants to buy and hang over the parlor mantel, von Wicht has had to earn his living by other means—designing stained-glass windows for churches, for example, and mosaics for banks, such as the Williamsburg Savings. In 1942, he decided that he was too old to risk letting this duality upset the delicate thought processes required to produce abstractions and that he must find an altogether different sustaining occupation. At about that time, he heard that the Army was looking for scow captains. He'd always been interested in the sea—some of his ancestors were hanged by the Dutch for practicing seamanship in a manner the Dutch considered piratical—and he became captain (and crew) of a scow that transferred food to Army transports here in the harbor after this country got into the war. The job proved almost too agreeable. "Really, it would be better for a representationalist than for an abstractionist," von Wicht said. "The scenery was so beautiful that from the beginning I realized I must be careful to save it for relaxation. For my painting, I've learned to hide myself inside the cabin and not peek out."

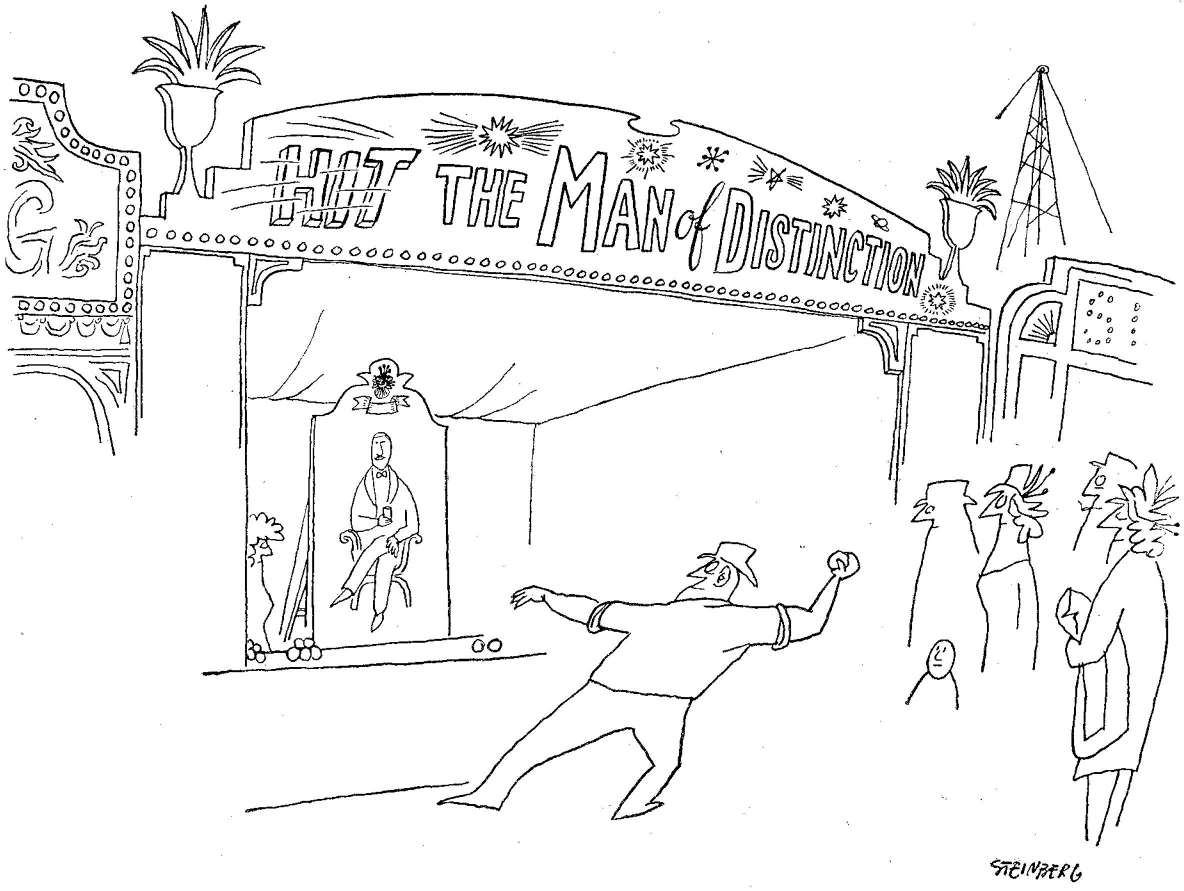
Von Wicht has captained a number of scows since his early Army days. He has been aboard the Dorothy only about eight months, which is as long as the Dorothy herself has been afloat in her present incarnation. A wandering tug was guilty of a discourteous indiscretion, and she spent the most critical war years at the bottom of the Hudson. At present, she runs, or is towed, between Tarrytown and New York, bringing down tires and Chevrolets to be reloaded aboard ships for export. Von Wicht told us that the keynote of the attitude of his fellow scow captains toward him is tolerance. "When they first found out I was a painter," he said, "they used to come over and try to talk me into painting nudes on the backs of their leather jackets, or pictures of storms at sea with them standing just outside their cabin doors. I finally got out of that by showing them photographs of some of my abstractions. They then decided I wasn't an artist at all. A while later, they decided that if painting such stuff made me an artist, they could be artists, too. One fellow grabbed my paints and brushes and dashed off an abstraction in fifteen minutes. It wasn't bad, either."

Full Circle

YOU know how things are in California. Well, our Hollywood scout was walking along Wilshire Boulevard one morning last week and saw, on a blackboard outside a business-opportunities agency, a message chalked in large, square letters, "DRUGSTORE FOR SALE." Something had been printed in smaller characters under this message, and he took the trouble to stop and read it. What it said was "Ideal for Pharmacy."

Riker's Rats

OUR readers may remember that in the course of an exploration of the tree nursery on Riker's Island some weeks back our intrepid Mr. Stanley picked up the curious fact that the Riker's rat population has dropped from, some think, millions to comparatively nothing; the city having stopped dumping garbage there, famine conditions set in, and the rats began eating each other up. Stanley has now


HIT THE MAN of DISTINCTION
STEINBERG

returned from a second journey to Riker's, to inquire specifically into the decline and fall of the rat empire and into a man who defied it, Jack Hirschhorn, manager of the poultry farm of the Riker's Island Penitentiary. For several years, Hirschhorn has been providing nine tons of chicken meat and four hundred thousand eggs annually for the employees of the pen, and for the prisoners on occasion. (The prisoners get chicken on certain holidays.) Hirschhorn, one of eight Department of Correction men currently living on the island with their families, occupies a nice bungalow near the penitentiary. He started his chicken farm in 1938, when the rats were at their height, and practically everybody predicted failure.

The first thing Hirschhorn did was abolish the piggery, which the rats evidently liked even better than the garbage dump. He then designed and built rodent-proof chicken houses. "They're basically the Cornell shed-roof type of house," he told Stanley, "but the overhang of the roof is from Rutgers and the windows are from Pennsylvania." Hirschhorn is Cornell himself—B.S. in Agriculture, 1917. The houses have concrete foundations that go four feet into the ground and extend two feet above it; the floors are of concrete, and the windows are covered with wire mesh. If Hirschhorn has ever lost a chicken to a rat, he doesn't know it. He keeps a detail of twenty-two cats on duty in the feed house, and the rats stay out of there. Rats are no match for cats, no matter what anybody says, Hirschhorn told our man, pointing out that the average rat weighs only three-quarters of a pound.

There are still enough rats around for mild guerrilla warfare. Hirschhorn supplements the cats with poisons and traps. In the beginning, when his battle was open, aggressive, and extensive, he tried almost every poison on the market. He came to prefer Red Squill and has continued to use it. Its toxic ingredient is derived from the juice of a Mediterranean lily. These days, he finds it necessary to put out a batch of poisoned bait about once every six weeks. Each "kill" is preceded by a month of careful pre-baiting, during which he scatters succulent, nonpoisonous morsels at strategic points. He leaves the poisoned bait out for only two or three nights, because rats are too cagey to eat food that has killed other rats. His traps are ordinary ones from a dime store, and he doesn't bait them. "When a rat is frightened, he scuttles along the side of a wall," he told Stanley. "I angle a board against a wall, to form a tunnel, and set a couple of traps beneath it. The rat may jump over the first one, but he'll probably land on the second." Hirschhorn favors saturation trapping over pinpoint-precision trapping; he'll set as many as seventy-five traps in a small area.

As to the depletion of Riker's rat population, Hirschhorn observed that rats have to have food, and they haven't got it on Riker's any more. In the days of the great decline, he picked up many rats that had unquestionably starved to death. He also had first-hand evidence of cannibalism. In an early experiment, he set out to learn the eating habits of rats. He rounded up three cageloads of them, sixteen or twenty to the cage, by the forthright method of putting on a pair of heavy gloves, going out on the garbage dump, and grabbing them. Two or three of the rats in each cage were eaten by the others, although he was feeding them all reasonably well. The Norway rat and the black rat (*Rattus rattus rattus*) like to eat each other, because of an atavistic antagonism, or eating habit. The life span of a rat is only three years, but it has been calculated that one pair could multiply three hundred million times in that period. Stanley concluded that cannibalism has its place.

The rats on Riker's were just about under control, by the way, when a black-widow spider was found on the desk of a deputy warden at the penitentiary. This led to the revelation that the island was infested with black widows. Hirschhorn has got them under control, too, now, by spraying their breeding places with oil, and is looking forward to something new and horrible turning up soon.

Heady

A MOTHER advises us that she was in a midtown Woolworth's a couple of weeks ago with her five-year-old son and put him on a penny-in-the-slot weighing-and-soothsaying machine. The card that came out gave his weight as forty-eight pounds and bore the following appraisal of his character: "You have an indomitable will power, enabling you to overcome in triumph many trying circumstances." The little fellow's been raising hell ever since.

Genteel

IF all goes well, Salvin's, the big new restaurant on Park Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street, will have opened its tempered-glass doors by the time our readers see this. No need for them to rush around there, however, for we took the precaution of casing the place in advance and can therefore render a thorough, and perhaps hair-raising, account of what a big postwar restaurant looks like. We gained entrance one afternoon last week, pushed our way past an electric-drill operator who was engaged in a quarrel with a high-strung man who was laying a rug, stepped over the man who was laying the rug, and introduced ourself to Mr. Sam Salvin, whom we had previously heard described as a legendary figure in the restaurant world. In the flesh, Salvin is compact, gray-haired, florid-faced, and wears horn-rimmed glasses with straight-bow temples. Amidst the clamor of carpenters, he indicated numerous telephone outlets along the mirrored walls of the room, a bar with a cocowood top and a mahogany rim, and the deep pile of the half-laid rug under our feet. "A phone to every table," he shouted hoarsely, holding an imaginary telephone to his ear. "A luxury you seldom find. And how many bars are composed of cocowood? Fireproof and stainproof. You'll notice that this dining room is done in oyster gray and sea blue, and that the ceiling is lighted with mauve light. It's for men *and* women, you see—strictly neutral. Downstairs is the Steak Room. At noontime, it will be reserved for men only. It's maroon and black, with walls of walnut-colored flexwood—strictly masculine. We're catering primarily to the ten-thousand-dollar-a-year young-executive type, and I'm keeping all kinds of entertainment out of here, especially canned music. My aim is to satisfy the customer, and I figure nobody is going to stay away because I don't have music, but some might stay away because I do. So I don't. Come and see the upstairs kitchen, where we'll prepare desserts, salads, and such."

Leading us into the upstairs kitchen, which is actually on the ground floor, Salvin first pointed out the transmitting end of a telautographic installation, by means of which orders can be sent instantly to the main kitchen, downstairs.

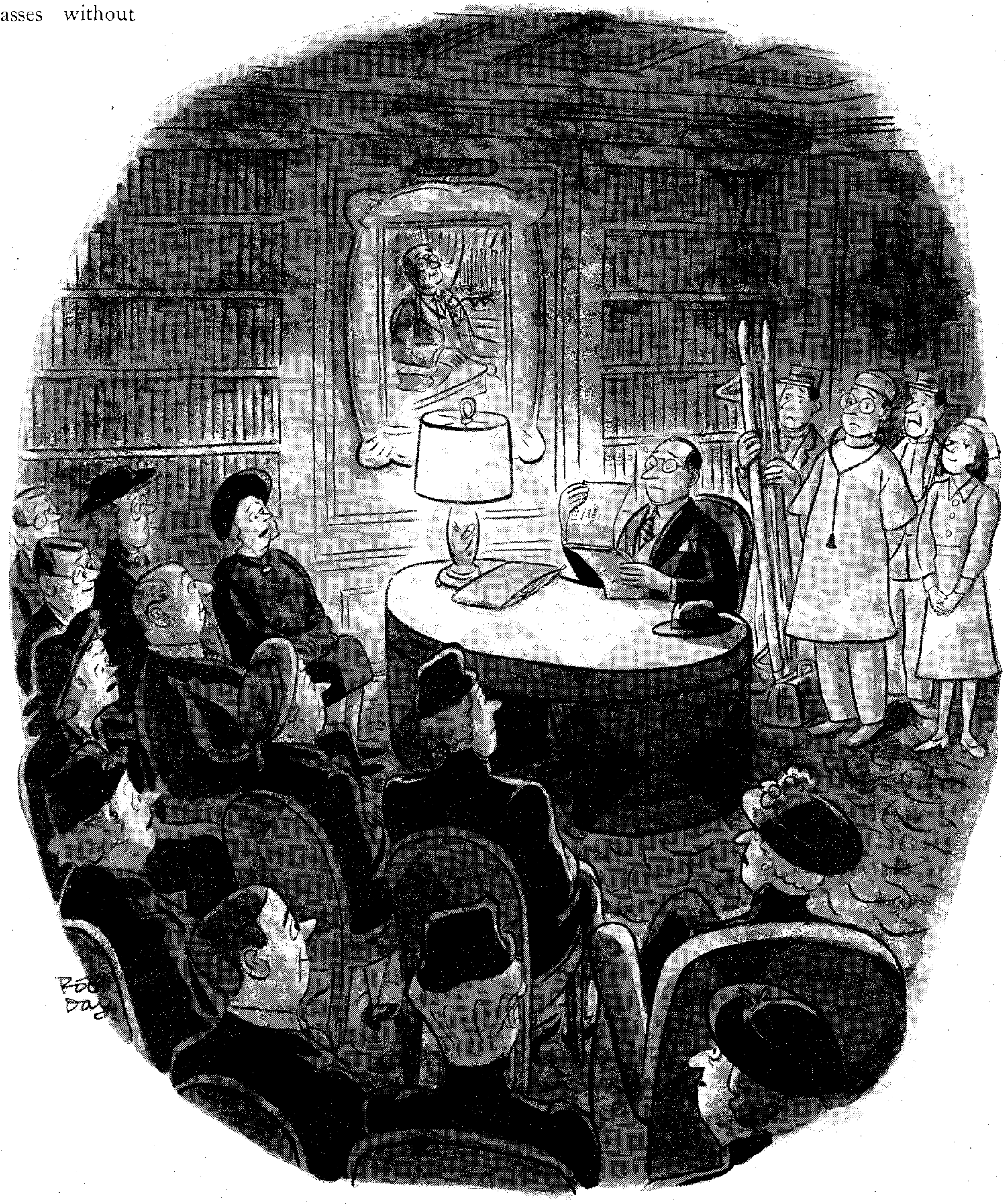
"An innovation in restaurants," said Salvin. "One machine here, one downstairs. Saves the waiter going downstairs to put in his order. He hands it in here and only has to go down to pick the entrée up." Appetizers, beverages, and desserts will originate in the upstairs kitchen, we learned, and entrées in the downstairs one. "Every order written on this machine will be time-stamped," said Salvin, "so we'll know exactly how long a customer's been waiting if he starts to kick. Come see the *big* kitchen." He led us downstairs and took us on a lightning tour of his refrigerators, pressure cookers, ranges, baking oven, mechanical potato-peeler, and mechanical glass-washing machine—the only device in existence, he said, that will remove lipstick from glasses without breaking them. "Vital problem among restaurateurs," he said. "Not many people realize it. This glass-washer is the most postwar piece of equipment I got. I didn't buy anything from Army surplus, because when you've put as much money into an eating establishment as I have into this one, you want everything to be a little more genteel than what the Army uses. The air you're breathing comes from the building's air-conditioning system. If the building's system breaks down, we have our own. If our system breaks down—" He hesitated, then hurried on. "The air here isn't cooler than outside. It's fresher. If we brought cold air in here, the cooks working over hot stoves might get the bends. Wouldn't want that."

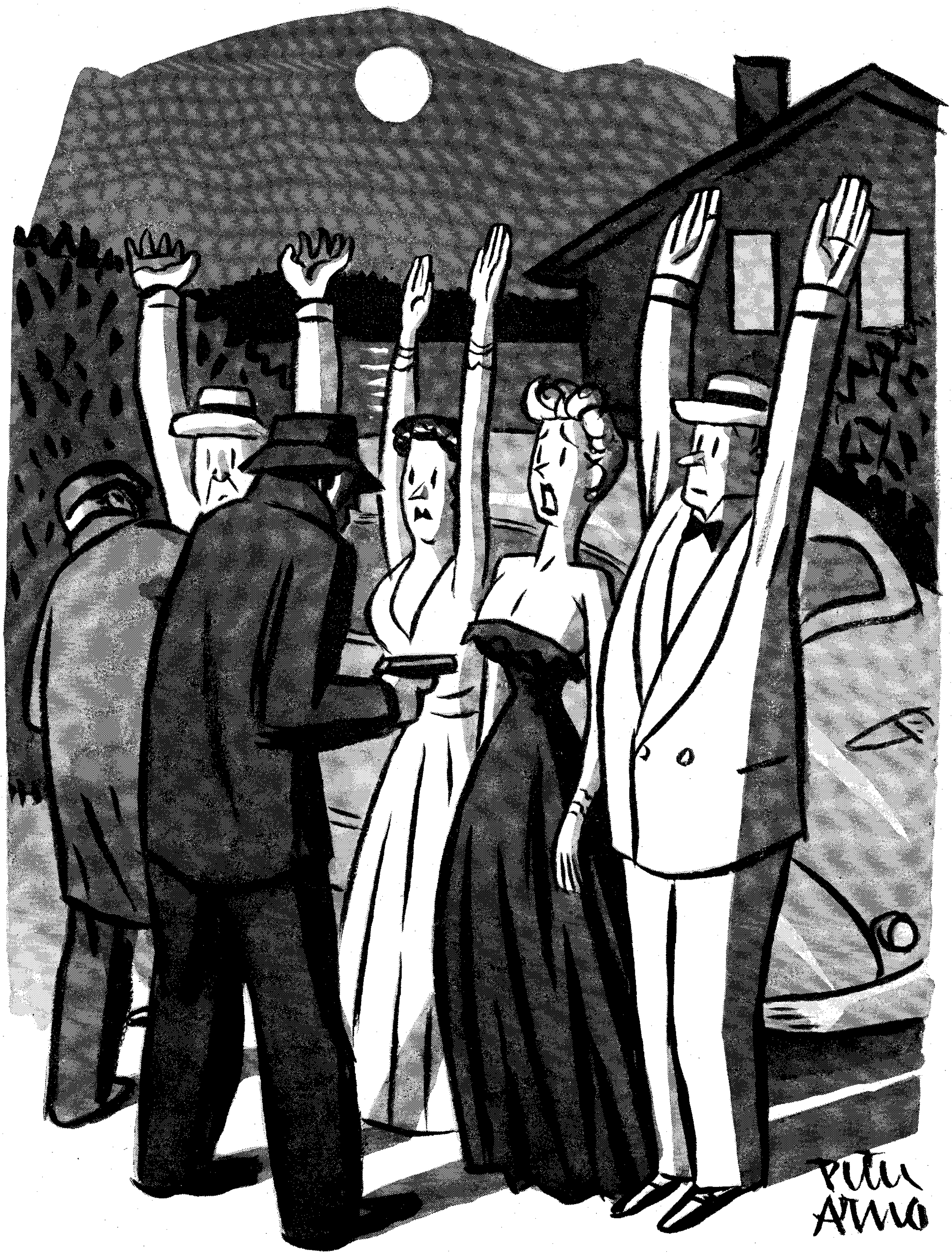
Salvin guided us at a trot into the Steak Room, which was as dimly lighted as a crypt. There we gropingly shook hands with Isaiah Ehrlich, an assistant to Louis Abramson, the architect who designed the restaurant. All we could detect of him was a small black mustache and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses with straight-bow temples. He told us that when the Steak Room is filled to capacity, it will be as easy to talk there as it was for the three of us to talk at that moment. "Easier," Salvin said, "because by then all the hammer, hammer, hammer will be over." "It's due to a special fibrous asbestos on the ceiling," Ehrlich said. Salvin urged us to inspect the murals, of which we had gradually become aware, and gave us a brochure that said that they were composed of fragments of specially painted wallpaper in mosaic patterns, that a feeling of light penetrating the pictures was achieved by the use of iridescent materials—spun glass, vinylite, and other plastics—and that, everything near them being in muted tones, they give the impression of movement within themselves. They looked stationary to us, but, as we said, the light wasn't very good.

Warning

A Darien lady returned from a day's shopping in the city to find a note from her faithful Anna propped up on the kitchen table:

> Got through cleaning the house by one. I went and picked beans, but the sun started to give me a headache and made me see it takes two people to pick beans. I took a cab home at 2:45, but stopped work at 2:00. Beans in refrigerator. Snake in dining room.





“But I ***can’t!***”

THE WACKY AFTERNOON

THE football squad had been called together for routine skull practice but George Kress knew there was to be something more. The new uniforms had arrived. Until this year the players had had to buy their own equipment, so Edgerton had always looked like a pickup team. Now the school had bought twenty complete outfits, and Mr. Vogel, the coach, had laid them out with care. The brilliant crimson jerseys and the beautiful shoulder pads were arranged in neat rows against the wall of the gym.

"I've seen to it that this season you'll go out there looking like a team," Mr. Vogel said. "It's up to you to play like one. You've got a tough schedule lined up. I'd be the last man to deny that. But down deep I'm convinced you can come through unbeaten and untied. If you don't, I'll want to know the reason why. You've got the biggest, the heaviest, the fastest squad of any high school in the county, so it's just a matter of using your heads. Remember, it's not the fancy helmet, it's what's in it that counts.

"Some of you are going to be disappointed. There aren't enough uniforms to go around. So I want to say a few words to the men whose name is not on this list. Don't give up the ship. This is a Vogel team, which means that every man jack here has a chance until the last whistle of that last game. There's never been any stars on a Vogel team yet. That's not the way I operate, and you know it. The man who stays in there fighting is the man who'll end up with the job. My money rides on a hundred and thirty pounds of panther against nine hundred pounds of cow any day in the week. Now here's the list, and remember how I feel about squawkers."

George Kress weighed a hundred and thirty pounds. It was just as though Mr. Vogel had been speaking directly to him. George didn't have to examine the list to know that his name wasn't on it. All the same, he took a long look. Several juniors had made it and there was even a sophomore—Johnson, that overgrown slob. I can run double circles around Johnson, George thought. Here I am a senior and my last chance gone. If Vogel thinks I'm going out there in my sweatshirt, with sophomores sporting uniforms, he's got another think coming. That's some panther he's got, that Johnson.

After the uniforms had been handed out, George sat through the skull practice without hearing a word. The diagrams made no sense to him at all, and he was afraid Vogel would call on him for an answer and make him look like a fool. Already he felt like one, squatting there on the wrestling mat, behind Johnson's broad back, hoping to stay out of Vogel's sight. The scraping of Vogel's chalk against the blackboard made little shivers run all over George's body. His mouth tasted bitter. He knew he could run faster than Johnson, kick farther, and pass more accurately. Some panther, that Johnson.

George tried to feel like a panther. A panther would have been on top of Vogel in a single leap, roaring. A panther could have ripped that hairy throat open, crushed the skull, and scattered the guts. Vogel always talked about guts, only he called it intestinal fortitude. A panther would have spilled his intestinal fortitude for him but good. Lying low in the prairie grass, George could see the look of terror sweeping across Vogel's face. In the Tarzan books, panthers always went for the jugular. George swung from tree to tree and he threw an eighty-yard forward pass with a coconut and there wasn't an empty seat in the Yankee Stadium. Mud on the crimson uniforms, mud up to the ankles, but George Kress loose in the open, reversing his field, straight-arming, crossing the line with two men hanging on. Too bad, Davis. . . . sorry, Blanchard. Better luck next time.

WHEN skull practice was over, George didn't wait for Henry Odum, with whom he usually walked home. Henry had been near the top of Vogel's list, and George didn't feel like being told to buck up. Crummy enough to get a raw deal without having somebody pat you on the back about it. Shortening or stretching his stride according to the lines in the cement sidewalk, George ran almost all the way home. Bad luck to step on a crack once you'd made up your mind not to. Step on a crack, break your grandmother's back. Step on a crack, break your grandmother's back.

At home, in the kitchen, his mother was peeling potatoes. She said, "You come in without a civil word, make a beeline for the refrigerator. The least you could do is say good afternoon and ask if we have something to eat."

George picked out the largest apple. "Good afternoon," he said. "Do we have something to eat?"

"I don't like your attitude," she said.

"Sorry."

"You're rude."

"I said sorry."

He started to leave the kitchen but she called him back. "There's something I want to ask you, Junior."

"Ask me," George said. "But don't call me Junior. You expect me to talk all proper and polite, but when I ask a favor, you won't do it. I told you I don't want to be called Junior. I got a name, you gave it to me yourself, so why don't you use it?"

"George, I want you to take the chip off your shoulder. I can't talk to you when you get like that. What's the matter with you anyway?"

"Nothing."

"Dear, why don't you let yourself be nice? You can be nice when you let yourself. But you snap at me and I snap back at you and we don't get anyplace. Your father telephoned me from work this morning. He wants to know where you took the car last night."

"He said I could take it."

"I know that. You told him you were going to the picture show in Forest Valley. And he told you not to take it any farther, because the spare was being retreaded and he didn't want the car stuck with a flat out in the middle of nowhere. When he drove to work, he noticed you'd run up ninety miles on the speedometer."

"I put back the gas," said George. "I paid for it out of my allowance."

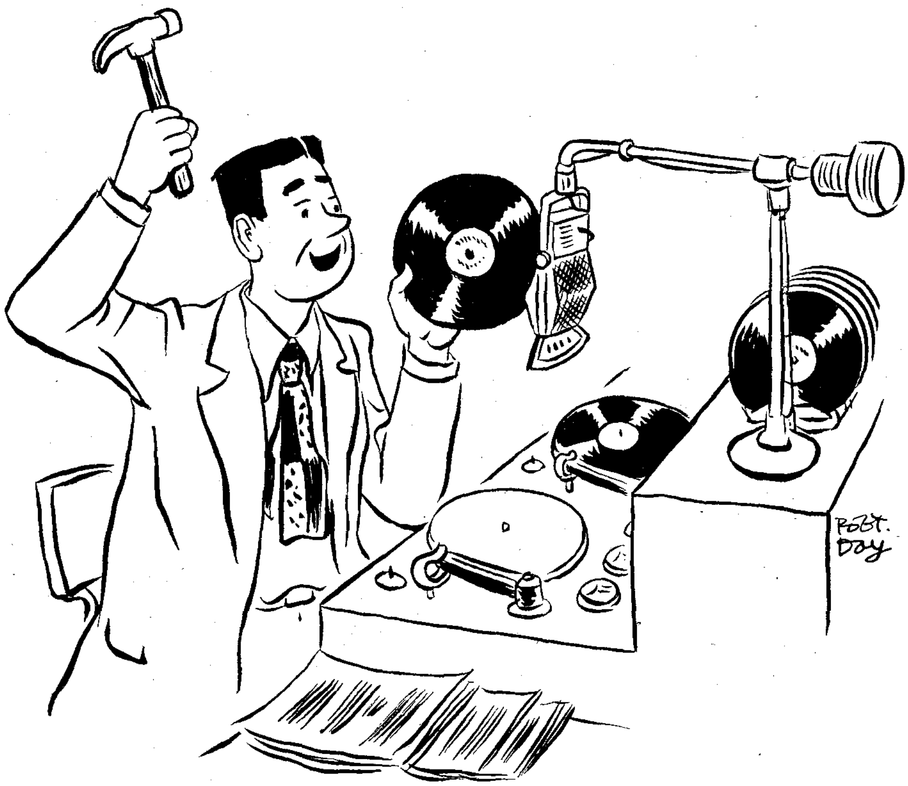
"That's not the point. The point is he told you not to go farther than Forest Valley and you did. Also, he had two packs of cigarettes in the glove compartment and those were gone."

"There was six of us in the car and they all smoked. I didn't smoke more than one or two myself. So they smoked them up, so what? When you and Dad give a party, there's practically a whole carton shot. If it isn't one thing with him, it's another. He's trying to treat me like I was twelve years old."

"George, be fair. He let you use the car. The only reason he told you not to go farther than Forest Valley was because he didn't trust the tires. He needs that car to drive to work in. And he expected to find some cigarettes in the compartment. Be fair."

"All right," George said. "I'm in the wrong. Every time it's me. Crime don't pay. You can't win. All right."

He went out through the back door, barely managing to control an impulse to slam it. He walked downtown and



"And now, in response to numerous requests . . ."

this time he stepped intentionally on the cracks in the sidewalk. Step on a crack, break your grandmother's back. If Mother wanted to take Dad's side, let her. In the old days, at least you could talk to her, explain, but now she took his side every chance she got. Now, for two measly packs of cigarettes, she took his side. All right, if that was the way they wanted it.

George looked in the drugstore, but he knew no one there. The candy store was empty except for a couple of punk kids. What a town. Dead from the neck up, dead from the neck down. Five miles to the nearest bowling alley, seven to the nearest picture show. Besides, those six gallons of gas last night had finished his allowance.

Not so long ago there had at least been the Junior Volunteer Fire Company. George had belonged to that along with all the other fellows between fifteen and eighteen. The town was glad enough to have them then, but now the men were back from the service and the Juniors gone to pot because there was nothing to do. The service men had taken over, and it got so you couldn't tell the difference between the Fire Company and the Legion post. All those guys could talk about was the time the Juniors let a brush fire get out of hand and the outfit from Forest Valley had to pitch in and do the job. They let you wax and polish the truck all right, but when it came to going out on an alarm, they acted like you were some punk trying to steal a ride.

George turned off the street called Broadway and stopped in front of the firehouse. Duke Gregg and Art Stacy were sitting just inside the door. They weren't so bad. Anyway, they hadn't talked up at the meeting where the Juniors were told not to hang around the truck on Sundays. Duke had been with the Marines on Peleliu and Art had made the jump with the paratroops on Corregidor. Now they drove trucks for the milk company, so they had most of their afternoons free. George said hello to them. They said hello without shifting their positions.

"So when this lieutenant commander got through talking," Duke said, "I got a few things off my chest."

"What'd you tell him?" said Art.

"I said it's pretty late in the year for the Navy to start worrying all of a sudden about the Marines being pushed around by the Army. The Army couldn't push us around no worse than you boys have, I told him. All the time we were getting our brains beat out on Peleliu, there was a whole Army combat team cruising around the island, begging to come in and help, but no, we were going to be tough and do it alone. I got nothing against the Army, I told him. You boys are scared they'll outrank you. I ain't. I've scrounged too many supplies from Army dumps to worry about things like that. I've seen too many Army P-51s in the air while Marines were still flying hand-me-down Navy crates. Well, you should have seen his face. He started going off in a cloud of balloon juice about the over-all picture. I says Brother, I ain't worrying about the over-all picture. I'm telling you about the picture as it looks to the man in overalls."

"I wish I'd been there to hear it," Art said.

"I wish you'd been there, too," said Duke. "You could have told this joker about Corregidor. Whatever they say about MacArthur, he prepared his beachheads beforehand."

"Well, the Navy shelling helped us a lot," Art said.

"This joker wouldn't have known that. He sat it out down Church Street in New York."

"That's where I want to sit out the next one."

"I'd just as soon sit it out right here," Duke said. He stretched his legs.

"You're a slacker from way back," said Art. "I want to do my share. I want to sit in that recruiting office on Church Street and tell George about the advantages of the service. What about it, George? Want to fight the next war?"

"I wish I'd been old enough for this one," George said.

"He wishes he'd been old enough for this one," said Art.

"Why do you wish that?" Duke asked.

"I don't know. You fellows came through it all right."

"There's some who didn't," Duke said. "All that time you put in wondering whether to be born or not were the best-spent years of your life."

"You fellows been places and done things."

"You've done things," Duke said. "Remember that brush fire you put out with the help of the boys from Forest Valley? You've done things. And you're in a pretty good place. What's wrong with this town?"

"It's dead from the neck up," George said.

"Not as dead as my three platoon sergeants, and all in one day. Go through a day like that and you appreciate this town."

"Not George," said Art. "George is my meat. I can't wait to get that job down Church Street and tell George about the advantages of the service. When it's all over, you get to go to Harvard and bring your kids up in a Quonset hut. George has the right idea. He wants to go places and do things. Maybe I can fix it for him to join my old outfit. Maybe the Five Hundred and Third will get another chance to drop on the golf course on Corregidor. How would you like that, George? We didn't run into nothing worse than small-arms fire."

"I guess I could handle myself," George said.

"Let me take your full name and address," Art said. "You're the kind of man I'll be looking for on Church Street."

"Lay off him," said Duke Gregg. "George is regular. I wouldn't be surprised if he was a pretty good man to have on your side. I hear that brush fire covered almost half an acre and those eighty boys put it out all by themselves. There was flames there, I hear, come clear up to the knees. That's rugged work, now."

"Must've taken a lot of organization, too," Art said. "I hear these Juniors had a real military-type organization, chain of command, lot of brass and everything. What were you, George, a rear admiral?"

"You fellows are so wise," George said. "I was nothing but a private. We didn't have nothing higher than a captain, and you got one, too. That brush fire covered ten acres at least."

"How come you were nothing but a private?" said Art. "Couldn't you cut the buck? How do you expect me to recommend you for the Five Hundred and Third?"

"You fellows think you're wise," George said.

These guys had no business going to town on him. Just because they happened to get drafted was no reason why they were better than anybody else. He wished he had the nerve to tell them that. They sat there running off at the lip like they hadn't been drafted. I won't wait to be drafted when my time comes, not like some people I know, George wanted to say. But his mouth felt full of the bitter taste and he didn't know whether he'd have the nerve to jump out of an airplane like Art had on Corregidor. Art's arms filled up the sleeves of his shirt so there wasn't hardly any room left under the cloth. He was even bigger than Johnson. Size wasn't everything. . . . George wished he could force himself to say these things but his mouth felt so funny and he was afraid if he started to talk he'd bust out crying. Already his eyes had grown dim with tears. He turned and walked out of the firehouse. He strained his ears to hear if Duke and Art were laughing but just then a big trailer roared down Broadway and everybody looked at it and George was glad they weren't looking at him.

He went past the candy store and the drugstore again, and still no one he cared to see had shown up. He wished he had enough money to buy a camera. He walked past the glass-encased Honor Roll and wished his name were on it. He wished those wacky Russians would start something in a couple of years when he'd be a lieutenant in a submarine and he was taking her through a minefield and the hell with that son of a bitch Vogel, and Duke Gregg and Art Stacy, too.

He stopped, without thinking, in front of the Odums' house and rang the bell. Mrs. Odum answered.

"Henry isn't here," she said. "I thought you'd be with him. He took the car to school. I thought you'd all gone swimming in the pool at Forest Valley."

"Henry didn't say anything to me about it."

"He probably forgot. I know he was taking a large group. Maybe there wasn't room for any more."

Garrett Price

"Well, thanks," George said.

He walked back along Broadway. All right. All right for you, Henry Odum, you lousy, nickel-nursing deadbeat. I was good enough last night, when I had the car and two packs of cigarettes and I took a chance on getting stuck without a spare. You probably forgot to tell me about the swimming. Yes, you did. All you had was seven hours to tell me, you double-crossing bastard.

George wanted to smash his fist into the dusty pane of glass that covered the Honor Roll. He bent down and picked a clover but it had only three leaves. He pressed his palms together, flexing his biceps to make them thick and hard like Art Stacy's. That nickel-nursing, double-crossing, lousy deadbeat of a Henry.

Across the street, in front of the A. & P., two men were unloading a truck. George sat down on the grass and watched them piling cartons high on the sidewalk. One of the men wore an old green field jacket. He'd been in the Army, too. George didn't know if he wanted to be in the Army, the Navy, or the Marines. He thought maybe his best bet would be the infantry, because he could move through the forest with less noise than anyone he knew. More like an Indian. George had done a lot of stalking in the woods on the other side of the railroad. Once, he'd sneaked up to no more than a yard of a ground hog, close enough to have grabbed it. Boy Scout stuff maybe to some people but a damn handy way to be when your platoon is deployed in the woods. You can go out on patrol and locate the enemy, listen in on their plans. George thought that as soon as he got to the age when you can sign without your parents' consent, he would join the infantry.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and at the same time a voice said, "Well, here's George Kress, the old fire fighter, passing the time of day."

Duke Gregg and Art Stacy had left the firehouse and come up on the grass behind him.

"Ah, nuts," George said. "You fellows think you're funny."

"Don't be mad," said Duke. "We were only kidding. Come on down to Iversen's, we'll stand you to a beer."

"Sure," Art said. "What

the hell, George. Don't be a sorehead. Can't you take a joke?"

"I can take a joke," George said. He stood up and studied their faces to see if they weren't just letting on, if they really wanted him to go to Iversen's. It looked like they did. George had been forbidden by his father to go into Iversen's but he didn't care about that now. Anybody who was small enough to put in a long-distance call about two measly packs of cigarettes shouldn't expect people to obey his orders.

IVERSEN's bar was across the railroad tracks that cut Edgerton in half. George walked alongside of Art and Duke, hoping they wouldn't start acting up again, wishing Henry Odum were there to see him. He was wishing, too, for a cigarette to smoke but he didn't want to ask for one.

"What's the team going to be like this year?" Art asked. "They tell me Vogel's knee-deep in material."

"We ought to make out good," George said.

"You're about due," said Art. "This town hasn't had a real team since '38. They'd never have scored on us if I hadn't started chasing butterflies in that last quarter. We were forty-five points ahead. I was playing safety and I didn't have to make more than two tackles all afternoon. Just my luck to miss one of them."

"The breaks," George said. "I'd rather be lucky than good."

"Brother, you got something there," Duke said.

George felt proud to be walking along the street with Art and Duke, talking back and forth like that. He said, "I see where Mr. Huffer got eight hundred dollars for his bloodhound. They say he could've got more if he'd advertised." George's father had said so at breakfast yesterday.

"If he could've got more," Duke said, "he would've. At that, eight hundred's not so much for a bloodhound he's been training for years. Take the amount of time he's put in on the bitch. I'll lay money he didn't get more per hour than he could've made working on a road gang."

"It's easier work, though," said George. "And he's got something to show for it."

"There's that," said Duke.

Duke and Art were a couple of nice fellows once you really got to know them. They weren't like these hicks who went once a year to Radio City Music Hall and came back to brag about it. Duke and Art had been around. If they lived in Edgerton, that was because they felt like it and not because they didn't know of any other place. George hoped they'd stick to beer and not offer him hard liquor, because two jiggers of whiskey were about his limit. In the morning, at school, he'd say to Henry Odum, quiet like, "I was having a beer with Art Stacy and Duke Gregg, and Art said . . ."

George had never been in Iversen's bar except to deliver papers, years ago. Now he lined up with the other men and put his foot on the railing. Iversen had a lot of signs up. "Free Old-Fashioneds to everyone over eighty who brings their parents." "Don't complain about our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day." "We have an arrangement with the First National Bank. They don't sell liquor and we don't cash checks."

Carl Iversen was a stout man. When Duke asked him for three beers, he said, "Sorry. Not allowed to serve minors."

"Bull," Duke said. "George here can drink you under your own bar."

"Most likely," said Iversen. "But I can't serve minors."

"You can give him a coke or something, can't you?" Duke asked.

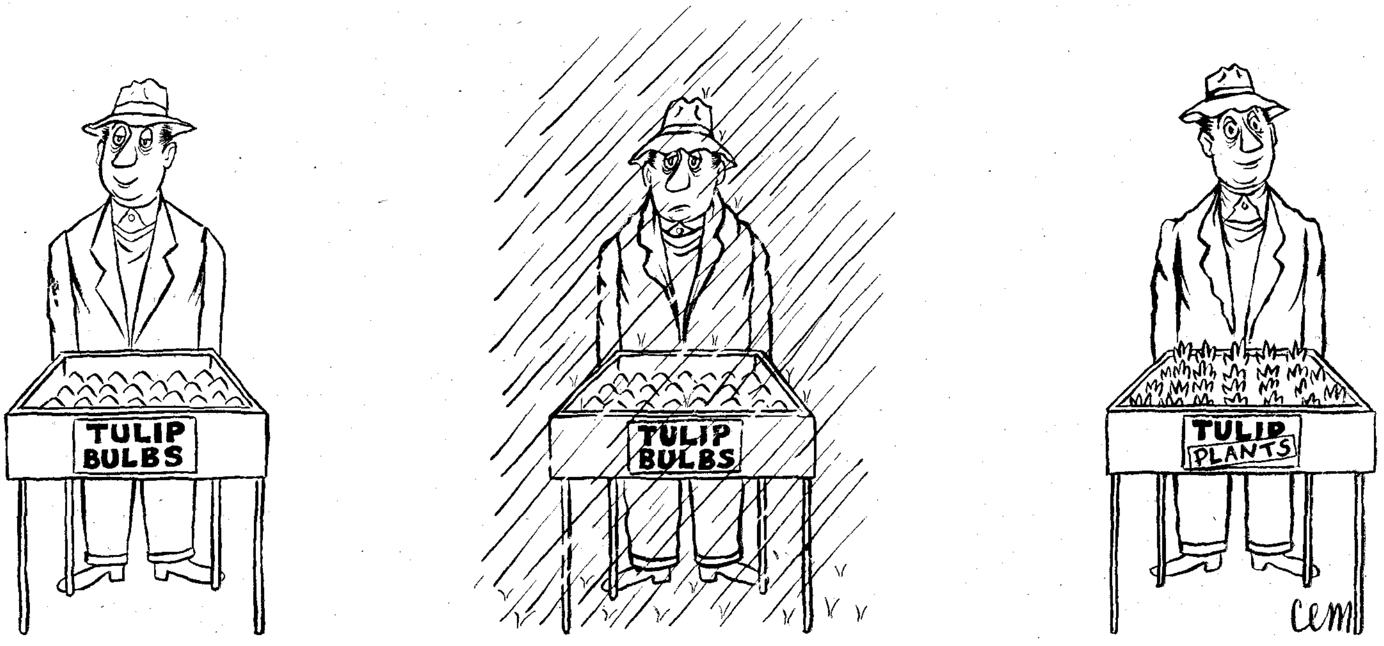
"I couldn't even serve him a glass of water, not on the premises."

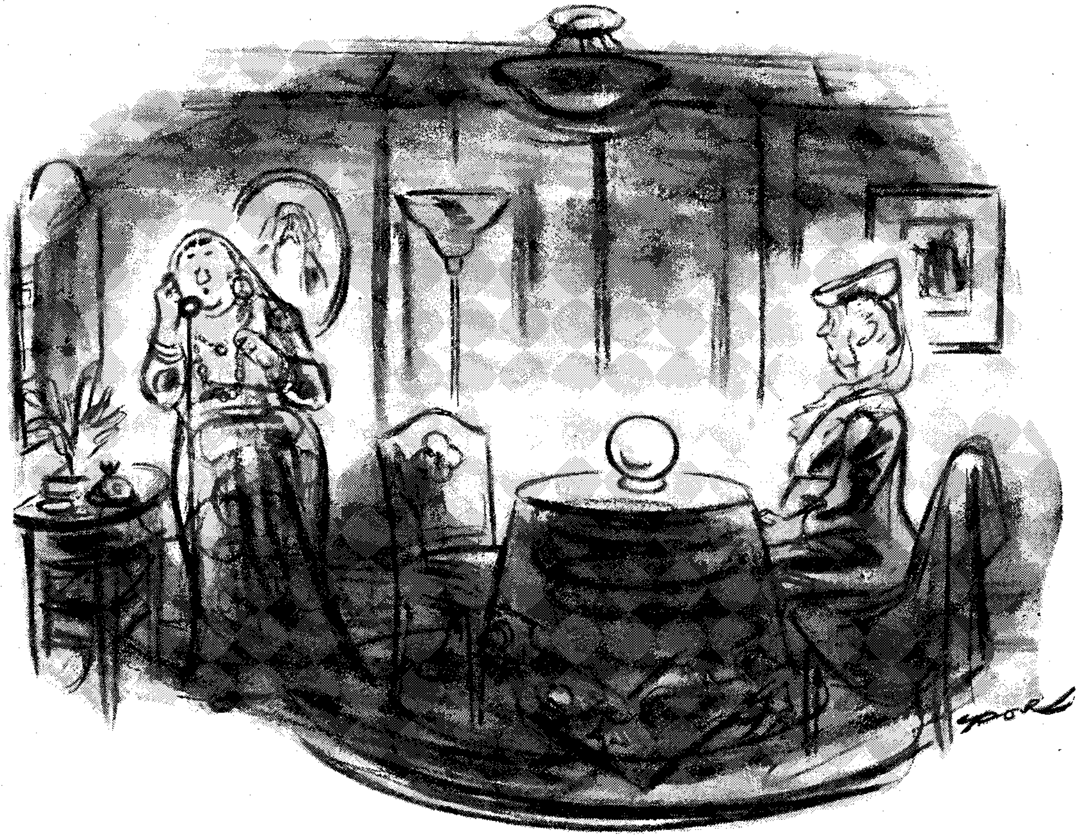
"That's a hell of a note," Art said. "What's got into you, Carl? Do you realize you're turning down a future member of the Five Hundred and Third Parachute Regiment, maybe its colonel commanding?"

"I can't help that," said Iversen. "I got to obey the law. You want me to get run out of town?"

"You don't know what you're doing," Art said. "Why, this town owes its life to George Kress—George and them other Junior Volunteers. Why, if it wasn't for George and them Juniors, this whole town would have gone up in that brush fire. You're not going to stand there and refuse a drink to a rear admiral in the Juniors?"

There were about a dozen men in the bar and they all either laughed or smiled. Art and Duke were smiling, too. George looked at them, and at that moment he hated Art and Duke worse than he hated Carl Iversen, worse than he'd hated his father or Vogel or Henry Odum earlier in the afternoon. He turned sharply and went out of the bar, before all the men there could see the tears in his eyes. He heard Art calling after him, something about an ice-cream soda, and then he started to walk very fast. When he reached the railroad, he broke into a run along the tracks. He





"Gracious, how should I know?"

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ran until there were no more houses, only woods on either side. He fought to keep his face from becoming distorted like the face of a bawling punk, but he couldn't keep the tears back. He sat down to catch his breath. He knew he'd be late for supper now and he knew almost exactly what his father would say.

He wished for a passenger train to come by, so he could heave a rock through one of the windows, but no train came. The woods were quiet except for the wind in the trees and the whirring flight of some birds out of sight, probably pheasants off the state preserve. George wished he had a shotgun. He wanted to kill something, somebody. He felt like the time he had those wacky fever dreams in the hospital with pneumonia, dreams that wouldn't let you sleep and yet you could never quite force yourself to wake up and get rid of them. He searched in his pockets for a stick of chewing gum to take away the bitter taste, which had now become stronger than ever. But all he could find were two boxes of matches. Henry Odum, the bastard, had smoked up all the cigarettes last night and left only matches.

George began walking along the tracks again. Through the trees he could see the roof of Owen Conklin's house. Owen Conklin was an old man who bred ferrets. He had no family and he lived alone near the tracks. He was always blowing about how hard it was to breed ferrets, how clean and warm they had to be kept and all that, but people said his own house looked like a pigsty. George had never been inside. Owen Conklin was always blowing about how ferrets were better at mousing than any cat and how hard it was to keep them from eating their young. Everybody in the whole lousy town of Edgerton was always blowing, tooting their own horn, and George was sick of it. He wondered if he couldn't lie about his age and enlist in the infantry now. The infantry could use men who knew their way around the woods.

He thought he'd sneak up on Owen Conklin's house like an Indian. He bet nobody, not even the ferrets, would hear him. He crouched and started to crawl, taking care not to make the least little noise. The house was no more than thirty yards away. George approached it slowly, and the nearer he came the more excited he got, almost as if there'd been a real machine-gun nest down there. Behind the barn where the ferrets were kept, he had to stop for a while and lie on the ground because his head was full of those wacky fever dreams. There was one dream that kept coming back, where he had hold of a long steel wire that stretched farther than he could see and something very powerful was pulling at the other end but he was afraid to let go and afraid the wire would snap and coil around him.

George let his face rest against the cool earth. The windows of the barn were high and he heard no noise from the ferrets. He began to crawl again, rounded the barn, and came up behind the woodshed. If Owen Conklin was home, he gave no signs of it. George bet the old man couldn't have heard him anyway. There was a missing plank in the wall of the shed and George could see about a cord of wood inside and several bales of straw.

AFTER that, everything happened fast. George lit a match, reached in, and set fire to one of the bales. When he saw it was going to catch, he ducked behind the barn and started to crawl back along the way he'd come. He hadn't crawled more than half the distance when he got so scared he had to jump up and run. He was scared wild and crazy. He ran to the tracks and across and into the woods on the other side. He could hear Mr. Huffer's bloodhound chasing him.

He ran through the undergrowth, ripping his clothes, ran without thinking or feeling, until his head struck a low branch and he had to stop and wipe the blood out of his eyes. He was deep in the woods. He sat down on a mossy rock and dabbed at his forehead with a handkerchief. When that got too bloody, he used the tail of his shirt. He had no idea how long he sat there. He didn't really start thinking until the siren sounded, and then he thought let Duke and Art put that one out, the bastards.

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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Ezzard Charles plans to build his weight up from a normal 173 pounds to around 780 for his venture into heavyweight circles—which still won't make him big enough to fight Joe Louis.—*Jersey City Jersey Journal.*

But will give him a nice start.

PERVERSE NEWS ITEMS

METUCHEN, N.J.—Thieves broke into the hay, feed, and grain store of Angus Cameron on Front Street sometime during the night and rifled the cash register, which contained $24 in money and a $50 United States Savings Bond. Concealed in a drawer underneath the register was a shoe box containing $7,640 in cash. The thieves took that, too.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—On Thursday next, this city will celebrate the birthday of a remarkable centenarian, Millard Fillmore Snodgrass. Mr. Snodgrass, who was born in 1847 in a log cabin on the spot where the First Presbyterian Church now stands, believes he is the only centenarian on record who went to his doctor for a checkup at the age of forty and was not told that he had only a year to live.

"Fact is," chuckled Mr. Snodgrass, "I happen to recall the exact words Doc Wright used on that occasion. 'You got the constitution of an ox, Milly,' he said. 'No reason you shouldn't live to be a hundred.' "

AMARILLO, TEXAS—A year ago, on returning to the house after doing some chores in the yard, Miss Margaret Cousins, of Amarillo, noticed the loss of her diamond ring. Yesterday, Miss Cousins was dressing a fowl for Sunday dinner. She did not find the missing ring in the hen's crop.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Rookie Patrolman Martin O'Malley left the East 51st Street station yesterday afternoon on his first tour of duty as a full-fledged cop. Fifteen minutes later, he noticed a commotion in front of 533 East 51st Street and learned from excited neighbors that Mrs. Malcom Tiggle, twenty-nine, a tenant of the building, was about to become a mother at any moment.

Little did I think when I was on Okinawa two years ago that I'd wind up as a midwife, thought Patrolman O'Malley, who is twenty-five and a bachelor, as he bounded up to the fourth-floor Tiggle apartment. He didn't. A competent obstetrician who had been retained months before was already with Mrs. Tiggle.

Yesterday saw another obstetrical oddity here. At about the same time Patrolman O'Malley was undergoing his disappointment, Lebaron Higgins, 32, taxi-driver employed by the Pink Taxi Co., was hailed at Park Avenue and 79th Street by an excited young man who ushered his wife into the cab and cried, "The Sloane Maternity Hospital, please!" Being a father himself, Higgins naturally "stepped on it." He got the expectant mother to the hospital in plenty of time for her to be delivered of a fine, though non-bouncing, boy.

POTTSVILLE, PA.—"Why is it that the Marine Corps always seems to be the Mecca for kids desiring to enlist under the legal age limit?" mused grizzled Sergeant Joseph O'Hara, in charge of the recruiting booth at the local post office, when a husky but suspiciously young-looking applicant showed up this morning.

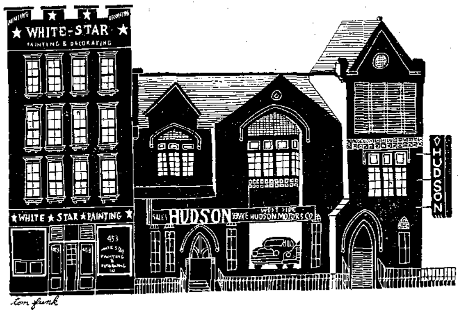
"Are you sure you're over seventeen?" quizzed the Sergeant.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack Falter, the would-be leatherneck.

He certainly was. Investigation revealed that though he did not look it, Falter had passed his fifty-fourth birthday two months earlier. He was rejected, as being over age.

PAWTUCKET, R.I.—Twenty-seven years ago, while spending a vacation at Atlantic City, Arthur Marx mailed a souvenir postcard to his aunt, Mrs. Delphine Cabot, of this city. Yesterday, the postman delivered a card to Mrs. Cabot. It was from Montgomery Ward, regretting that they were temporarily out of stock on some house dresses she had just ordered. The postcard her nephew mailed her twenty-seven years ago was received the day after he mailed it.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—Corporal Agosto Palmieri, formerly of the 303rd Mounted Infantry, related an interesting war experience at last night's meeting of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. While driving a jeep along a country road in Italy, Corporal Palmieri overtook an elderly man trudging along under a rather heavy bundle and gave him a lift. Soon afterward, as they were entering a town, Corporal Palmieri inquired its name, and the old man told him it was Pisa.



"Pisa!" exclaimed Palmieri. "Why, my father came from there."

"Yes?" exclaimed the old man. "What is your name, my son?"

"Palmieri," exclaimed Palmieri.

"Why, that is also *my* name!" exclaimed the old man. An excited exchange of information led to the discovery that they were entirely unrelated.

SEDALIA, MO.—Because, as he always insisted, he "didn't put no store by banks," Charles Carmody, elderly ticket agent at the local depot of the Boston, Topeka & Puget Sound Railway, last spring took $239,000, his savings of forty years, wrapped the money in a newspaper, and hid it in the grate of an old stove in the summer kitchen of his home.

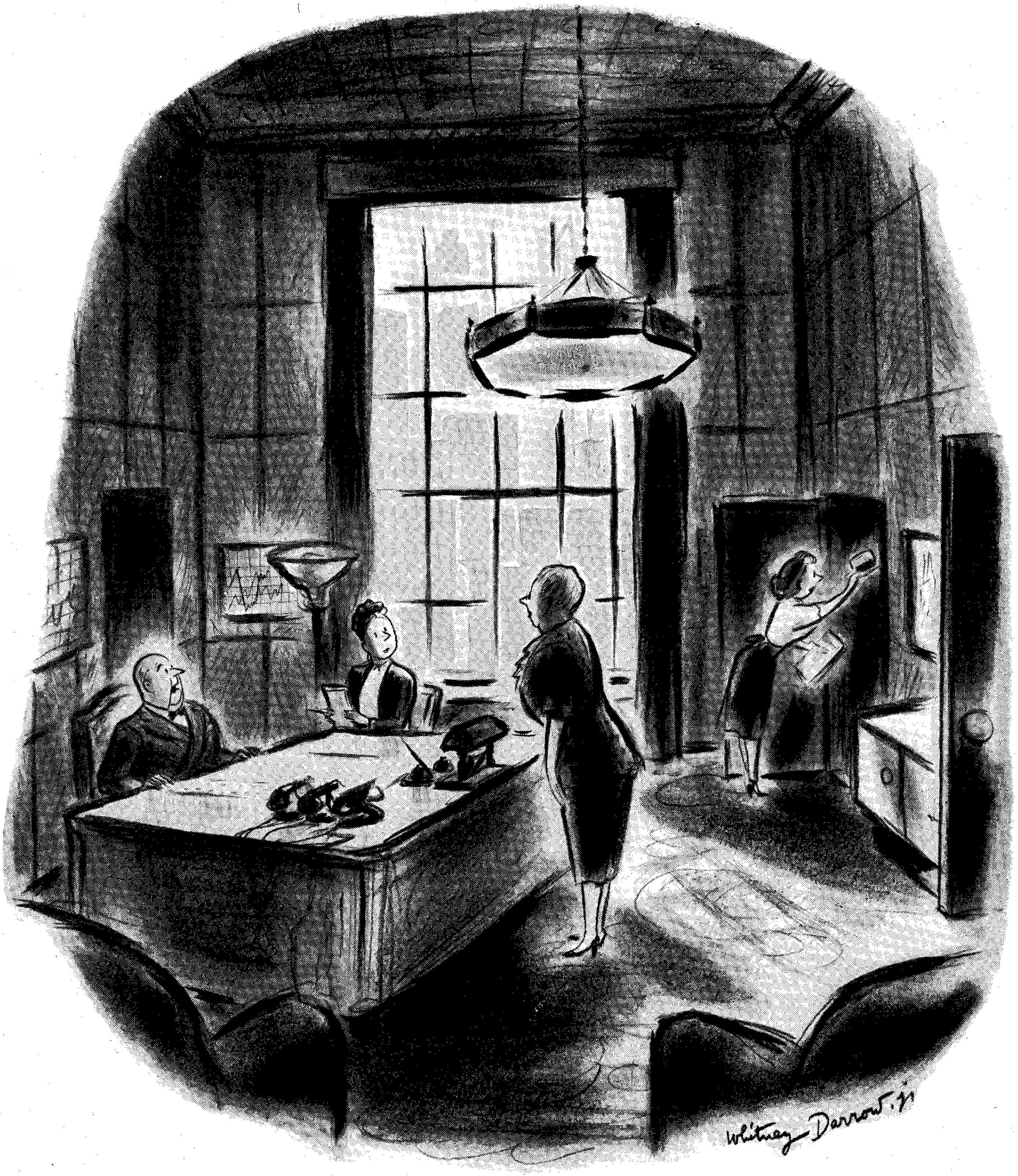
It's still there. Nobody has ever started a fire in the stove.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Detectives investigating the murder of Nancy Sykes, glamorous film extra known also as the Off-White Lily, report complete frustration. In their search of the murdered woman's effects, they found, of course, a little black book, but there wasn't one single address of a boy friend in it, so the police couldn't round up any boy friends to question. Not only that, but of the 287 men in all parts of the country who confessed to the murder of the Lily as soon as word of it was published, one actually turns out to have *been* the murderer.

MOBILE, ALA.—For many years, the sole companion of Miss Melissa Havisham, wealthy recluse who was found dead of natural causes in her mansion in Magnolia Mews last Wednesday, was her pet Pomeranian, Rutherford. But when Miss Havisham's will was filed yesterday, there was nothing in it about a $50,000 trust fund for the care of Rutherford. The aged eccentric left all her money to relatives.

PADUCAH, KY.—Rufe Goggins, Nestor of Jukes Creek, a backwoods settlement in the Kentucky Mountain district, was a hundred years old last Saturday. When reporters made the trip to Jukes Creek to get a colorful story about the patriarch, they were aghast to learn that he knew all about the recent war.

"I got ears an' a radio, ain't I?" said Mr. Goggins testily to the questions of the disgruntled journalists. "Futha-



"No mail at all?"

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more," he added, "I never married a thutteen-year-old gal."

Glens Falls, N.Y.—Mr. and Mrs. Ackley T. Brimson, of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, were detained here today by State Police at the request of their eleven-year-old son, Ackley T. Brimson, Jr. Young Brimson notified the police two days ago that when he returned home from school, he had found his parents gone, his dime bank broken open, and $2,400, representing his life's savings, missing. Mr. and Mrs. Brimson had only $17 of the $2,400 hoard left when the police picked them up at a roadhouse near Lake George. They said they had spent the rest "having a good time." Young Brimson was philosophical about his loss.

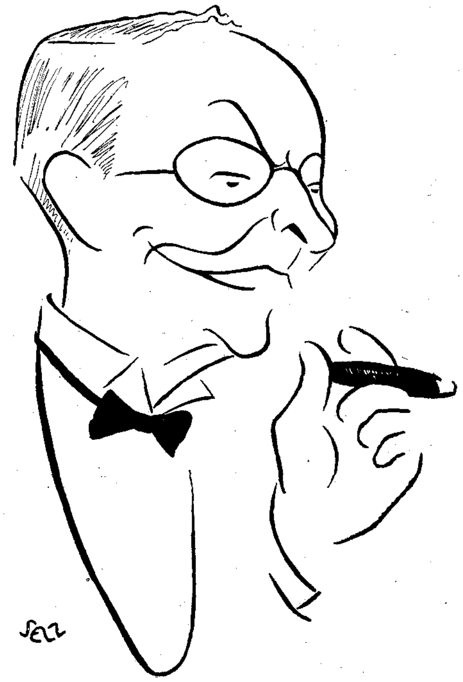
"This is the third time Mother and Dad have run away from home," he told State Trooper Joseph D. Tooker over the telephone. "They are not really vicious, however, just thoughtless. Prosecute them? Of course not. After all, they are my own flesh and blood."

—Frank Sullivan

PROFILES

COMEDIAN

II—MINSTREL AND CIRCUS DAYS



Bobby Clark

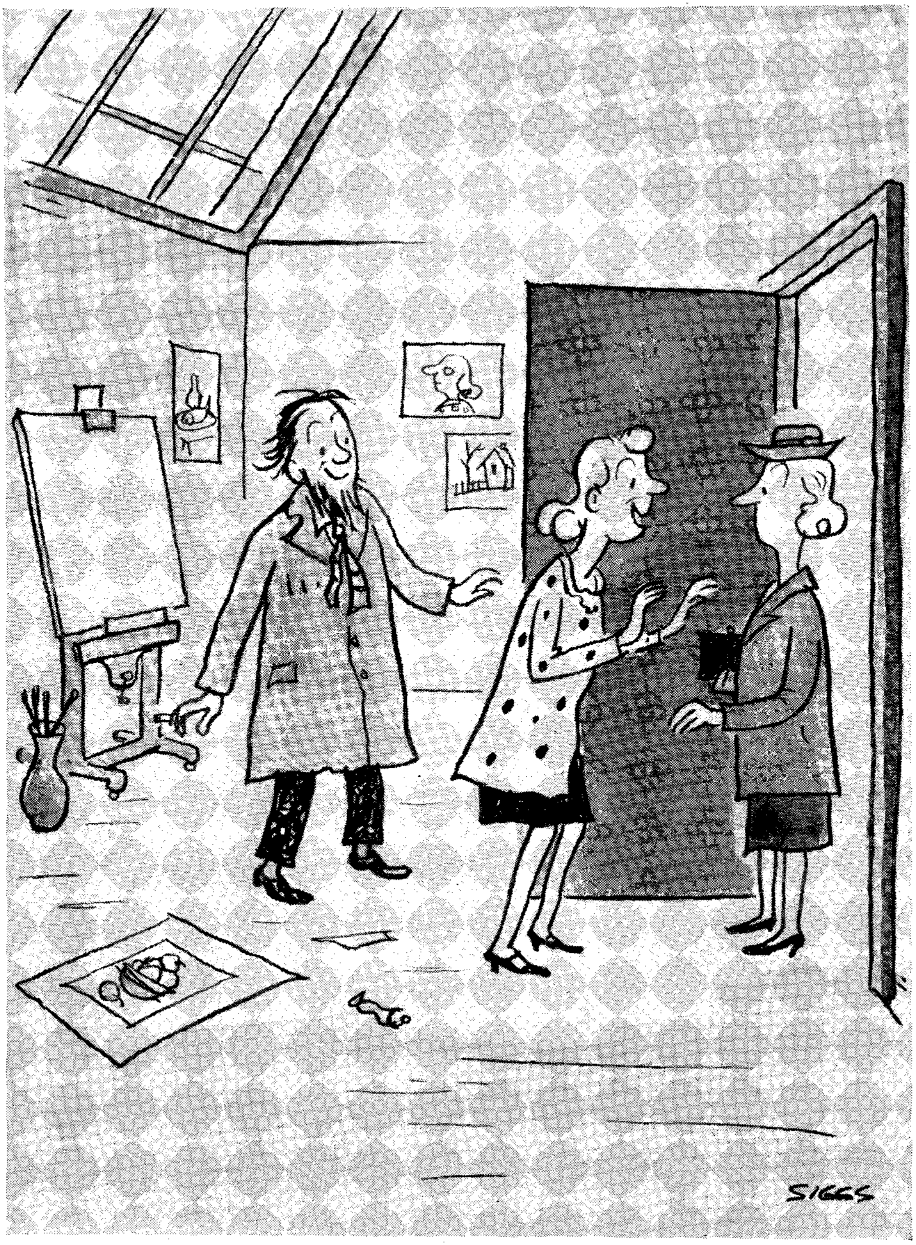
THE vaudeville team of Clark and McCullough, formed in 1900 in a spirit of boyish optimism, got under way slowly. Its members, Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, were, respectively, twelve and sixteen when they decided, after taking up bugle blowing and tumbling in their home town of Springfield, Ohio, to go into show business. Clark's mother, the widow of a Pullman conductor, was not convinced that her son was ready for the big time. She pointed out that although he did, as he insisted, own a paid-up bugle, some of his high notes still sounded colicky and that his tumbling was ragged. Thus far, the only sign of his latent comic genius was the observation, periodically scrawled across the back of his report card, "This boy is mischievous." Clark does not recall any basis for that troublesome indictment, aside from routine grammar-school pursuits like popping his teachers with beanshooters, rubbing gum into girls' hair, and fighting. He says he thinks that he was one of the best-behaved boys in Springfield, and that McCullough was similarly docile. Unlike most children with a plan, the two boys had doggedly practiced year after year. During their leisure hours, they would remove to a safe distance from town and blow mess call, assembly, reveille, mail call, charge, and retreat; then, if things were going well, they might tackle the bugle passages from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." When their lips gave out, they would return to McCullough's back yard and try a few nipups, cartwheels, somersaults, handsprings, and head-spinners, winding up with the conventional series of back flips with a layout. By the time Clark was a freshman in high school and McCullough was taking a local business course, they could tumble and bugle with singular finesse, and they had even worked out a couple of exercises wherein they might combine the two interesting arts.

During Clark's junior year, they began to insert small, hopeful feelers in *Billboard* and in the *Clipper*, a theatrical publication now defunct. "Two-act, aged 17 and 21," ran their first ad, showing evidence that Clark was already the dominant figure. "Can do black-face, a specialty, and double in brass." The ad was perfectly truthful, in Clark's opinion. "We figured that anything we could do white, we could do black," he says, "or any other color, if we had the paint." Answers to the ad were not immediately forthcoming. While they waited, meanwhile keeping up their studies, Clark accepted the invitation of another schoolmate, Harry Limbert, to appear in a two-man tumbling act in an Elks circus in nearby Delaware, Ohio. The engagement was a failure. To begin with, the manager complained that Clark, who had arrived early and taken a nap on a stretched-out circus net, looked like a waffle. "You'll scare the customers," he told the boy. Then Clark, to complete the manager's dissatisfaction, muffed a somersault that the act had planned on. Clark, standing on Limbert's shoulders, was to heave himself up, do a somersault, and land back on the shoulders. He accomplished this only in a very general way. Accompanied by a crashing roll of drums, Clark heaved himself aloft with the full strength of his youthful enthusiasm. It was a beautiful leap and, prophetically, wrung a gasp of awe from the crowd. He came down, as nearly as he can remember, somewhere between the ticket booth and the camel enclosure. The manager, wrenching his hair, rushed out from the sidelines and fired them on the spot. Before he left for home, Clark met Joe E. Brown, who was then a young member of the Casting Ashtons acrobatic troupe, and they struck up a permanent friendship.

Clark's discouragement about his career was short-lived. Not long after he returned home, he and McCullough were invited, as a consequence of their advertising, to join the Culhane, Chace & Weston Minstrels, who were temporarily bogged down in upper New York State. The team's contract stipulated that the members blow bugles in the parade, do a song and dance in the first part of the show, present their tumbling in front of the curtain during intermission, and stand ready to do anything, subject to the producer's discretion, from reciting "Hamlet" to juggling midgets in the "afterpiece." It was a tall order, but the pay seemed generous—twenty-five dollars a week for the two of them, plus living expenses—and they accepted. The contract further provided that they be fined one dollar for appearing at parade with their shoes unshined and five dollars for "mashing within three blocks of the theatre." Clark's mother, who had taken up dressmaking, gave him a sinking fund of thirty dollars, wished him luck, and bade him farewell, optimistically presenting him with a canvas money belt she had made. As it turned out, Clark never had occasion to use the present; it rotted in his trunk before he accumulated anything to put in it. The producer of the Culhane, Chace & Weston show was a man of dramatic ingenuity, but he was full of quirks about money. It was his ironbound policy never to pay the performers; he said it made them stuck-up. None of the company, Clark and McCullough learned after joining it, had ever been given as much as a dime. Notwithstanding, the two put their best feet forward for twelve weeks, singing, dancing, blowing mail call, tumbling, and pinch-hitting in other capacities. After twelve weeks, the producer, apparently pressed for cash, fined McCullough five dollars for tipping his hat to an elderly laundress two blocks from the theatre, and the buglers began to blow cold on Culhane, Chace & Weston. They were saved the necessity of quitting, however, since the producer decamped one night in Harrington, Delaware, and left no forwarding address. To Clark's and McCullough's surprise, none of the rest of the company seemed upset. Such departures were the custom of the period. Theatrical troupes spent most of their time in the lurch. Producers were expected to stay on the job only when business was moderate. If a show made a lot of money, creditors, including the cast, began to put pressure on the producer, and he pulled out. If the show ran into tough luck, he also pulled out. He would otherwise have been looked down on, and maybe would even have lost his producer's standing.

Dry-gulched with three dollars and twenty cents, Clark and McCullough expended their stake on postage, sending out letters of application to other shows. Before long, an offer came from Kalbfield's Greater California Minstrels, a Southern organization that played as far west as the Mississippi River. The bugle act, supplied by mail with train fare, joined Kalbfield's, at the beginning of their season, in Atlanta, where a week's rehearsals were being held. The show opened in Griffin, Georgia. On opening night, the company's train arrived in town late, after dark, and the producer bought some fireworks to light a parade down the street, whereupon the sheriff arrested the entire troupe and steered them toward the local jail, or poky, to use the regional term. When the producer came up with four front-row seats and a dollar in cash, the sheriff relaxed his lofty Georgian principles and went away to sell the tickets. The show was well received and continued southward. Both Clark and McCullough were exultant; by the terms of their new contract, they were making thirty-five dollars a week, and although they never collected any of it, they viewed the raise as a conspicuous mark of success and a moral triumph. The company drew spirited business all along its itinerary, and the producer disappeared in the vicinity of Tampa. This time, the buglers found themselves in a more serious plight. They had, between them, eighteen cents. For a few days, they slept in fields and lived on grapefruit, oranges, and sugar cane, but the mosquitoes became so brisk and the diet got so monotonous that they went in to town to look for a job. There the chief of police presented them with free tickets back to Atlanta—a regular municipal convenience for show people. The tickets bore the word "charity," stamped on both sides in large letters, and made an unfavorable impression on Clark. "I thought they should have played it down a little," he says.

In Atlanta, Clark and McCullough picked up a week's work in a vaudeville theatre and found at the boarding house where they had stayed previously an opportune answer to one of their ads. The Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus was willing to try them out in a couple of months if they would deëmphasize the bugles; the show needed tumblers. Their take for the week's vaudeville provided them with enough money for train fare to their homes in Springfield, Ohio, but left nothing over for their boarding-house bill. They left via the roof of the front porch. Clark, freighted with valises, was tiptoeing up an alley as McCullough slid down a pillar, but the landlady, in prime condition from past association with theatrical types, dived over a hedge and nailed McCullough around the knees. She collected her money, and Clark had to pawn one of his props, a muzzle-loading 12-gauge shotgun, to make up the difference. Back in Springfield, the two young men spent the interval of waiting in improving their acrobatics, reluctantly deëmphasizing the bugles. Clark in particular disliked laying aside the horn; he had, he felt (and with justification, according to the best sources), achieved an uncommon mastery of the instrument for one of his years. He tumbled, but he often sneaked away to blow secret, nostalgic blasts. Today, Clark uses the bugle whenever possible in his shows. At one point in his current musical, "Sweethearts," he rushes onstage dressed in the uniform of a Foreign Legionnaire and carrying a bugle. Stepping to the footlights, he blows several notes and then tries, three or four times, to reach one considerably higher. He fails, then regards the bugle with monumental disgust. His disgust is entirely genuine. Actually, he can, as he often explains to friends, hit that



"You'd never guess what's happened! Henry's had one of his pictures stolen."

note without half trying. At a recent performance, his pride got the upper hand. Tilting the horn upward, he sent the note ringing out, heavily timbred and cleanly on pitch. Then, remembering the play, he groped skyward for another note and fluffed. Even with his forty-five years' experience, he was unable to muster an expression of disgust. He looked around and beamed, leaving the audience to make whatever it could of the incident.

TARKINGTON, THOU SHOULDST BE LIVING AT THIS HOUR

O Adolescence, O Adolescence,
I wince before thine incandescence.
Thy constitution young and hearty
Is too much for this aged party.
Thou standest with loafer-flattened feet
Where bras and funny papers meet.
When anxious elders swarm about
Crying "Where are you going?," thou answerest "Out,"
Leaving thy parents swamped in debts
For bubble gum and cigarettes.
Thou spurnest in no uncertain tone
The sirloin for the ice-cream cone;
Not milk but cola is thy potion;
Thou wearest earrings in the ocean,
Blue jeans at dinner, if out of shorts,
And lipstick on the tennis courts.
Forever thou whisperest, two by two,
Of who is madly in love with who.
The car thou needest every day,
Let hubcaps scatter where they may,
For it would start unfriendly talk
If friends should chance to see thee walk.
Friends! Heavens, how they come and go!
Best pal today, tomorrow foe,
Since to distinguish thou dost fail
'Twixt confidante and tattletale,
And blanchest to find the beach at noon
With sacred midnight secrets strewn.
Strewn! All is lost and nothing found;
Lord, how thou leavest things around!
Sweaters and rackets in the stable,
And purse upon the drugstore table,
And cameras rusting in the rain,
And Daddy's patience down the drain.
Ah, well, I must not carp and cavil.
I'll chew the spinach, spit out the gravel,
Remembering how my heart has leapt
At times when me thou didst accept.
Still, I'd like to be present, I must confess,
When thine own adolescents adolesce.

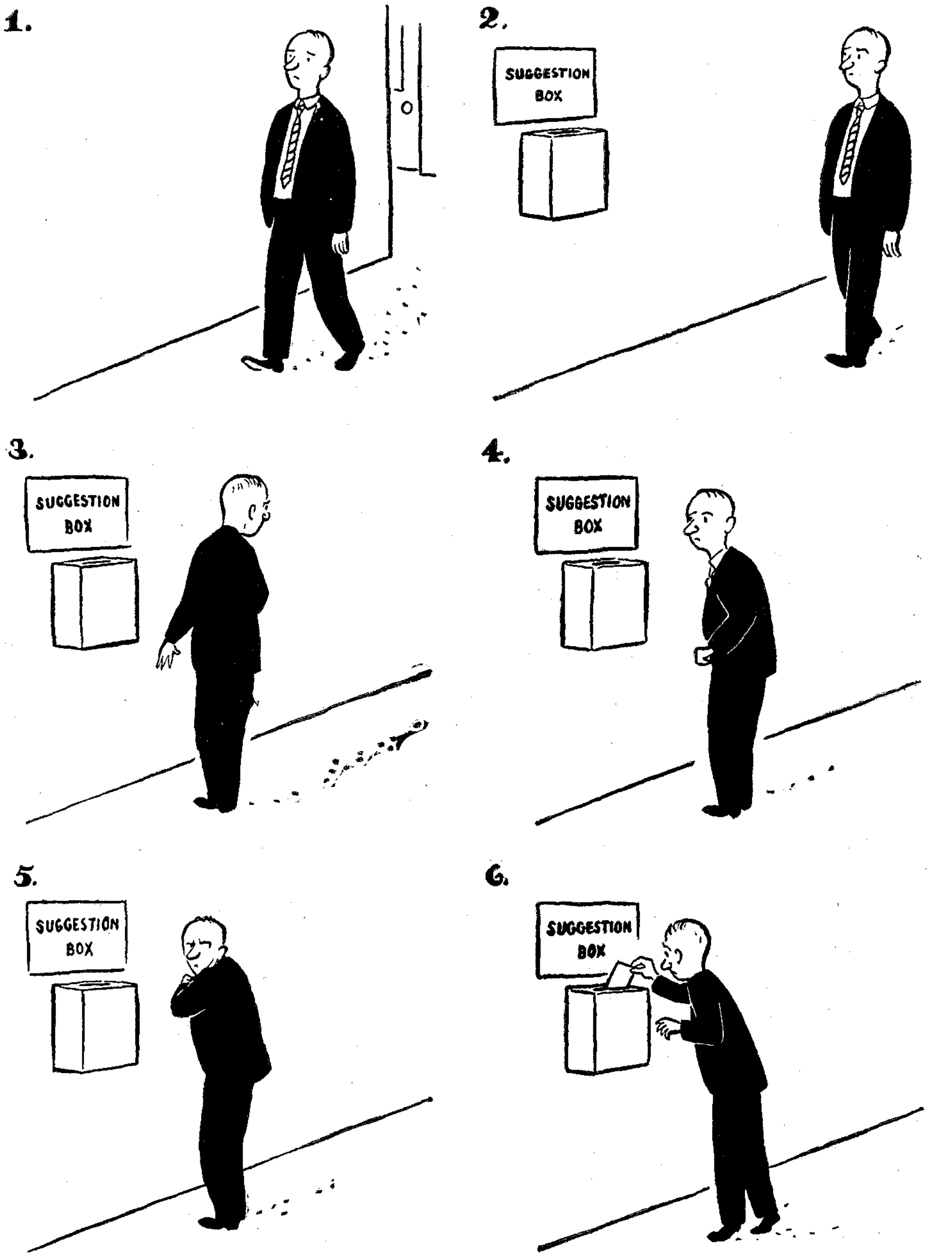
—OGDEN NASH

• •

THE circus opened up new horizons for Clark and McCullough. As an unpaid specialty act in a minstrel show, they had found their scope limited. Like the other players, they had developed a kind of benefit psychology. They had never consciously goldbricked, but occasionally their offering had been marked by a bleak, undernourished detachment. In the minstrels, humor traditionally depended on a number of timeworn but hardy gags. Clark and McCullough were hired to blow bugles and tumble, and their sporadic flirtations with comedy were not encouraged. Once in the circus, they began to relax, and their acrobatic act took on lighthearted overtones. Clark is not sure when the transition to comedy occurred, but he believes that it was soon after they joined the circus. "I think we just must have *looked* peculiar," he said recently. At first, McCullough handled the funny business and Clark functioned as straight man. The reason for this may have been that Clark could tumble more skillfully than his partner; McCullough took occasional spills, only half purposefully, which amused the audiences. Clark has difficulty today recalling the circumstances of his own comic stirrings. "I think hearing the laughter from that big, dark circus crowd had something to do with it," he says. "Long before I'd even thought about it, I guess I was feeling that the most important thing in the world was to make those people laugh."

As the people continued to laugh, Clark began to throw in funny business of his own. McCullough, who Clark believes never had an envious or jealous thought in his life, was ready to endorse any innovation of Clark's that would improve the act. Although he had been the one to suggest that they go into show business and was four years older than Clark, McCullough always gave his partner a free hand, undoubtedly recognizing very early that Clark was a natural comedian of tremendous talent. Their relationship, often said to be unique in show business, was never marred by any competitive strife. The team's Hagenbeck contract provided that the members must be prepared to double as clowns and help put up and take down the tents in emergencies, which seemed to arise fairly often. Neither Clark nor McCullough ever became very interested in the mechanics of tent raising, but they both enjoyed the compulsory clowning and profited from it. They liked the clowns' clothing so well they borrowed it for their own act; McCullough wore a huge pair of baggy pants and a pajama coat, and Clark, in addition to odds and ends from the clowns, put on whatever he picked up during strolls off the lot after hours. One of Clark's most popular hats he obtained from a country butcher, in return for two general-admission tickets; it consisted of a cow's bladder with an egg glued on top. Experimenting further, he embellished himself with a pair of painted-on spectacles, and liked them so well he decided to keep on wearing them in the act. The team's comedy in this period hinged in large measure on frustration. For exam-

144 KAPLAN'S PICKLE STAND 144
AIRY



ple, McCullough would climb up on a table and Clark would attempt to hand him a chair. It would get hung up, however, on the edge of the table, balking their best efforts. "Complicated, isn't it?" Clark would yell, circling the disaster. "Really a problem for a scientist, *but* we will attempt it." The ensuing battle with the chair, the prodigious expenditures of energy (often involving the removal of most of their clothing), the ultimate total collapse of the table, and a fist fight, stopped the show.

Pat Valdo, a former clown and now general director of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, who knew Clark and McCullough at the time of their early circus jobs, says they had the enviable reputation of being able to stop even a morning show, traditionally a rather frosty entertainment. At the old Chicago Coliseum, he recalls, the team held things up for nearly half an hour one morning. Clark had taken to doing imitations. Most of these concerned little-known animals from the south of some country or other. "An antediluvian oyster, from the south of Bolivia!" he would shout. "Call your special attention to the rigidity of its muscles." Then he would fall down in a limp heap. Springing up, he would elaborate on the species, crying, "A *wild* antediluvian southern-Bolivian oyster calling to its *mother!*," after which he would voice a series of horrendous caws, gargles, brays, and moose calls. Clark had added cigars to his props, both on and off duty, and he developed a trick of shifting one around in his mouth to punctuate sentences. "Now, an amphibious creature," he would announce, "found only in the southern Malay Peninsula and the surrounding arch—" (flipping the cigar across his mouth) "ipelagoes." Valdo was particularly impressed by this business, because, though it was not intrinsically very funny, it was managed with such expert and comic timing that it got one of the biggest laughs of the show.

The circus management was continually peeved at Clark for snarling up the band. He and McCullough performed only a few feet from the bandstand, and Clark, as he now admits when in an especially communicative mood, devoted himself to unsettling the musicians. Keeping a watchful eye on the first trombone, who was the nearest man, he would blow his cigar up in the air, catch it between his teeth, belt McCullough over the head with a bladder, and essay a front handspring, landing on his chin. Then he would look up into the bandstand and run through a quick repertory of unlovely leers. This dedicated horseplay would go on until he saw the trombone's cheek muscles twitch slightly, at which time he would lay out his work in earnest, employing slapsticks, nose whistles, pitchers of water down his trousers, and large, jarring prattfalls. Beginning with the first trombone, the whole band would go to pieces. Taken all around, it was, according to reliable witnesses, a hell of a mess, and the circus had to knock off till the bandmaster could get his men back on their feet. The circus manager at length moved Clark's and McCullough's act, placing it as far from the bandstand as he could and still keep it under the tent. Clark thinks his attentions to the band may have been suggested by the fact that as a youth he liked, during parades, to walk along beside the band and suck a lemon. It was interesting, he says, to see how long it took before the blowers' salivary glands got going and loused up the tune.

7.
SUGGESTION BOX
Alain

• •

Clark enjoyed circus work. After a season with Hagenbeck, he and McCullough toured Mexico with Sells Floto, and then, in 1906, transferred to Ringling Brothers. Clark admires the clean, invigorating life the circus offered. "Why, they even had Sunday schools for the circus children," he said not long ago. "They said grace at all the meals, and the boss clown used to lecture the other clowns regularly about how to save money. In all my years in show business, I've never met such a moral, clean-living, high-thinking bunch of people." Clark spent most of his spare time with the circus shooting craps and playing poker, and he augmented his income rather substantially at the expense of the high-thinking but sluggish group in his sleeper. His taste in friends was catholic; he knew everybody in the organization. He was quite chummy with a mild little man named De Carlos, who had a dog act. Just before a performance, Clark would gather up three or four mongrels near the mess tent and surreptitiously tether them among De Carlos's dogs, which were tied to a wardrobe trunk. When the little man grabbed his brood and ran out under the big top, a shattering uproar would take place. The mongrels would dig into the tanbark looking for bones, bay at the spotlights, and start fights with the more sensitive dogs, who were trying to do flips and skip ropes. "Is terrible," De Carlos would wail later in his dressing room. "De Carlos have no such dogs. Where they come from?" "Well, now, De Carlos," Clark would tell him, "those aren't bad-looking animals. You clear up a little mange here and a few fleas there and you can whip them right into shape. If I were you, I wouldn't take any money for that brindle fellow with one ear."

A typical Clark exercise of this period involved a clown named Ed Jenks, who was reputed to be the stingiest man on the payroll. It was performed near San Francisco one morning shortly after the great earthquake. Jenks, in the clowns' tent, was flipping a twenty-dollar gold piece in the air, with a look of reverential pride. It finally spun out of his hands and dropped beside a good-sized crack in the earth. Clark quietly put his foot on it and said, "Down there, Ed. She went down the crack. You'd better get right after it." Panic-stricken, Jenks found a shovel and pick and set frantically to work. He kept on digging through the matinée and was down several feet by six o'clock. Before the evening performance, he was, quite literally, out of sight, but gave no evidence of tiring. Clark got him a lantern. When the show ended, Clark came back. "Everything going all right, Ed?" he called down. "Crack's getting narrower," Jenks replied. "I ought to reach it any minute now." Clark offered to send down some food by a rope, but Jenks said he was too busy to eat. Around midnight, Clark approached the excavation again and yelled, "Oh, Ed! One of the boys just found your gold piece. It had rolled under an old shoe."

Though amused by Jenks' economical bent, Clark himself was no wastrel. The operators of circus refreshment stands hurriedly tried to conceal their wares whenever they saw him coming. Clark organized a lemonade tasters' club, of which he was the only member. He told the stand owners that he represented a large group and that he had been sent to see if the lemonade was cold. Draining off half a glass, he would cry, "The stuff's tepid, fellows. I can't recommend it." As far as anyone remembers, he never bought anything. McCullough often accompanied Clark on strolls through the circus grounds, but Clark also indoctrinated a young clown, Johnny Tripp, to function as his stooge. Clark, with Tripp, liked to drop into the dressing tents of newcomers. The conversation, to the wide-eyed edification of the neophytes, would center on Clark's romantic history. While he was divulging a few details about his engagement, now broken, to the Queen of Afghanistan, the faithful Tripp would interrupt to say, "But, Mr. Clark, I thought you were married all along to a snake charmer from the south of Venezuela." "Oh, yes," Clark would reply, with a puzzled expression. "A charming girl. She'd slipped my mind for the moment. I have a family of snakes by her." During the "crazy number," a between-acts break that featured the clowns, Clark and Tripp and McCullough paraded as the Spirit of '76, while Clark produced all manner of dismal noises from a twenty-five-cent flute. The instrument began to share his affections with the bugle,

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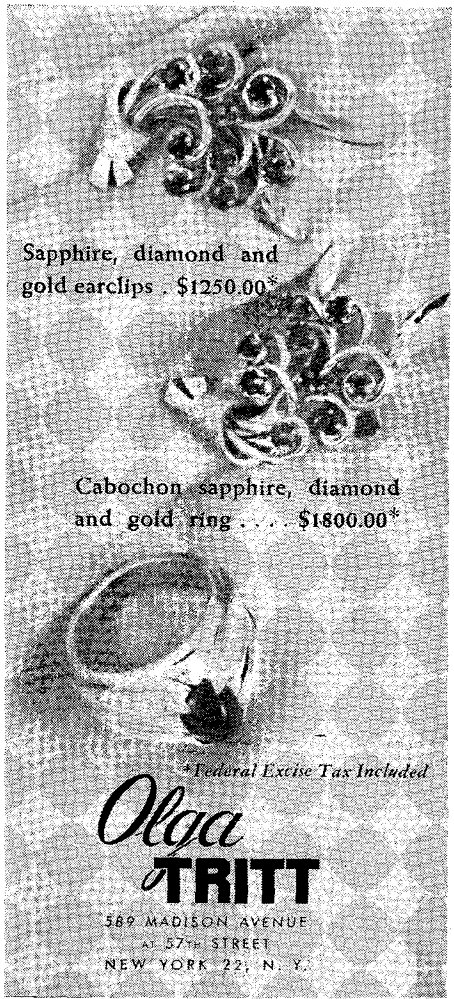
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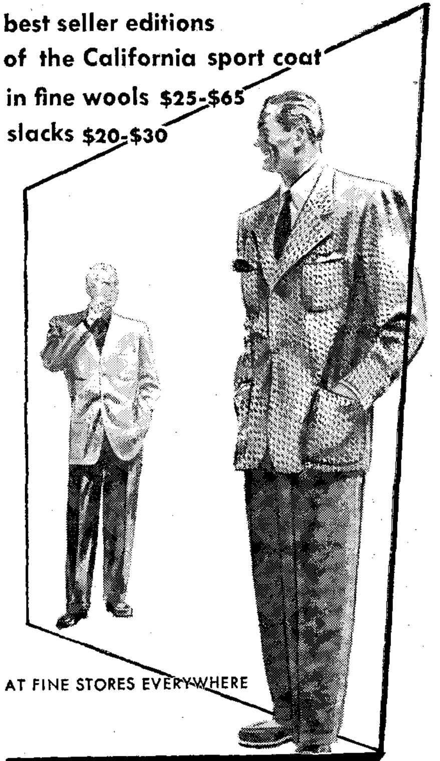
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and he eventually became so attached to it that he took to hanging around the tent of the band's first flutist, trying to pick up some free instruction. The comedian's perseverance was so unrelenting that the musician finally sold him one of his flutes and taught him how to blow "Back Home in Indiana." After that, Clark would practice by the hour. "It was awful," one of his colleagues of that period recalls. "We used to hit him with big wads of wet paper, but he kept right on." Some years later, a friend wangled Clark into the Boston Pops Orchestra for one rehearsal. He strove manfully to keep afloat, but the conductor seemed more than ordinarily harassed. Descending, finally, from the podium, he commended Clark on his splendid comedy and acrobatic work. Today, Clark owns a first-rate flute, which he bought in a pawnshop, and he spends long periods practicing at home. He has used it, in recent years, in several of his musicals, including "Mexican Hayride."

CLARK and McCullough were with various circuses for six years. Their act was popular and they had an interesting time, but their pay was never very satisfactory; at the top it was only a hundred dollars a week for the two of them. Clark remembers his circus days chiefly as a succession of drab little towns, railroad wrecks, blown-down tents, and elephant stampedes. Looking through some old notebooks the other day, he came across an itinerary for 1909. In August of that year, in Texas, he was moving through Honey Grove, Cleburne, Waxahachie, Hillsboro, Waco, Taylor, Belton, and Brenham, all in eight days, and then on to Galveston for a real rest of four performances. Some of the towns, Clark recalls, were almost impossibly primitive; it was routine for a crew of roustabouts to precede the parade, clearing away rocks, logs, pigs, and other objects, so that the wagons could pass. Clark will always believe that he has had an extraordinary amount of trouble with elephants. He says he has tried to keep an open mind on elephants and not get down on them, but the unfortunate truth is that he wouldn't give one the time of day. Whenever he got set for a lucrative session of stud poker with his circus friends or prepared to work out an elaborate prank, the elephants stampeded. Clark and McCullough, in accordance with their contract, usually had to lend a hand rounding up the strays. "We'd get a bad one now and then, you know,"

The Starlight Roof
AT SUPPER
Ginny Simms
•
DINNER AND SUPPER
Jack Fina
and his Orchestra
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective dinners and à la carte
THE
Waldorf-Astoria
PARK AVENUE
AT 50TH

MOTION PICTURES

"DANNY KAYE'S FUNNIEST . . . in every sense out of this world!" —TIME MAGAZINE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
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in TECHNICOLOR
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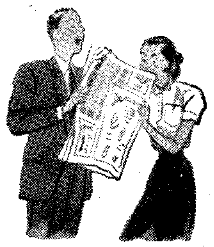
Clark says, "or maybe they'd make a mistake and try to tame one of those old African elephants. You can't train them. Nobody ever has. They go sour every time." Once a bad elephant had joined the herd, it would go around, Clark thinks, talking against the circus management and causing dissatisfaction. It would work the other elephants up to such a pitch of resentment that they would finally break loose, knock the tents down, and head for open country. On one occasion, they stampeded into the desert near Pocatello, Idaho, and had to be hunted for two days by horsemen, and another time they refused to go across a bridge into Pittsburgh. The boss elephant man decided to swim them across the river, but when the elephants got in the water, they refused to come out. They stayed there, blowing, trumpeting, and washing each other's backs, all the rest of that day and most of the night. During one parade, an elephant caused Clark a nasty spill, and the comedian hasn't forgotten it. The parade was proceeding smoothly down the main street of a village in Arkansas, except for a few rocks the roustabouts had missed, when one of the bulls, in Clark's opinion, told a female ahead of him to pick up her feet. An argument started, and the elephants stampeded. Clark happened to be riding a horse with which he was on rather distant terms, owing to past misunderstandings about when to turn corners. The horse bolted up a blind alley and, at the end, gave Clark a gigantic heave, throwing him through a second-story window of a laundry. "The laundry people were quite nice about it," Clark says. "They even gave me a suit of red underwear I admired in the basket where I landed. I've often wondered whose it was."

Off and on in their circus days, Clark and McCullough took a third acrobat, usually a youngster, into their act. The new man seldom stayed very long; he never seemed to get the hang of what his teammates were doing. Clark thought up a number of new names for the act. His inspiration nearly always came to him by way of signboards. The Prosit Trio served them for a considerable period, after having served a brewery for a much longer one. The Jazzbo Brothers was one of Clark's favorites. "I think I picked it up from a necktie company," he says, "or maybe it was a corset company." He selected Sunshine and Roses because it was a phrase likely to stick in a certain ringmaster's throat. "The fellow and I

"EX-TRA! Read-about-secretary-marries-her-boss! EXTRA!"



ANN: BILL! It's about *us*—our wedding! Read what it says about *me!*

BILL: Sure, honey! Where is it—oh yes: "Guests and well-wishers sighed with admiration as the distinguished-looking groom in his stunning Arrow Shirt with its *incomparable collar* came down—"

ANN: BILL! Look! Darling! Nobody cares about the old groom in weddings! I'm the Main Squeeze. Read about *me!*

BILL: Oh—sorry, my sweet! I'll look again. Hmmm..."It was noted by style scouts that this shirt was an Arrow with the 'Mitoga' trade-mark, meaning: shaped-to-your-shape." Or, rather, to *my*—

ANN: BILL! WAIT! STOP! This is *no way* to start the glide into Married Life with ME! Now you read about me or I'll—

BILL: Darling, I grovel! I kiss your hem! I shall do your bidding *at once!* The bride ... the bride—ah yes: "The bride, like every smart woman, knows all about the Sanforized label, in every Arrow Shirt. Knows it means: fabric shrinkage held to 1%!" HEY! GIVE ME THAT PAPER!

ANN: Hah! Just as I thought—you're *barely* mentioned! What makes you so *mean*, you big lug?

BILL: Aw, I dunno. You look so pretty when you're mad. Besides, a bride really *should* know about the Sanforized label—and—

ANN: Honest, honey, men are *so* quaint! I've been gifting my brothers with Arrow Shirts since I was twelve years old! Oh, dar-ling...

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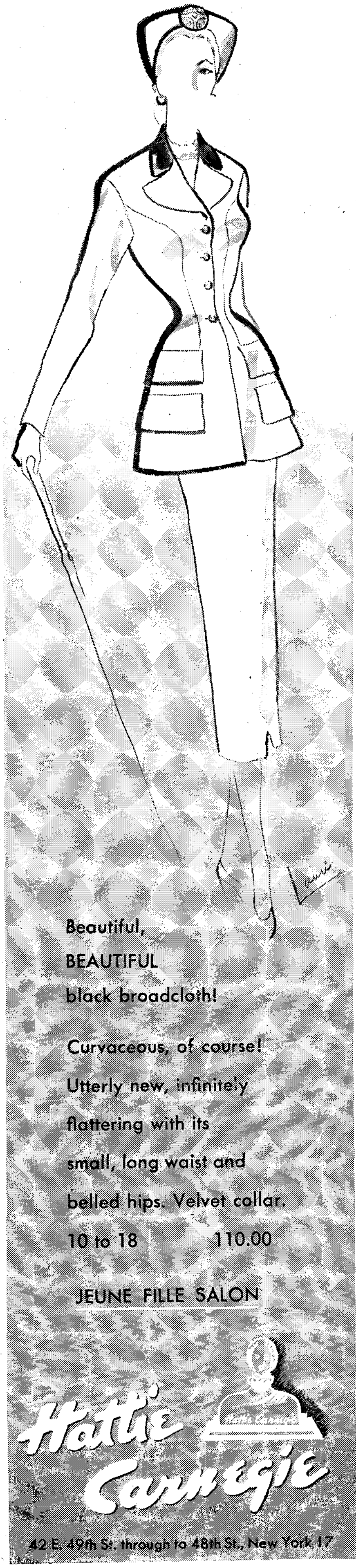

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were having some kind of trifling feud," he says. "Something about a lizard he'd found in his bed." Whereas Clark looks back on his circus acquaintances with affection and much admiration, many of them look back on him with relief. "The fellow was eternally up to something," an elderly juggler said not long ago. "The boys would get ready to practice and find Clark fooling around with the dumbbells, or jumping up and down on a trampolin, or seeing how high he could throw a dummy with a teeterboard. We thought him interesting but pesky." Clark, for his part, is sure he will never again see the like of such performers as the Clarkonians, English aerialists and riders; Dick Ford, an Australian clown who had a policeman act; the Raphael Castrillion Troupe, ground tumblers; and Robadilla, the slack-wire walker. "Why, you couldn't knock that Robadilla off the wire with a pole!" he said the other day; then he added, as an afterthought, "At least, not with the kind of pole I used." The circus gave Clark and McCullough self-confidence. In it, they learned a great deal about what makes people laugh. They left it, in 1911, because Clark was getting restless. "Paul and I talked it over one day," he says. "We were sitting on an iron bench on a kind of common—some town or other—after the matinée. I remember that it was just about twilight, and the locusts were making a terrible racket. I said, 'Paul, we're getting along. I'm twenty-three and you're twenty-seven. Maybe we ought to look around.' He was skeptical, but he always deferred to my inferior judgment. He wanted to know what we could do. 'Why,' I said, and I got a little excited, 'the world's bigger than the circus. Let's aim for the *top*. Let's try vaudeville, and then go into burlesque!'" —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

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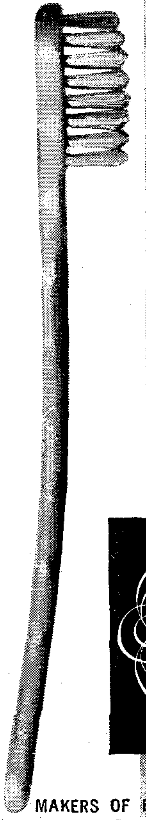
CORNELL MEN TAKE LONG VIEW OF FOOD SHORTAGE

[*From a booklet, "Starvation—Truths, Half-Truths and Untruths," by Frank A. Pearson and Don Paarlberg, issued by the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University*]

Cannibalism has been an adjuster of the food supply to the population, and of the population to the food supply. It is the only adjuster that has this double distinction. Furthermore, it tends to upgrade the diet. Historically, it cannot be overlooked, but currently it cannot be discussed in polite society . . . a case where a social gain has been achieved at the expense of a nutritional loss.



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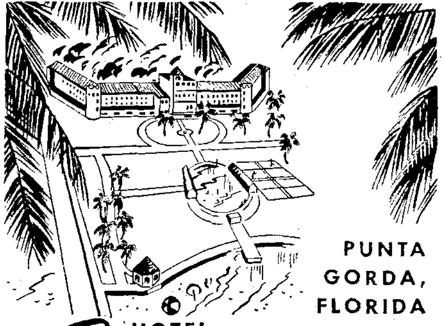

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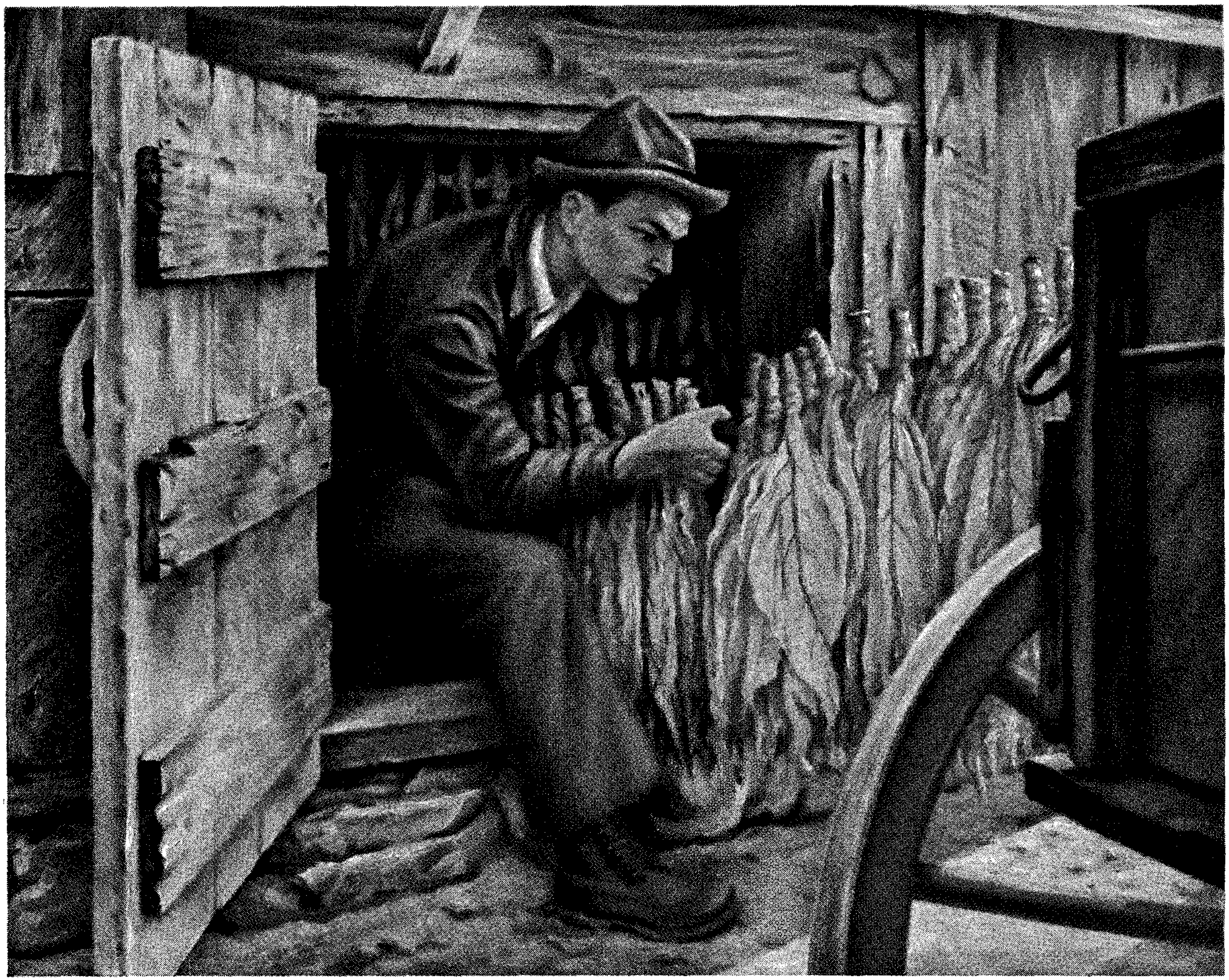

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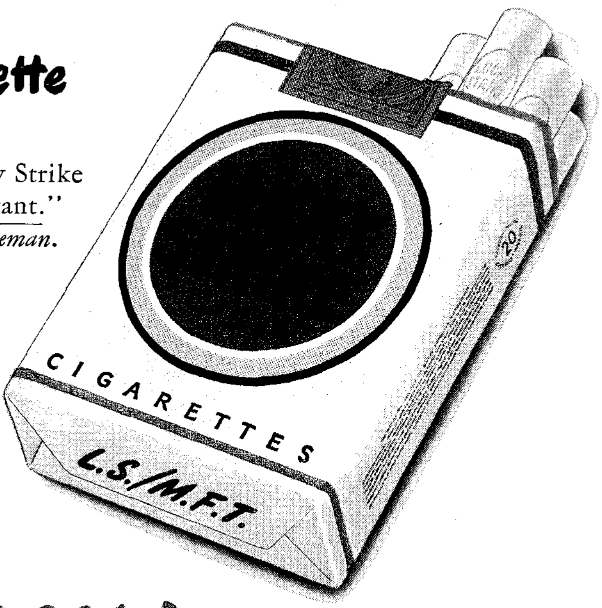

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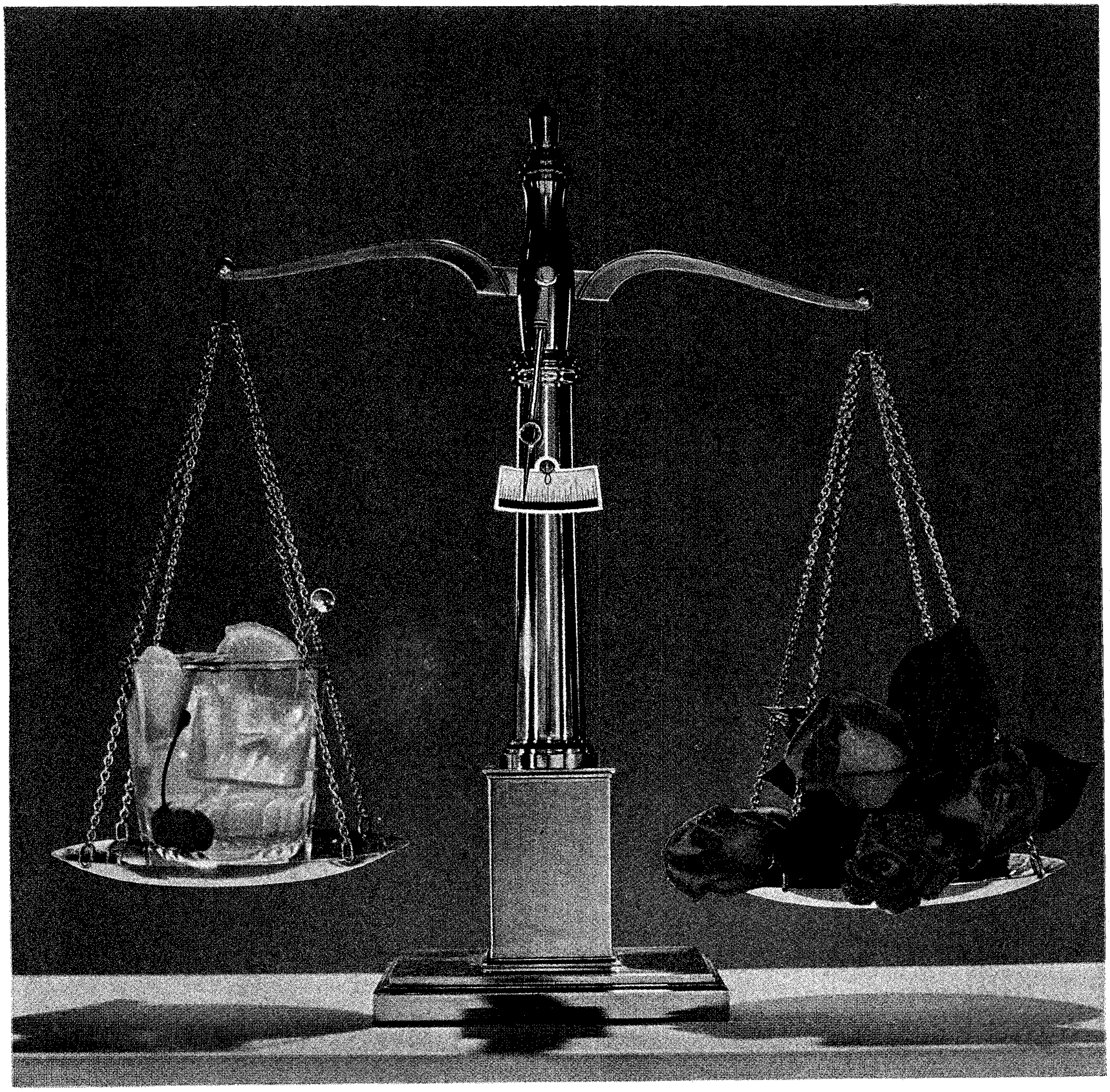

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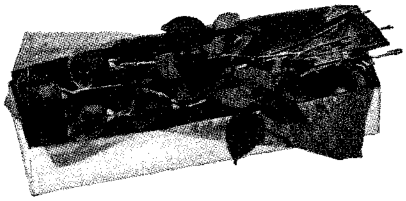

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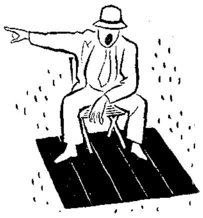
THE TENNIS COURTS

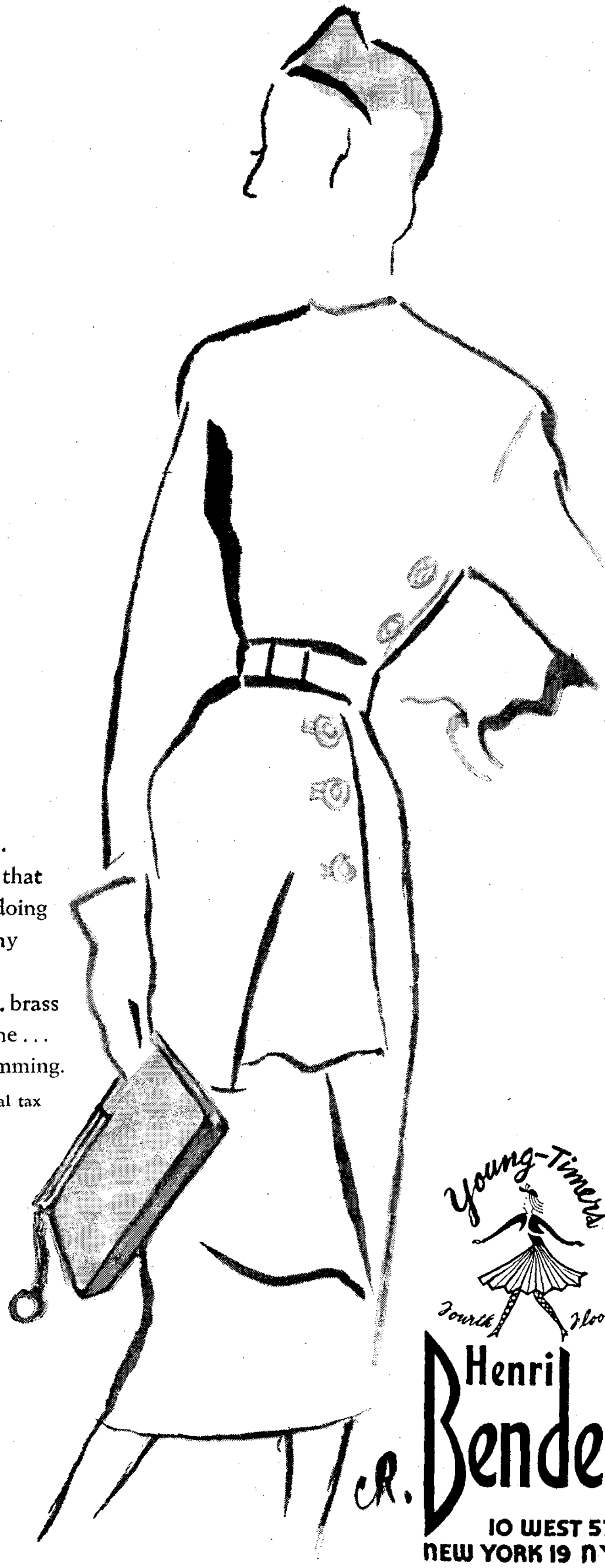
Weather Report



AT five o'clock Saturday afternoon, the temperature at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, was ninety-two and the humidity wasn't much lower. In Milwaukee, the birthplace of Frank Parker, it was seventy-three and dry. In Kogarah, Australia, where John Edward Bromwich lives most of the year, it was the eighty-fifth day of winter and positively chilly. These two had been playing for about three hours in the semifinal round of the National Singles Championship, and each had won two sets. Instead of heading for home, like reasonable men, they staggered through fourteen more games. Parker took eight of them by staggering a little less often, and thus won the opportunity to try to beat the unbeatable John Kramer in the final.

The Parker-Bromwich match was, I suppose, as dramatic as any that most of the spectators had ever seen. Parker won the first and third sets easily and seemed a certain winner in the fourth, when he broke Bromwich's serve in the eleventh game to lead, 6–5, and went ahead, 30–15, in the twelfth, two points from the match. Bromwich, who had been looking desperately tired, pulled himself together and won three games in a row to take the set, 8–6, a performance that induced the noisiest demonstration of approval I have ever heard at Forest Hills. For a while, it appeared that Parker would win the fifth set at love. He had no trouble in the first three games because Bromwich could return the ball only when doing so required no effort. Then Bromwich somehow came to life again and evened things at 4–all. Parker took the ninth game, but Bromwich withstood three match points in the tenth and finally won it. Apparently that used up almost his last bit of resistance, for Parker won three of the next four games and the match. There were ten service breaks in the last eighteen games; that's how tired they were.

Kramer came through the final just about as expected, although there was a nervous rustling in the gallery when Parker took a two-set lead. At that point, Mrs. Kramer, who had been trying to look unconcerned, gave up and left the premises. From the way Kramer



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went through the next three, I can't believe that he shared her uneasiness. Some critics said he was careless in those first two sets, in which he piled up sixty-four errors to Parker's sixteen; in the next three he made only twenty-seven errors, and his earned-point total for the match was seventy-one to Parker's nineteen. I think that it was Parker's soft base-line returns (instead of the low, flat drives Kramer delights in) that won him the opening sets. In the third set, Kramer caught on to Parker's strategy and got his own strokes going. It should be remembered that Kramer is not unaccustomed to starting a match slowly. In his semi-final against the Czech Jaroslav Drobny, he dropped the first set but allowed Drobny only four more games during the remainder of the match. I still believe that Bobby Riggs is the one player who has a good chance of beating Kramer.

I WASN'T able to concentrate very well on the women's final, which started off the afternoon. I know that Miss Louise Brough, of California, beat Miss Margaret Osborne, also of California (as what lady tennis player is not?), in three sets. I am fairly sure that they played excellent tennis and that each deserved to win. What distracted me was my investigation of the activities of a couple of men named Daniel Johnson and Frank Dame, members, according to the program, of something called the Operations Committee of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. When the girls stepped out on the court at the start of the match, Johnson and Dame accompanied them to the referee's chair and stood around while the photographers snapped pictures. They disappeared when play started but showed up again at the finish. Dame helped Miss Osborne put on her blazer; Johnson didn't do anything that I could see. When Kramer and Parker came on, Johnson and Dame were out there again. This time Johnson said something to a photographer and Dame didn't do anything. I asked various officials to explain this curious performance. All they could tell me was that the Operations Committee had always thought highly of walking out on the courts with players. "Seems to me it's a very nice thing to do," one dignitary said. —P. W. W., Jr.

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IN ALL DUE RESPECT

MADGE FERRIS stood in the doorway of the restaurant and looked through the small black satin bag she carried until she found her glasses. She held them briefly to her eyes and saw that Millie Potter was already seated at a table across the room, waiting for her. Millie had taken the better chair, the one facing the room, and was halfway finished with a cocktail. Madge Ferris waved to her gaily and started toward her, hastily tucking her glasses back into her handbag. Her manner, when she pulled out the chair to sit down, was breathless. "Am I late?" she asked.

"I don't know," Millie Potter answered. "It's so nice and cool here, and dark. I suppose that's why you couldn't see me at first. I waved to you when you were standing there looking for your glasses, but you didn't see me. Until you had them on, I mean."

"I didn't actually have them on, pet," Madge said. "I was blinded." She looked at Millie's cocktail glass. "How many of those have you had?"

"One," Millie said. "But I think I'll have another."

Madge Ferris turned in her chair. "Waiter!" she called. She turned back to Millie. "I don't see one. There never is. *You* call him, pet, you're facing the room. Besides, you know which one yours looks like."

Mrs. Potter signalled to a waiter, who walked toward the table and stood staring over their heads. "Yes, ladies?" he said.

"I'll have a frosted Daiquiri with *no* sugar," Mrs. Ferris said. "Are you sure you want another, Millie?"

"I'll have the same as I had before," Millie Potter said. "A Martini."

Madge Ferris looked up at the waiter, smiled, and shrugged. The waiter walked away.

"Why did you ask me if I was sure I wanted another?" Millie Potter asked. "Fortunately, that waiter knows I've only had one, so it didn't make any difference."

Madge Ferris laughed. "I was just thinking of your diet, *just* as I was thinking of mine when I said no sugar. And it was so odd to see you sitting here drinking alone. There's something about drinking alone—well, even doctors who *advise* taking a drink *normally* would soon put a stop to it if you ever told them you drank alone."

"I was waiting for you," Millie said.

"Of course you were, dear, and it doesn't matter at all. It's just that now that we're all being educated with these wonderful books and moving pictures, we *do* know where the danger lies. There's nothing to be ashamed of, anyway, because it's all a disease."

The waiter brought the cocktails and Madge Ferris took a sip of hers. "Very refreshing," she said. "I was worn out. The new-length skirts have me absolutely defeated, and I'm two inches taller than you. What are you going to do about them, dear?"

Millie Potter took a large swallow of her Martini before she answered. "I'm going to wear them," she said. "I have one and you know it. You were with me when I bought it."

"Oh, *that* one," Madge said. "I think *that's* definitely a mistake. I remember telling you so. It isn't that it's the length, it's just the whole thing. The tassels. I don't know where you could wear it unless they started running the Amsterdam Avenue streetcars again."

"I like it," Millie said. "And Harry likes it. He's sick of knees."

"Poor Harry," Madge said. She looked thoughtful. "Well," she went on brightly, "I didn't mean to look for a dress anyway. I was really looking for a hat or some little thing to cover my head."

"What do you mean, some little thing to cover your head?" Millie Potter asked. "Anything that covers your head is a hat."

"Not necessarily," Madge Ferris said. "I was thinking of something small and soft that I could even slip into my bag and just put on when I went into the Cathedral."

"The Cathedral!"

Madge Ferris finished her drink and patted her mouth with a napkin. "I often go into the Cathedral," she said. "I was in there this morning."

"But what *for*?" Millie Potter asked.

"I went in this morning originally to see what they were doing there. They've been fooling with it for so long and I

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wanted to see how far they'd got, and there was this priest there, and, naturally, we got to talking."

"Naturally," Millie said.

"Of course, he had a perfect right to be there, although now that I think of it, I can't remember seeing one there before. But I can't tell you how silly I felt because I didn't have a hat."

"I don't like you without a hat," Millie Potter said. "You look better with one, and I don't see why you keep going around without one."

"I feel freer without a hat," Madge Ferris said. "And besides, I can't wear one with my hair this way. But I felt dreadful when I bumped right into this priest. I didn't want him to think I was sneaking in or didn't know what was correct, so I just said, 'Father, you must think me an absolute *fool*, but I just couldn't resist stopping in to pay a little call on Saint Elizabeth.' "

"I thought you were going to see if they'd finished working there," Millie reminded her.

"I couldn't tell him that, could I?" Madge asked. "He'd think I was snooping. Besides, I had intended to light a little candle to Saint Elizabeth, even though I was in a hurry and she is way back. I don't think she's very popular with most people, but I love her. And that's what I said to him. I said, 'You have the sweetest Saint Elizabeth here, and you've done her so beautifully, wrinkles and all.' You know her, don't you, Millie?"

"I don't believe I do," Millie said apologetically.

"You'd love her," Madge Ferris said enthusiastically. "She's about our age—not young, you know, and not old either—because there she stands with these *faint* wrinkles, just as all women have when they're a bit older. The sort that come from laughing or simply moving your face, really, because there *she* is standing there so sweetly holding Saint John."

"Saint John?"

"Her baby. You know, Saint John."

"Oh," Millie Potter said.

"So I asked this priest if it was all right if I just tiptoed back and saw her for a moment, and he was very sweet about it. He said it didn't matter about my hat, and then I thanked him, and I went back and lighted a candle. I put a handkerchief on my head."

"If you're going to get into the habit of dropping in there," Millie Potter said, "you should really have a hat. In all due respect to the Church, you shouldn't go in there bareheaded, even if that priest did say it was all right. He was probably just being sweet about it."

"Yes," Madge said. "So I thought after we ate you could come with me and we'd see if we could find a new hat that wouldn't look *too* awful. Unless you have other plans."

"No," Millie Potter said. "I haven't any other plans."

"Well, then," Madge said. "Would you like another cocktail or shall we eat?"

"No, thank you," Millie said. "It's funny I never heard of Saint Elizabeth." She picked up the menu and looked at it absent-mindedly.

"It *is* funny," Madge Ferris said. "Because there she is, just our age, standing there holding Saint John. When we get the hat, we can go in and see her. You're going to love her. She's just our age."

Millie looked up at Madge and smiled affectionately. "I'm sure I will," she said. "It's a *difficult* age."

—ESTHER EVARTS

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN
(GERMAN GESTAPO AND FRENCH DRESSING DIVISION)

[*Adv. in the Los Angeles News*]

This is a short, short story about a man, a woman, and a dream! The time?... 1938, shortly before the fall of Nazi-infested France. The place?... An American street where free people walked and only skyscrapers loomed overhead. The characters?... Two French refugees... a thin, pale young man and his shabbily dressed but pretty little wife, who were trudging wearily along, engrossed in thought. Their dreams?... Well, the woman's dream, for the most part, had come true. She and her husband had miraculously escaped from the clutches of the Gestapo. She could still feel the pain and the horror, the hot breath of the Nazis at their heels. But they were safe at last, here in America. The young man's dream looked further into the future. He thought of his family, who, as far back as the year 1890, had been happily engaged in the manufacture of fine salad dressings. He thought of the wonderful secret formula for French Dressing he had managed to smuggle out of France, which was gently folded in his pocket. He knew that all people loved good food and good food must be properly seasoned, and he hoped that this treasured formula might give him entre to the vast food field here. This was not easy, tho, and his courage waned with each "no" he encountered. The outcome?... Three weeks and several disappointments later, this same young man entered the offices of Louis Milani foods. Moved by his simple tale, we asked to try the recipe he called "1890" French Dressing. Unfalteringly he blended the fine oil and spice ingredients and invited us to taste it. As we did, a rumble of "MMMM, it's delicious!" filled the room. Yes, this young man HAD something... something deliciously different in salad dressing!

Electric Patter and Perfection

Relax and be beautiful. Let the soft, padded "fingers" of the Electric Patter and rich, emollient Ardena Perfection Cream work their magic . . . stroking beauty along the contours of face and throat . . . patting away tension from the nape of the neck.

Electric Patter (for AC current only) with trial size of Ardena Perfection Cream, includes an extra set of attachments for stimulating scalp massage . . . 8.50
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prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

Look! Look! It fits! Extra! Extra!
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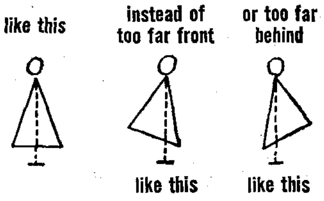
TERRIFIC NEWS! COATS THAT FIT!

Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier. But I—honestly—have never had an overcoat or topcoat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

So, when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, "They fit," it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

Well, I looked at the coats this slogan describes and I find that the slogan fits the coats. At about a dozen points, Mt. Rock coats are engineered in a completely new way. For example, these coats have extra width here:

which allows your lapel to stay flat. And Mt. Rock coats hang with you in the middle



Look into this coat news today at a store that sells Mt. Rocks.

Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

TOP COATS AND OVERCOATS
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Featuring exclusive fabrics by
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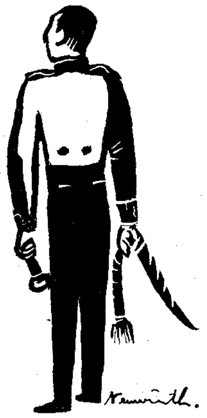
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hughes' Burlesque



IN his public appearances to date, Howard Hughes has seemed a rather solemn fellow, but after seeing "The Outlaw," which he produced, I'm inclined to think that he is secretly quite a wag. In this inflated saga of Billy the Kid, Mr. Hughes has managed to create the definitive burlesque of all cow-town dramas. The heroine (Jane Russell) is not that shy girl in calico we all know and love, and the hero (Jack Buetel), far from being the familiar strapping desperado of Westerns, is a frail and seedy adolescent who resembles those mournful youths that lurk behind the counters of dingy dog-wagons—probably an accurate reconstruction of the real Kid. With sardonic ingenuity, Mr. Hughes couples these two unlikely figures and makes a generally rollicking hash out of their attempts to inflate their damp ardors into a grand passion. It is possible that some carping types will insist that Mr. Hughes wasn't aware of the sprightly foolishness of "The Outlaw" when he put it together, but I'm confident that no man could have handled the history of the Kid in this manner unless he knew what he was up to. Both Miss Russell and Mr. Buetel perform with a desperate earnestness that sets off neatly the activities of Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell, who invest two supporting roles with a marvellous frivolity. The plot endows Mr. Huston, a gunman, deputy sheriff, and cardsharp, with a mare and a girl, both coveted by Mr. Buetel, who, however, covets the mare more than the lady. In this he is probably sensible, since the girl often treats him very shabbily, hitting him over the head with coffee-pots, trying to drown him, and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. This sort of thing goes on all the time, interrupting the course of love. There is also considerable gunplay, all of it conducted without too much seriousness. The picture runs for two hours, a long time to

Virgin wool!

Not one strand of reclaimed wool crept into this Woodfield coat. It is 100% pure soft-bodied virgin wool with a brushed nap that reminds you of the touch of beaver!

There are plenty of pockets. And note the smart touches in the collar, the new design, pointed, button cuffs.

This is black-and-white or red-and-black checks, but for the color lover it comes in solid scarlet.

The pants are forest green, virgin wool, with tuck-in knitted bottoms and Edg-Bound pockets.

If these are not in your favorite store, write for an illustrated circular.

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11 room frame cottage—garage; 75 ft. cliff Penobscot Bay; 1 acre woodland. 4 Master Bedrooms; 3 baths, ground floor lavatory; 3 fireplaces; 30 ft. glassed sun porch; screened sleeping porch; 20 ft. terrace on cliff. Occupancy Spring 1948. Price $15,000.00.

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spend on any movie, but I think you'll be able to enjoy it enough to warrant sitting through most of it.

EVER since Hollywood made a good picture called "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," the boys out there have been unable to let the idea alone, and we are periodically confronted by films dealing, as "Mr. Jordan" did, with celestial matters. The latest of these is "Down to Earth," in which Terpsichore descends from Heaven to improve the tone of a musical comedy. Terpsichore, in this case, is played by Rita Hayworth, who, regrettably, cannot act. She is assisted by Larry Parks, the erstwhile Jolson of "The Jolson Story." Somebody other than Al is singing for Mr. Parks now, or maybe he's doing his own singing; at any rate, he's not as impressive vocally as he used to be. About the only entertaining scenes in "Down to Earth" are those involving James Gleason, who runs confidently through the same role he had in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." You'll remember that in the old picture he played a Broadway character who became upset at the advent of a messenger from the beyond. The part was a good one then, but it's a little threadbare now.

"THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE" presents us with Van Johnson as a schoolteacher in 1865, out to settle the postwar animosities between Confederate and Union sympathizers in the fur-cap area of the Ozarks. Mr. Johnson performs on the harmonica and banjo, and also sings. Even if he cut loose on an organ, however, he couldn't make this one anything but relentlessly boring.
—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

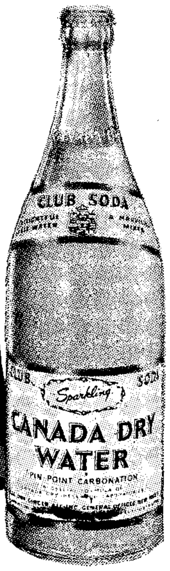
WILD ASTERS NOW

These were you, in an earlier season,
Because you walked among them,
  here. . . .
Now what the eye must learn to do
Is lay the ghost of that unreason,
And see the roadside of this year
As asters, merely—whose gray-blue
Is more, indeed, a ghost of blue.
—DAVID MORTON

•

The company will be directed by Arthur Sircom and Harold Young. Miss Lawrence recently expressed a desire to act in the play for a second in the vicinity of Boston.—*The Times.*

Well, we like a girl that knows what she wants.



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Tall ones are always in tune when you mix them with sparkling Canada Dry Water. So why take a chance with ordinary club sodas —carbonated tap water? This world-famous mixer costs no more . . . assures you of better tasting drinks. Here's why:

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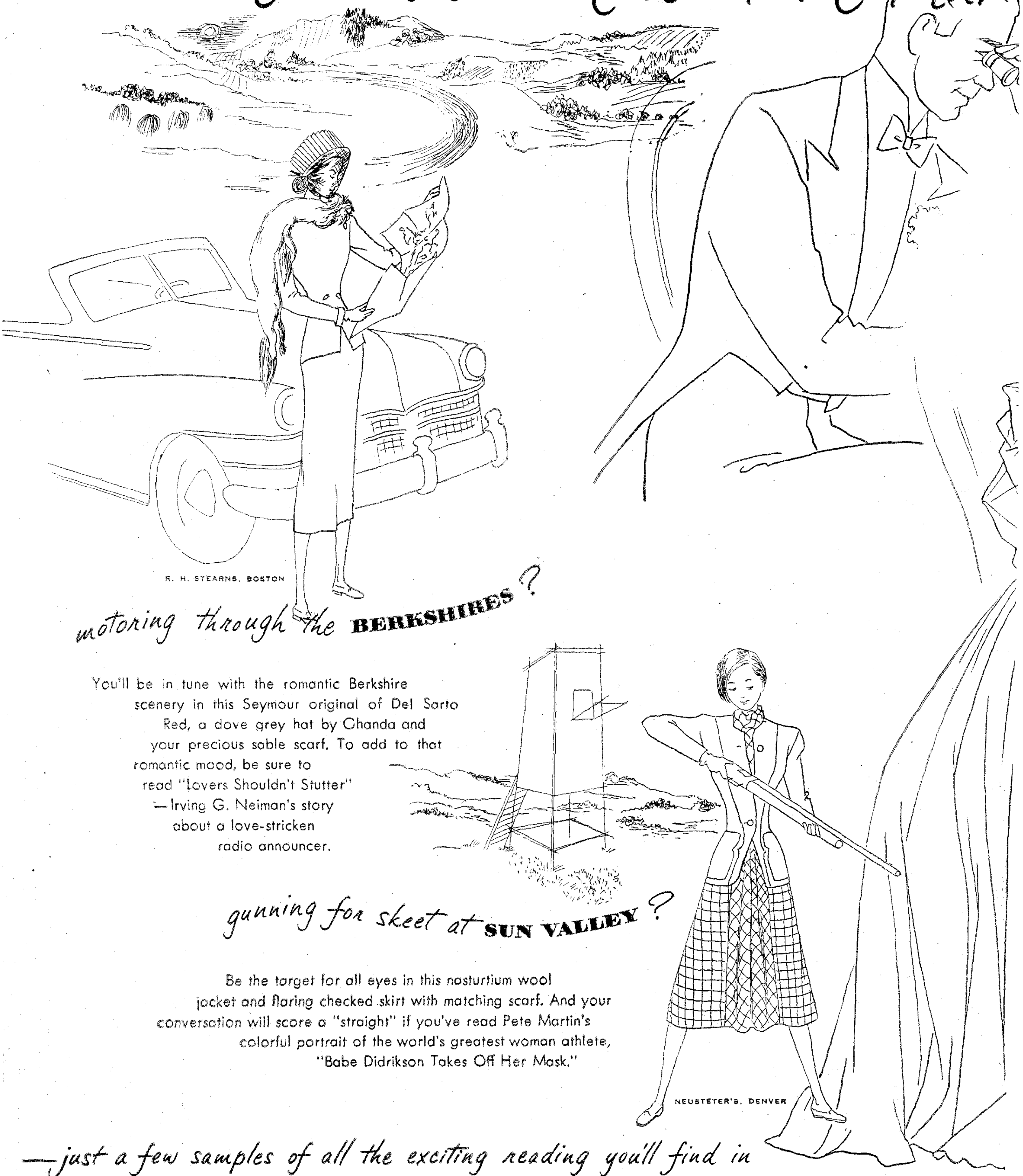
with clothes and a mind that



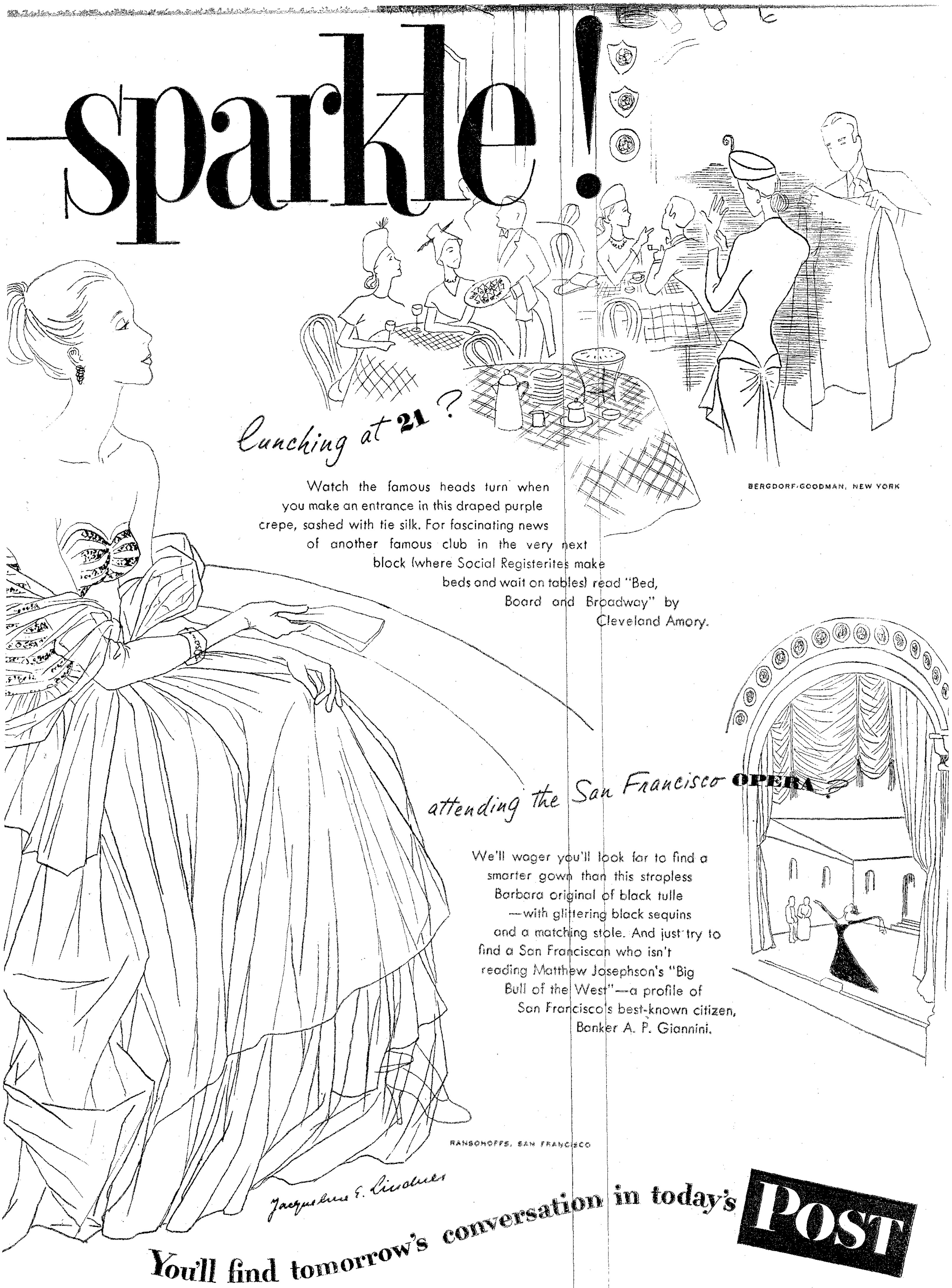
motoring through the **BERKSHIRES***?*

You'll be in tune with the romantic Berkshire scenery in this Seymour original of Del Sarto Red, a dove grey hat by Chanda and your precious sable scarf. To add to that romantic mood, be sure to read "Lovers Shouldn't Stutter" —Irving G. Neiman's story about a love-stricken radio announcer.

gunning for skeet at **SUN VALLEY***?*

Be the target for all eyes in this nasturtium wool jacket and flaring checked skirt with matching scarf. And your conversation will score a "straight" if you've read Pete Martin's colorful portrait of the world's greatest woman athlete, "Babe Didrikson Takes Off Her Mask."

—just a few samples of all the exciting reading you'll find in the Sept. 20 issue of The Saturday Evening



Lunching at **21**?

Watch the famous heads turn when you make an entrance in this draped purple crepe, sashed with tie silk. For fascinating news of another famous club in the very next block (where Social Registerites make beds and wait on tables) read "Bed, Board and Broadway" by Cleveland Amory.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN, NEW YORK

attending the San Francisco **OPERA**?

We'll wager you'll look far to find a smarter gown than this strapless Barbara original of black tulle—with glittering black sequins and a matching stole. And just try to find a San Franciscan who isn't reading Matthew Josephson's "Big Bull of the West"—a profile of San Francisco's best-known citizen, Banker A. P. Giannini.

RANSOHOFFS, SAN FRANCISCO

You'll find tomorrow's conversation in today's POST

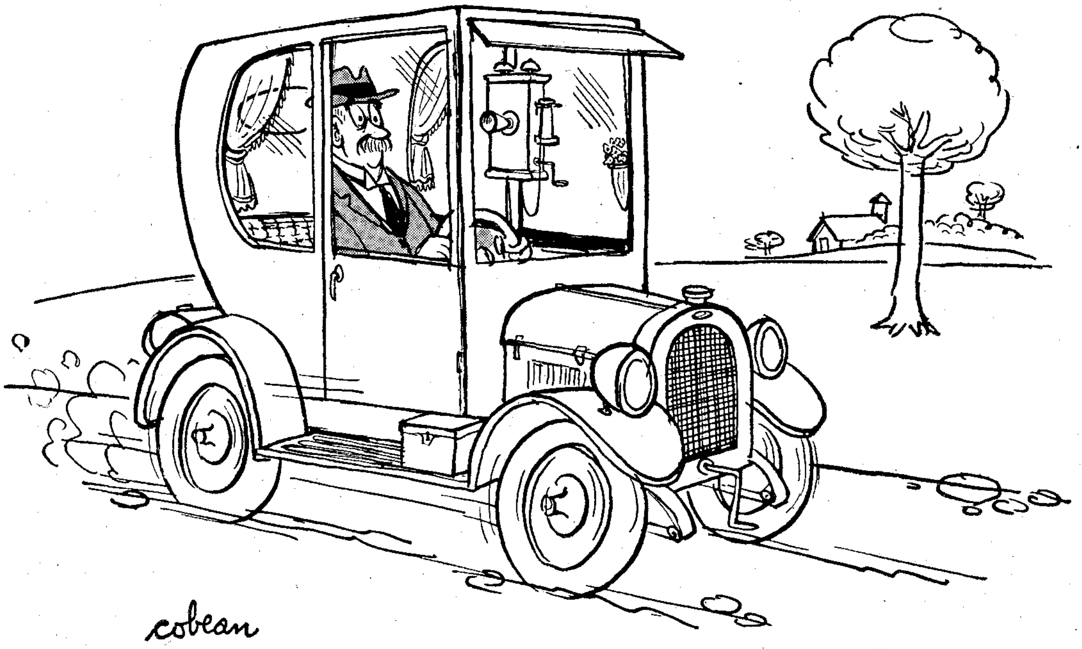
A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

FORTY PASSENGERS FOR TORONTO

LATE one Saturday afternoon last month, a youthful London couple named Eddie and Brenda Smithson stepped on board a Skymaster at Northolt Airport, half an hour's drive from Victoria Station, and headed west toward a new life in a strange land. In doing so, Mr. and Mrs. Smithson were following the drift of more and more young English men and women, both married and single, who feel oppressed by the difficulties of a drab existence in England today and want to try their luck in the Dominions. The emigration figures make gloomy reading for officials of the British government, who would prefer to keep these exports at home. In the first six months of 1939, for instance, the number of English who felt that for them the answer to a frightening world outlook lay in Canada was under two thousand; in the first six months of this year, close to ten thousand people went there. During the same period of 1939, South Africa lured just under three thousand recruits from the old country; during the first six months of this year, eleven thousand Britons who had experienced the rigors of a crisis winter succumbed to the appeal of posters advertising the sunny South African climate and set out to sample it. All British shipping companies have waiting lists of would-be emigrants, many of whom, because of the jam, cannot hope to get on a boat before sometime next year.

A short while ago, the government of the Province of Ontario, which wants very much to get seven thousand workers from England as quickly as possible, had a bright idea. It chartered a number of Skymaster planes from Transocean Airlines and began offering immediate transportation by air, from London to Toronto, to a carefully chosen group of able-bodied young men and women, at a bargain fare of sixty-seven pounds. The first airborne group of emigrants left England on August 2nd, thereby, in a way, making it quite a historic date, and since then thousands of applications for accommodations have poured into the London headquarters of the Ontario government.

THE young Smithsons took off from Northolt exactly four weeks after they had applied for passage at the recruiting office that Ontario has opened in Rainbow Corner, on Shaftesbury Avenue, one of the former Red Cross clubs of the American forces in London. (The machinery has recently been speeded up, so that now people in a hurry can get away even faster, a cheering novelty to the English, who are gloomily conditioned to interminably waiting their turn in order to buy food, to travel by train, to see a movie, to find a new home, or to get anything done about fixing up an old one.) A representative of Ontario had mentioned the Smithsons to me as being typical of the new swarm of emigrants, and I had arranged to have a talk with them before they left. As a preliminary to meeting them, I went around to the recruiting office to find out what sort of routine they had been through. Rainbow Corner is a dingy building that hardly suggests a crock of gold, except, possibly, for a huge sign plastered across its shabby frontage, reading, "Emigrate by Air Now to Ontario, Canada!" As I made my way toward the entrance, I noticed that several of the passersby on Shaftesbury Avenue were stopping and staring thoughtfully up at the sign. Inside, I found a great bustle in the bare, uncarpeted rooms of the two floors of the structure that the Ontario government has taken over. I first looked up an official whose name I had been given—a Mr. George Taylor, who, like all his colleagues, was wearing a service button in the lapel of his coat—and asked him to explain the process that leads from Shaftesbury Avenue to Toronto. It begins on the ground floor of Rainbow Corner, he said, indicating a counter where applicants fill in a form giving details about their personal affairs, asserting their ability to pay the cost of the passage, and describing the kind of work they have been doing and the kind of work they would like to do in Ontario. Priority is given to workers willing and able to go into agriculture, forestry, mining, construction, domestic service, and industry—workers, for the most part, of the sort that England herself is most desperately in need of right now. Mr. Taylor explained that Ontario does not guarantee jobs to the travellers when they arrive but that it does maintain an employment office, which is generally able to fix people up satisfactorily.



The newcomers are under no compulsion to stay in Ontario and are at liberty to look for work elsewhere if they choose, but so far most of them have naturally, and gratefully, preferred to settle in the province that gave them their chance. Both men and women are eligible for the plane trip, but only if they plan to go to work. A woman with no job apart from being a wife has to let her husband go ahead by air, and she follows by sea as soon as possible. Mothers, even if they plan to look for employment, must leave their children in England until they and their husbands have found jobs and a home.

Mr. Taylor led me to the second floor, where we came

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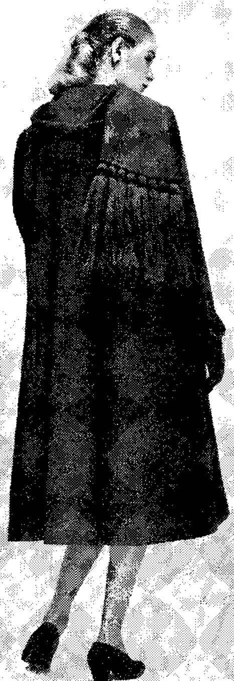

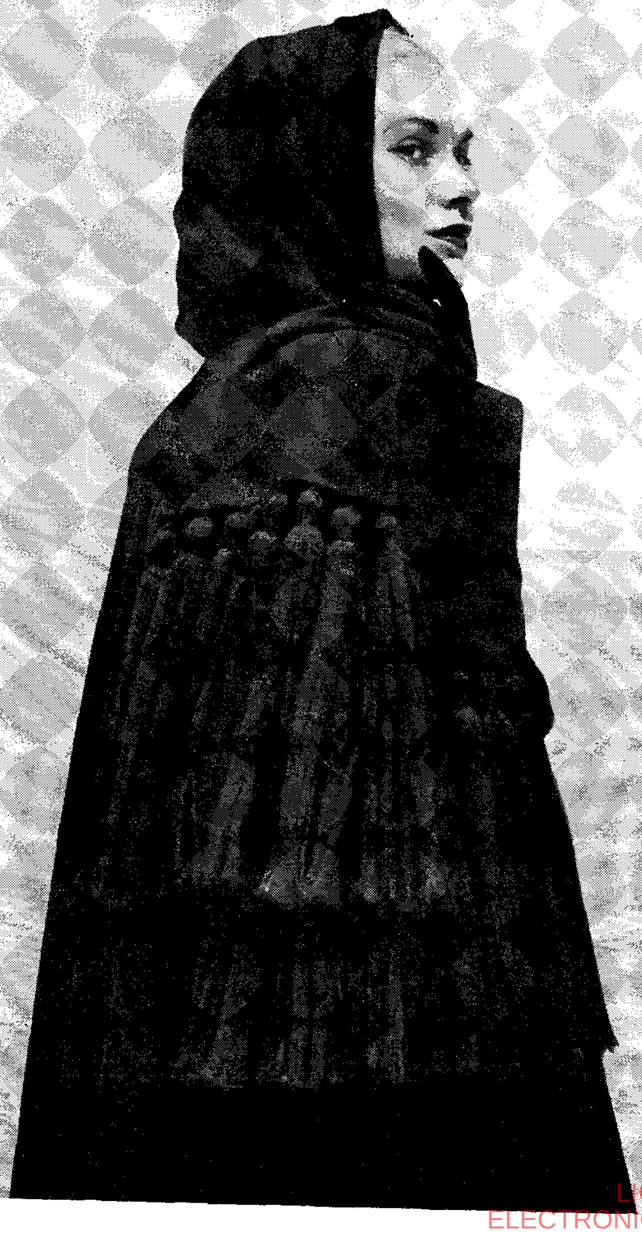

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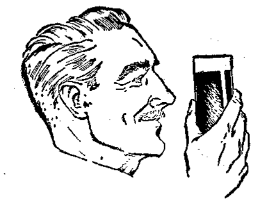
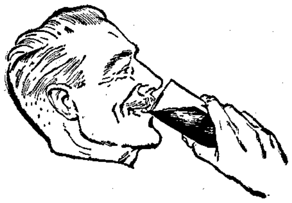


a wee bit **mellower**

a wee bit **tastier**



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upon some thirty men and women who had filled out the forms and were waiting to be interviewed. "About ten per cent get turned down by the interviewers for one reason or another," Mr. Taylor said. Those who survived the ordeal then disappeared into booths to have their passport photographs taken, after which came a physical examination, performed in a nest of cubicles by a staff of doctors. The young ladies who were helping them kept calling out names, and the people summoned hurried toward them with an air of suppressed excitement, as if they had at last made up their minds to take a step about which they had been brooding for a long time. Nearly all the applicants were young; Mr. Taylor guessed that the average age was twenty-five. They did not look discontented or badly nourished or particularly shabby, but had the appearance of sensible solidity, of being good types, the kind that any country would be proud to send out or to receive. There were lots of children, playing hopping games up and down the stairs as they waited their turns with the doctors, and many hot, flushed babies, squirming irritably in their mothers' arms and apparently none too pleased with the prospect of becoming residents of Canada. "Even though the wife and kids don't follow until later on," Mr. Taylor said, "we have them go through the medical checkup at the same time as the father. Otherwise, if he goes first, and then the wife wants to go and we find she has t.b. or something, it's a bit awkward. Matter of fact, though, the number of people we have to reject on health grounds is remarkably low."

Mr. Taylor and I went downstairs again and watched some accepted applicants move from counter to counter to pay their passage money, agree on a day of departure, and arrange for the shipment of all belongings in excess of the sixty-five pounds of baggage each emigrant may take along on the plane. The Bank of England, with a gesture of good grace that at this juncture in England's perilous economic affairs must conceal a twinge, allows the nation's departing sons and daughters to take up to five thousand pounds across the water with them—or, rather, to transfer that much out of the country over a period of four years. "But, of course," said Mr. Taylor, "most of them haven't got anything like that much money. They're nearly all working men and women who have to scratch around to find the passage money and the bare minimum of twenty pounds in cash they're supposed to have in their pockets when they get over there. But they find it somehow. They're keen to start in on the job—so keen that lots say they want to be on their way as soon as they get their spare shirt home from the laundry. We're flying three flights a week at the moment, taking forty at a time. Next month, we hope to step it up to twelve flights a week. I believe Alberta is interested in getting its own air-immigration scheme going, and so is Australia. Ontario has certainly started something."

THE next day, I went to visit the Smithsons and found them nervously awaiting their big moment in the home of some friends with whom they had been staying during their last few weeks in England. It was a little house in a street of little houses, in Harlesden, a part of North London. To get there from Piccadilly Circus involves a half hour's journey by Underground, which skirts the enormous cemetery of Kensal Green, with its collection of life-size marble angels, so closely packed together that they appear to be pushing their trumpets and urns practically into one another's eyes. The Smithsons, who had spent most of their short lives in the neighborhood, had rather jolly memories of it. After wartime service with the R.A.F., Eddie had gone to school and technical college in Kensal Rise, where he and his young wife had briefly occupied a three-room flat, of which they spoke with some affection. Eddie is now twenty-three and Brenda nearly nineteen. "We'll have been married eighteen months on the eighteenth of this month," he said. "Easy to remember."

It was a very hot afternoon. The windows of the living room, in which we were sitting, were all open, and the curtains stirred only slightly. Outside, some children were playing in their bathing suits in the street. Eddie was in his shirtsleeves. He is a slight, good-looking boy with thick black hair and a pleasant smile, and he has a way of twisting his features into a wryly humorous grimace to express any emotion he finds himself unable to put into words. Brenda has long blond hair brushed back from a round, sweet-tempered face. I had been there only a short while when she lifted a little gold cross and chain from her neck to show me a slight rash on her skin. "I'm so excited about leaving I've come out in spots," she said.

"It's only three days to wait," Eddie told her reassuringly. "Then we're on our way. People say, 'Don't you feel dreadful about going? Won't you be homesick?' But I don't, and I won't be." He hesitated, then made one of his odd grimaces and laughed.

"We can't really be homesick," Brenda said placidly, "because we've never had a home—or not a proper one, anyway. That's one of the things that decided us to try Ontario. It seems so hopeless here to get a place of your own, doesn't it? Everybody we know who's our age and just married is living with their families, and the families interfere, and then, the next thing you know, your marriage is bust up. You know how it is. When Eddie and I got married, he was still in the R.A.F., and for a bit I lived in lodgings near his airdrome in Northampton. That was nice. Then we had the flat in Kensal Rise for a while. It was lovely and cool in the summer, but last winter, in that awful snowy weather, with not a bit of coal and the electricity being cut off every five minutes—oh, it was cold! When we had to leave there, we moved in with my family in Wood Green. That's not far from here."

Brenda looked a trifle uneasily at her husband, who groaned and held his head in what I took to be not entirely simulated anguish. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "Living with Brenda's dad and mum and her three sisters! Oh, oh! That made seven of us, all grownups except her youngest sister, living in a four-room house with rooms you couldn't swing a cat in. I tried to work in the evenings—I've been studying accountancy—but how can you? It nearly drove me nutty. Thank goodness we fixed to come here for the last bit of waiting. My dad's been living in this house with Mr. and Mrs. Bowden—that's the owners—since he and my mother separated. It's quieter here, and the Bowdens have been awfully good to us."

At that moment, as if taking a bow, a dark, cheerful-looking woman, whom Brenda introduced as Mrs. Bowden, entered the room carrying a tray with cups of tea and a plate of large, solid, Britannic buns on it. "Sit down and have a cup with us, Maggie," said Brenda. Mrs. Bowden replied that she couldn't just then but that she'd try to come back later. After she had left, Eddie stirred his tea reflectively. "When we decided to have a go at Canada," he said, "we sold everything we'd got to help pay the fare. It's sixty-seven quid each, you know, and you've got to have twenty quid each in your pocket for after you get there. It was a bit of a headache. Of course, I had my war

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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gratuity, which helped. We didn't have much stuff—only enough to furnish one room in the Kensal Rise flat. The main things were a double bed, a wardrobe, our wireless, and my piano. Also my workbench. I've got a hobby—watch repairing. It's my dad's line of business, and I've sort of been interested in it all my life. I hated letting the bench go. And that wireless, too. It was a little beauty."

"His dad bought it from us," said Brenda, "so it's still in the family."

"The worst thing was the piano, though," Eddie said. "Dad and Mum gave it to me for my twenty-first. I like playing swing. We're both keen on music. It certainly hurt to sell that little piano, but it helped us on our way to Ontario a lot. They gave me fifty pounds for it. I hope I'll have another someday."

"We're both going to work," Brenda said. "We're going to farm. The Ontario government doesn't want clerical workers, which is what we are, so we signed a paper saying that we'd take jobs on the land. It'll all be new to us, for we're real Londoners. People say we'll be lonely, and I guess there *is* an awful lot of space in Canada, isn't there? But I'm sure I'm going to like it fine."

"You can be lonely enough in London, for that matter," said Eddie, frowning. "Take me. I've lived here all my life, but if I was to go up to the West End, for instance, I'd be properly lost. In London, the families in the next street can be strangers to you until you're dead. I call that lonely. It was different in Canada when I was there in the war. I don't know—sort of friendlier than here. I made up my mind to go out there when things were quiet again, and the way it's all turned out since, I think I was right. Some of my pals in the R.A.F. say they want to go, too, and I've promised to write and let them know how we get on."

Eddie told me that he had been sent out to Jarvis, Ontario, for three months of Air Force training in 1944. "I liked the people," he said, "and the way the houses were painted all sorts of bright colors that you never see in England. I liked the food, too. My word, it was marvellous! Why, one day our Canadian C.O. called us together and said that he regretted to have to make an announcement. The boys had been getting three eggs a day, he said, but from now on they would only get two. I thought he was pulling our legs about feeling so bad, when the folks in England were getting the sniff of one egg a month at the time. But he was serious, all right." Eddie shook with amusement at the memory, and then went on to say that upon his return to England he had served with ground crews at various bomber stations until 1946, when he was demobilized. By then, he had married Brenda, whom he had met in a bank where they were both very junior office workers just before he entered the service. The bank was willing to take Eddie back after he got out of the R.A.F., but he had chosen to go to work in the local tax collector's office instead. "That job got me down, too," he said. "There's not much in the pay line, and no chance of doing better for yourself until you're thirty-five or so. I started thinking about going on the land, and maybe making enough to buy a little farm for me and Brenda one day. But I didn't much want to do it in England. Too many difficulties and red tape and stuff here, so they tell me. It seems that a fellow might have a better chance in Canada than he would in England at the moment. They say prices are high there, but wages are high there, too, aren't they? And even if you're drawing big money here, what can you buy? Precious little, seems to me. I've got nothing against the Labour Government. In fact, I prefer to keep out of politics. Heard enough wranglings about them to last a lifetime. But it seems as though things aren't improving as fast as people hoped, and if it looks like a chance of getting a job, and maybe a home and a good life for us over in Ontario—well, I feel I'm doing the right thing to go after it."

Mrs. Bowden had come into the room again while Eddie was talking and was now sitting, her arms folded, in a chair near the windows. "You can't blame youngsters for going," she said. "It's different for us, though. My chap's got a decent job, and we've got this house—only just finished paying for it, come to that. Besides, where would England be if we all popped off? Somebody's got to stay at home. But there's not much catch for kids like you and Brenda, Eddie, I will say."

"My idea is to get on a fruit farm," Eddie said. "First thing you know, Maggie, I'll be shipping you a case of apples."

"Ah, I'll be sending *you* a parcel or two, I shouldn't wonder," Mrs. Bowden retorted derisively. "We'll put by a few of the rations, just in case you're on your uppers and want poor old England to come to the rescue."

I asked Eddie if he knew anyone in Canada. He shook his head. "I use

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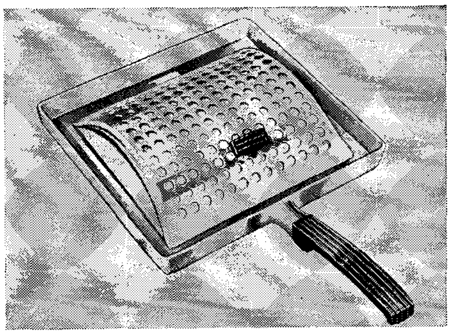

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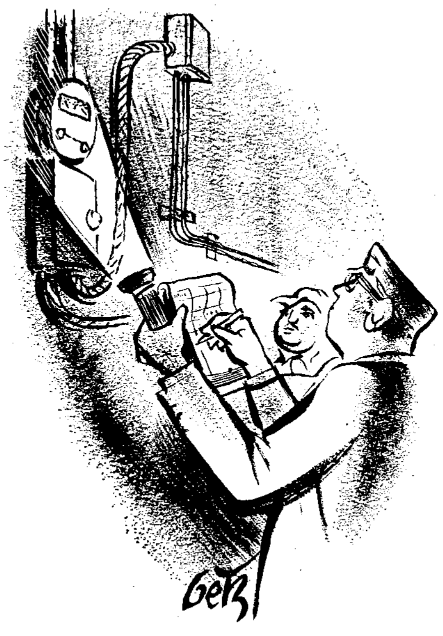
to have a girl friend in Jarvis," he said, "but I think she got married." He glanced at Brenda, who smiled gently. "I shan't be sorry when we've finished with all these goodbyes," he continued. "Thank goodness the family aren't coming down to the airport and see us off. That would just about tear it."

"I went down to say goodbye to Dad yesterday," Brenda said. "He's a garage mechanic, and he's working down in Essex now. I cried all the way back to London."

"Never you mind," said Mrs. Bowden. "We'll be out to stay with you later on, and we'll stay three or four months, see if we don't."

"One thing I know," said Eddie as I got up to leave. "We shan't be coming back too soon, even for a holiday. Some of our families think we're doing the wrong thing by going. They say we're too young to know what we're up to. Wouldn't they love yelling 'I told you so!' if Brenda and I walked in on them six months or a year from now!" He hunched his shoulders and screwed up his face again in its half-wry, half-laughing grimace.

SATURDAY, the day the Smithsons were leaving, was also stiflingly hot. The air in the big bus depot at Victoria, where the Toronto party had been told to assemble that afternoon to be driven to Northolt Airport, was as close and heavy as the inside of a greenhouse, and the passengers, when I got there, were already sweltering on the plush seats of two large buses, most of them looking considerably less spruce than orchids. I found Eddie and Brenda Smithson tucked away on the back seat of the



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first bus. Eddie was neatly dressed in a dark suit. Brenda was wearing a small white hat and a pink dress. There were a dozen people in the depot who had come to see their friends or relations off. Mrs. Bowden was not among them. "Maggie said that we'd look the same saying goodbye to her in Harlesden as we would in Victoria," said Eddie, in a tone of relief.

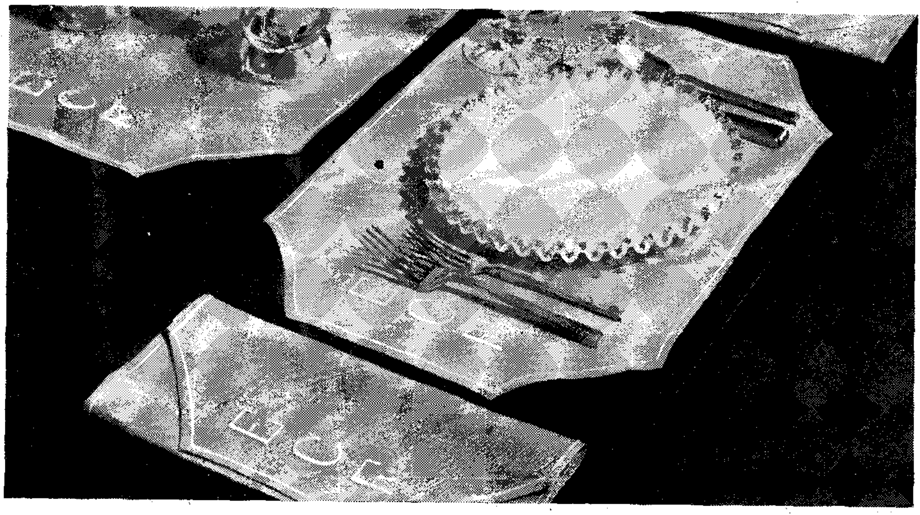
"We all stayed up till two this morning," his wife said. "First of all, we went along to a pub quite near the Bowdens', and we sat there and had some cherry brandies. Then we came home and played silly card games half the night."

"You can make up the sleep on the plane," said Eddie.

"Yes," said Brenda dubiously.

A pretty airline hostess came up with a list and checked the names and home towns of the people in the bus. There were passengers from all parts of England. The Smithsons, it appeared, were the only married couple in the lot, which consisted, in addition to themselves, of thirty-two men and six women. A little blonde, her head covered with tight curls that somehow retained their crispness in the steaming atmosphere, was already doing nicely with two young men. I decided that I would ride out to the airport with the party, so I sat down just in front of the Smithsons, beside a dark, handsome girl, who almost instantly announced that she was Irish, that she was a waitress, and that she had always got on grand with the Canadians during the war. "I've a married sister here in London," she said, "and a raft of relations at home, but not a one of them knows that I'm off today. That's the Irish all over, isn't it?"

The Smithsons had turned their attention to the little group of men and women who had come to say goodbye and who now, as the moment of departure drew near, became afflicted by that curious St. Vitus's-dance variety of merriment that often takes hold of people on such occasions. The well-wishers ran back and forth outside the bus, pushing paper bags of pears and plums up through the windows and shouting jovial quips: "Well, good riddance, old chap!," "Send me a steak soon, will you?," and "Soon you'll be eating all the bananas you want!" (Bananas these days in England, on the rare occasions when they are available at all, are set aside for children and in consequence have become a sort of golden apple of the Hesperides in the adult mind.) I had expected some tears, but



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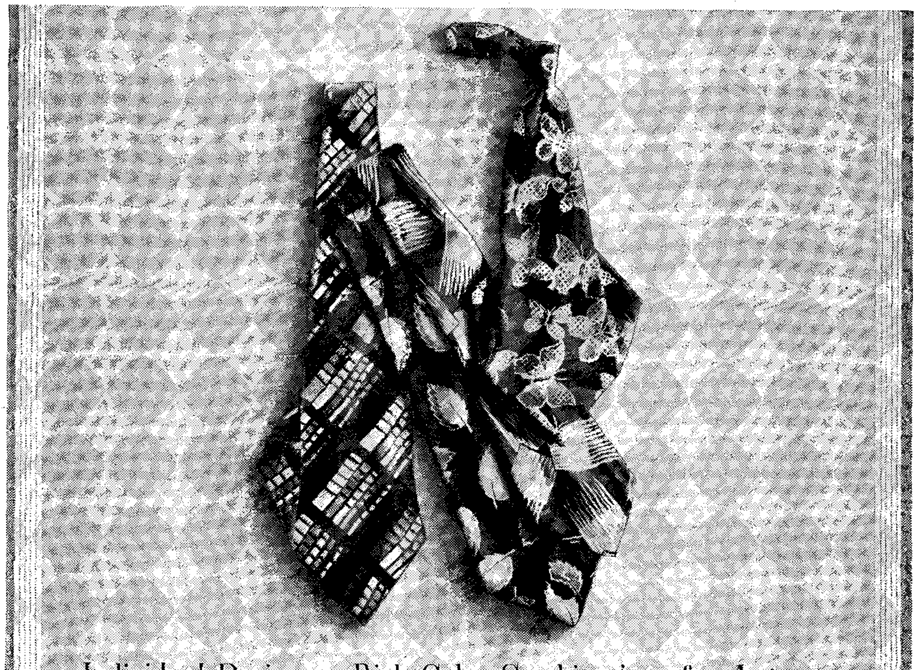

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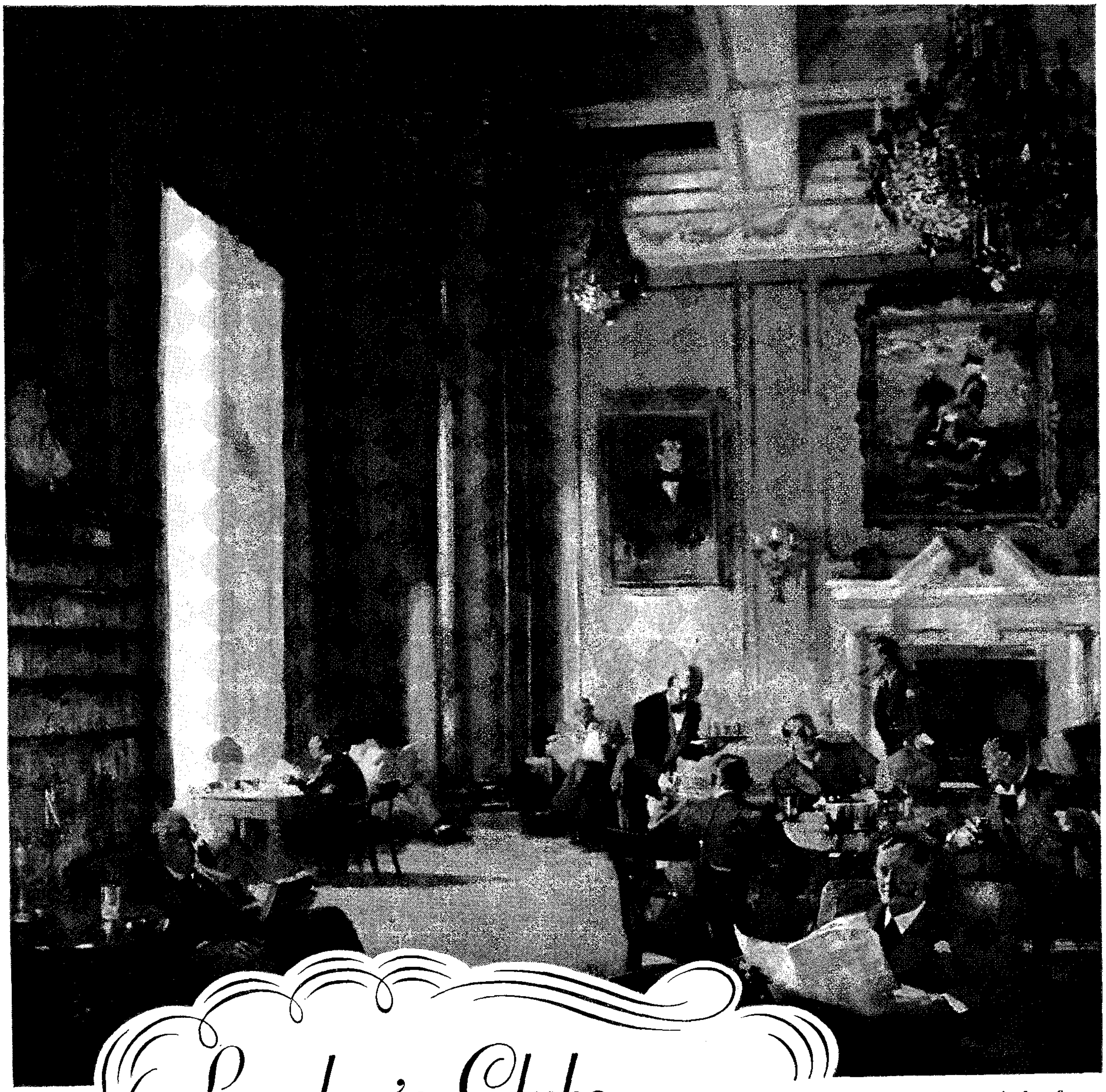

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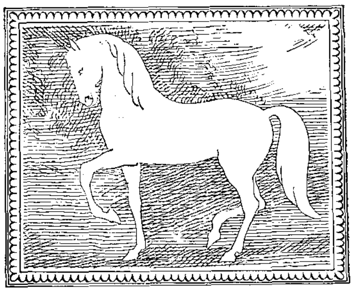

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there were none. In fact, everyone joined in the pandemonium of forced mirth except one elderly couple, who had come to see off a young fellow, with a smudge of budding mustache, who was evidently their son. In spite of the heat, the mother was wearing a heavy felt hat and a blue cloth coat about the thickness of a blanket. From time to time, she produced a huge rag from her pocket and scrubbed her face and neck as vigorously as if she were polishing a saucepan. The father was a tiny, toothless, clean-shaven man who wore a large checked cap that almost covered his ears. His worn, pinched face and the glistening red face of his wife were blank. They stood next to our bus staring up at their son, saying nothing. The son said nothing either.

"We're off," said Eddie abruptly.

Our driver, who was in his shirt-sleeves, had climbed into his seat. The bus began to throb violently and then lurched forward, followed by the second bus. "Goodbye, goodbye!," the emigrants chorused. The elderly couple did not wave, but a dim suggestion of brightness, an effort toward a smile, passed over their faces. The livelier friends and relatives had formed a little guard of honor at the entrance to the depot, and as the buses lumbered out into the fierce afternoon sunshine, they raised a shrill cheer and shouted, "Good luck!" Across the street some hot vacationists who were staying right there in England, and were dragging whining children in search of the bus for Southampton or St. Albans, gazed wonderingly in our direction.

FOR the first few miles on the way to Northolt, the passengers chatted a bit, but they soon quieted down and turned to stare thoughtfully out of the windows. "Thank goodness I won't see *that* again!" snapped someone as we passed a row of bombed houses, boarded up and tipsily settling in black squalor. "Or that," said another voice, referring to a dingy building with a sign on it reading, "Food Office," and with an old perambulator parked outside it like a patient nag dozing in the shade. "Haven't they got a meatless day once a week in Canada?" a man asked his neighbor, who replied, "Couldn't say, but it's better than having one meat day a week here." The Smithsons ate some fruit they had brought with them and started a conversation with an attractive young girl named Ann, who was sharing the rear seat with them. She told them that she was going to try farm work, too. By the time we got to

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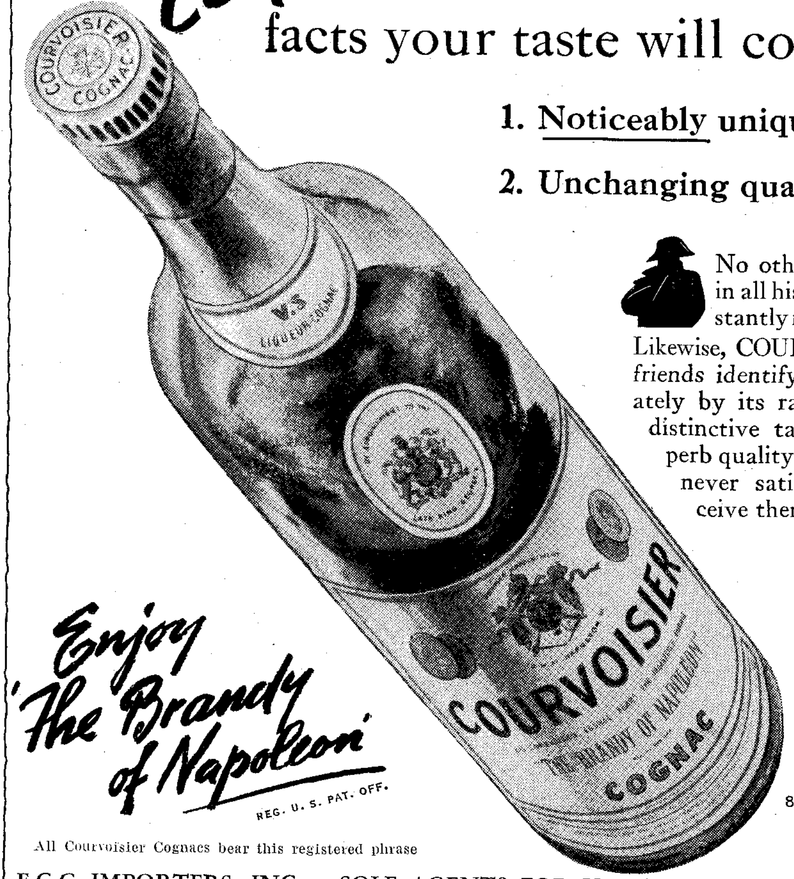

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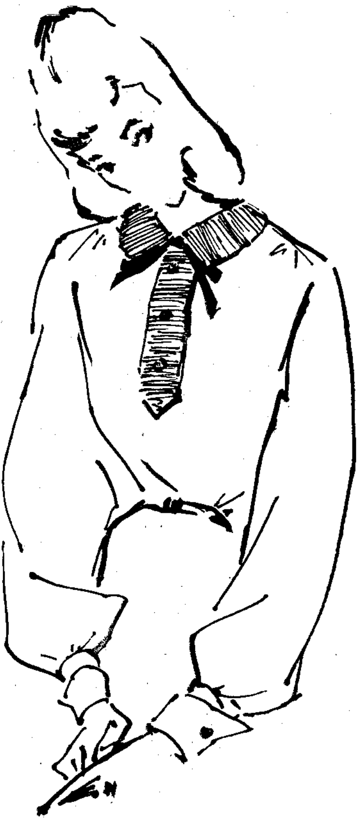

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Northolt, everyone was sufficiently revived to chatter excitedly at the sight of the planes that were dotted about the field, shining in the sun.

As we left the buses, a couple of young women with the antiseptic cheerfulness of hospital nurses who do not intend to let on to the patient that a major operation is pending quickly lined up the passengers and their baggage for customs inspection. I noticed that the costumes the travellers had deemed suitable for leaving their native land varied a good deal. Most of the men, as though determined to be traditionally British whatever the thermometer, looked more than warm in tweed sports coats, but one of them, a bronzed, military type, slightly older than the rest, wore shorts and carried a bulging rucksack, and appeared prepared to unroll a sleeping bag or build a campfire at a moment's notice. There was a young woman who had chosen to fly the Atlantic in slacks and an embroidered muslin peasant blouse, and another who looked prim in eyeglasses and a black hat with a small, nose-length veil. "What's the point of putting us through customs?" someone asked while the inspectors made their rounds. "There's nothing to take out of England." The Smithsons, who had brought along two battered suitcases tied around and around with an assortment of string, were worried at the thought of having to open them. "I sat on this one for twenty minutes before it would shut," groaned Eddie. Just then, an inspector came up and chalked both bags after no more than a perfunctory glance at them.

The members of the party turned in their ration and clothing books to be cancelled, and had their passports checked and their currency counted. That done, it developed that, with the cheery sadism peculiar to airlines, the authorities had scheduled a long wait, during which the passengers nervously gulped cups of tea in the lounge, kicked their heels, and speculated on which of the glittering monsters poised far out on the tarmac was to engulf them. The Transocean pilot, a good-looking American named Marvin Griggs, strolled about, benignly surveying his cargo. Every now and then, a disembodied, angelically superior female voice was heard over the amplifying system urging passengers for the Amsterdam or Brussels plane to be on their way, but there appeared to be nobody in the lounge except passengers for the Toronto plane. Presently, a man representing the Ontario government came

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THE PLAZA

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up and chatted for a few moments with the Smithsons. "Where are you thinking of picking a farm?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Eddie, who suddenly looked rather overwhelmed.

"It's like waiting for the dentist, isn't it?" said their new friend Ann, giggling faintly.

"Don't try too far north, is my advice," the Canadian said. "And fix yourselves up not too far from a city—say, a hundred miles or so."

The Smithsons looked at each other.

"There's some pretty nice country around Niagara," said another Canadian, who had joined the group.

"Niagara! Oh, my goodness!" cried Brenda.

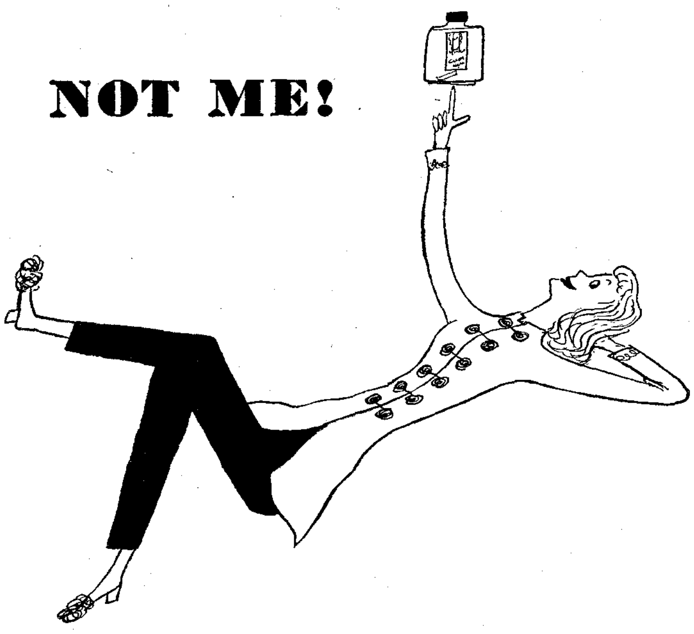
"Passengers for Shannon and Toronto will please proceed to their places," the disembodied voice purled through the loudspeaker.

"Here we go," said Eddie. He looked pale. Everybody hurried out, as though the plane might not wait. "That's ours!" yelled someone. "Cripes, she's big!" said Eddie as he approached the Skymaster and surveyed it with a professional eye. There was a line of sightseers along the edge of the tarmac, held back by a couple of policemen on the alert, I was told, for last-minute attempts at smuggling currency out of the country. The little crowd stared with interest at the Toronto party. Maybe those who were remaining behind felt resentment or envy, but more likely they were experiencing the half-pleasurable sympathy with which people who are going to stay on the ground regard people who are shortly going to take to the skies.

The Smithsons' seats were in the rear of the plane. "That's too bad," said Eddie, with a creditable attempt at jauntiness. "We'll get to Canada last." The rest of the passengers were stowing themselves and their belongings away, chirping with relief now that something was really happening: "What time do we get to Shannon?," "Goodness, what comfy seats!," "Cool down when we get off, I suppose," "This is a bit of something like, eh?" The airport officials seemed anxious, all at once, to give no one a chance to think about anything. Men ran around the plane, pulling away the blocks and landing steps. "Cheerio!" the Smithsons called to me, waving frantically. Then the door slammed, with one of the most final sounds in the world. Someone's hand fluttered at a window. The little crowd of onlookers in the background suddenly burst into sound and movement, obeying the compassionate human in-

"Knock myself out?"

NOT ME!



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stinct to speed even strangers on their way with a heartening farewell. "Goodbye, goodbye!" they cried, waving their handkerchiefs and scarves.

A few moments later, the enormous Skymaster lifted the Smithsons and thirty-eight other young English men and women off the soil of England. While the crowd stood watching, silent now as they stared up into the warm late-afternoon sky, the plane turned in the air and set its course determinedly toward Shannon and the west.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Mrs. Helen Chappelle Smith was the object of a lovely lawn and garden party planned by Mrs. Maude White at 1531 West 31st st. Again fashions were in full swing. All of the guests were attractively gowned. The guest of honor who leaves the southwest was indeed ready for the formal eastern summer with her black sheer.

Two girls who happen to be twin sisters are daring designers also. With no instruction or previous preparation, the Woods sisters, Ella and Eva, drape and design some of the most exciting creations attempted.

At Maude's delightful garden the two girls wore individual creations. Ella draped an exquisite pure dye silk print in folds about the hip line. The turquoise and rust leaves against the brown-black background gave a full suggestion of the coming fall season. The touch of white within the curled leaves and the short sleeves upheld too the summer breezes.

Eva designed and made a completely summer acetate two-pieced dress. With a white background and aqua figured the cool breezes from the waving shade of garden trees gave an influence of complete relaxation and leisure.

Mrs. Blanche Groggs brought up the suggestion of fall again in a smooth black satin. Her gracious smile, for which Blanche is noted, emphasized the highlights in the shine of the soft material.

The charming hostess continued late summer tendencies by means of a full length extension of an aqua and rust flower. This life-like print stood alone in the foreground of a black linen-like fabric. This arrangement could not have been more agective had it been stemmed in a vase.

Space does not permit the description of the human flowers who adorned the corner garden luncheon last Monday afternoon.—*Grace Fisher Atkins in the Los Angeles* (*Calif.*) *Eagle.*

Couldn't you just squeeze in a few words?

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*Red Smith in the Saturday Evening Post, March 29, 1947*]

But as for these Yankees stepping out and taking charge of the game as the old Yankees did, that is altogether out of the question. The personnel simply isn't there.

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THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

IN the world of Patrick Maxwell, who was fishing from a wooden bridge that spanned a little river near his home in Connecticut, there were two kinds of language—ordinary language and corral language. His fishhook was caught in one leg of his overalls, and as he tried to free it, he used all the corral language that came to his mind. "You goddam stinker," he said to the hook. "You stinking goddam stinker." At first, it had been hard for Patrick, who was not quite eight years old, to distinguish between ordinary language and corral language, but this difficulty had now been overcome. He clearly remembered the conversation that had brought the difference between the two vocabularies home to him. It had taken place one night a few months before, just after he and his parents had returned from a visit to a ranch in Arizona. He was lying in bed, and his father was sitting beside him. Looking up at his father, who seemed worried about something, he had noticed that he was getting gray—grayer, even, than Grandpa had been.

"You're getting to be an old man, aren't you?" the boy observed cheerfully.

"What?"

The boy lifted his legs and made a tent out of the blankets. "I said you are getting to be an old man," he answered, lifting his legs higher. "When are you going to buy me a tent?"

"You have a tent."

"I mean a real tent."

"You have a real tent."

"I mean a real *soldier's* tent."

"When you get to be a soldier," his father said. "Lie still. I want to talk to you. Your mother told me that when Mrs. Woodward was here with Cecily this afternoon and you were asked to play outside—"

"I know," the boy interrupted. "I said, 'Oh, goddam!' Mother told me she was going to tell you about it. Do you want to see my wart?"

"Not now. Didn't I tell you to lay off that kind of talk?"

The boy rolled over on his side. He remembered the ranch, and a horse named Half-Pint that he had ridden, and for a moment he wished he were there, hanging around the cowboys in their big hats and scuffed boots and smelly clothes. "Eddie Baxter says goddam," he said, naming his favorite among them. "So does Jim Bedford. So does José Gonzales. So does Don Morgan. So does—"

"*Only in the corral*," his father emphasized. "That's corral language. They don't use it in the house."

"In the bunkhouse they do."

"That's different."

"Why is it different?"

"Because it is, that's all. There're never any women around, for one thing, or little girls like Cecily. Eddie and the others only talk like that when they're alone."

The boy studied his father's face. "Do you ever talk like that?" he asked.

"Of course. You know I do."

"Did Grandpa?"

"Not often. But sometimes he did. Most men do."

The boy ran off the names of some of his father's friends. "Does Louis? Does Peter? Does Bill?"

"Yes, now and then. But that's not the point. Corral language doesn't sound right coming from a boy. There's nothing wrong with it, not really, but I'd try not to use it if I were you."

"Not ever?"

His father thought before answering. "Not ever is a large order. Let's say not unless you absolutely have to."

"Like when?"

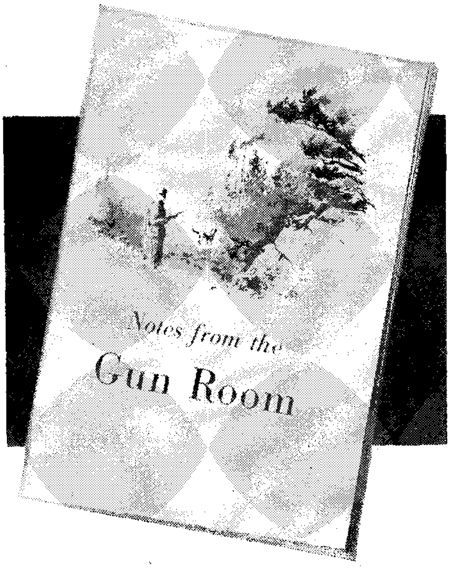
"I can't say, exactly. I'll leave that up to you."

The boy considered the matter for a moment. "You mean like when Cherokee threw Don Morgan? Then it would be all right? If I was Don Morgan, I mean. Or if Cherokee threw me? Cherokee's a mean old horse, isn't he?"

"Pretty mean. Do you get what I'm driving at?"

"Sure," the boy said. "I get it. Now do you want to see my wart?"

DISENTANGLING the hook, the boy skewered a worm with it and began to fish again. The water in the stream was shallow and clear. A little sunfish investigated the baited hook. The boy watched it, observing the dull golden glow of the fish's underbelly and the round, startled stare of its eyes, and then jerked the hook. "Go away, you



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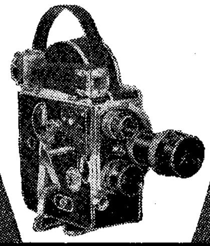

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little squirt," he said. "Don't you know I'm after a trout?"

It was the latter part of summer. The trout season was over, and the men who fished the river were now after bass, which were moderately plentiful in those places where the stream widened into large ponds, but the fact that trout could no longer be taken legally made no difference to the boy. According to his father, the rules and regulations that govern the fishing affairs of men did not apply to boys under twelve, and, besides, he had a score he wanted to settle. He had hooked and lost a trout the day before—the biggest trout, he was sure, that ever swam the river—and he could still feel the sick, choking disappointment that had caused him to burst into tears when the fish broke away.

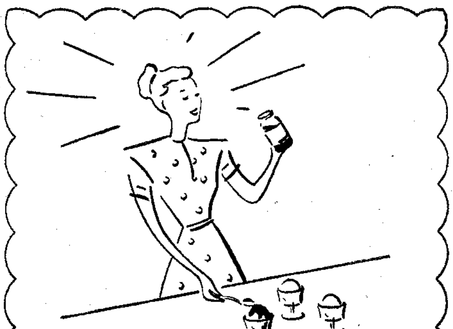
The boy cast as far as he could with the old, hand-me-down rod that he was using, and let the flow of the stream carry off his hook as he paid out the line. He tried to imagine where the trout might be lurking, seeing the fish lying motionless in some cool, shadowy, mysterious place, and he wondered what it would be like to be a fish, having gills to breathe through and being covered with scales, living always in the water, water everywhere, nothing but water, day and night. He felt a nibble on his line and gave it a sudden jerk. Nothing happened. "Another sunny," he murmured.

He was disturbed by a splashing sound behind him. Turning, he saw a man wading down the stream on the other side of the bridge. He was a tall, heavy man who, the boy immediately noticed, was not dressed like a fisherman. He wore a large black hat and a white shirt that had a neckband instead of a collar, and he was splashing through the water in a pair of dark trousers. The man's awkwardness annoyed the boy—"Look at the fool, scaring all the fish," he said to himself—but his annoyance was overcome by his curiosity. He noticed that the man carried a metal bait-casting rod, that a red-and-white plug dangled from the end of his line, and that his face was full of freckles.

"Hello, young fellow," the man called cheerfully as he neared the bridge, speaking in a drawl that reminded the boy of the way the cowboys talked in Arizona, although it wasn't quite the same. "Any luck?"

"I caught some sunnies, but I threw them back," the boy said factually.

"Just after the big ones, eh?" The man looked up at the boy and smiled,



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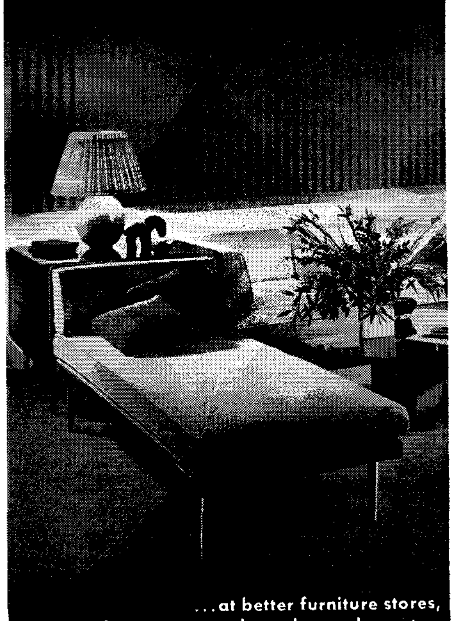

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showing his large teeth. "Well, you just keep your hook in the water. You'll catch one someday."

The boy's pride was injured. As if he hadn't already caught a big one, a twelve-inch trout that he'd taken from the brook behind the barn! And what about those other trout, six and seven inches long? What did this man think he was, anyway—a baby?

He watched the stranger as he climbed from the stream onto the bank. The man was wearing a pair of high blue sneakers with white laces, and once again his dark trousers caught the boy's attention. Dripping wet, they looked like ordinary trousers, more or less, except that the legs tapered down to the ankles and the ends were tucked into the blue sneakers. The man walked out onto the bridge and took off his hat. His head was bald, the boy saw, and covered with freckles, like his face. The boy shifted his glance from the man's bald head back to his wet, dripping trousers.

"Don't you have any rubber boots?" he asked.

"Rubber boots?" The man looked at the boy and chuckled. "I'll tell you something, young fellow—with these trousers I don't need any rubber boots. I'll bet you've never seen a pair of trousers like these. Have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"I'm glad you said that," the man went on. "Real glad. Because if you'd said you *had*, then I'd of known you were telling a whopper. And I don't take kindly to boys who tell whoppers. You know why?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I'm a minister of the Gospel, that's why," the man said sternly. "Do you know what a minister is?"

"Of course. Mr. Fowler is a minister."

"Well, I'm a minister, too. I'm the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Piny Knoll, Mississippi. Do you know where Mississippi is?"

The boy nodded. "It's a place on the map."

"A mighty fine place on the map," the man said, bobbing his bald head up and down. "I wish I was there now. I'm up here visiting one of my nieces. Her name is Mrs. Wagstaff. Do your folks know her?"

"Maybe," the boy said. "What's so special about that pair of pants?"

"What? Oh, these pants." The man looked at them with what the boy clearly understood was pride. "Well, young

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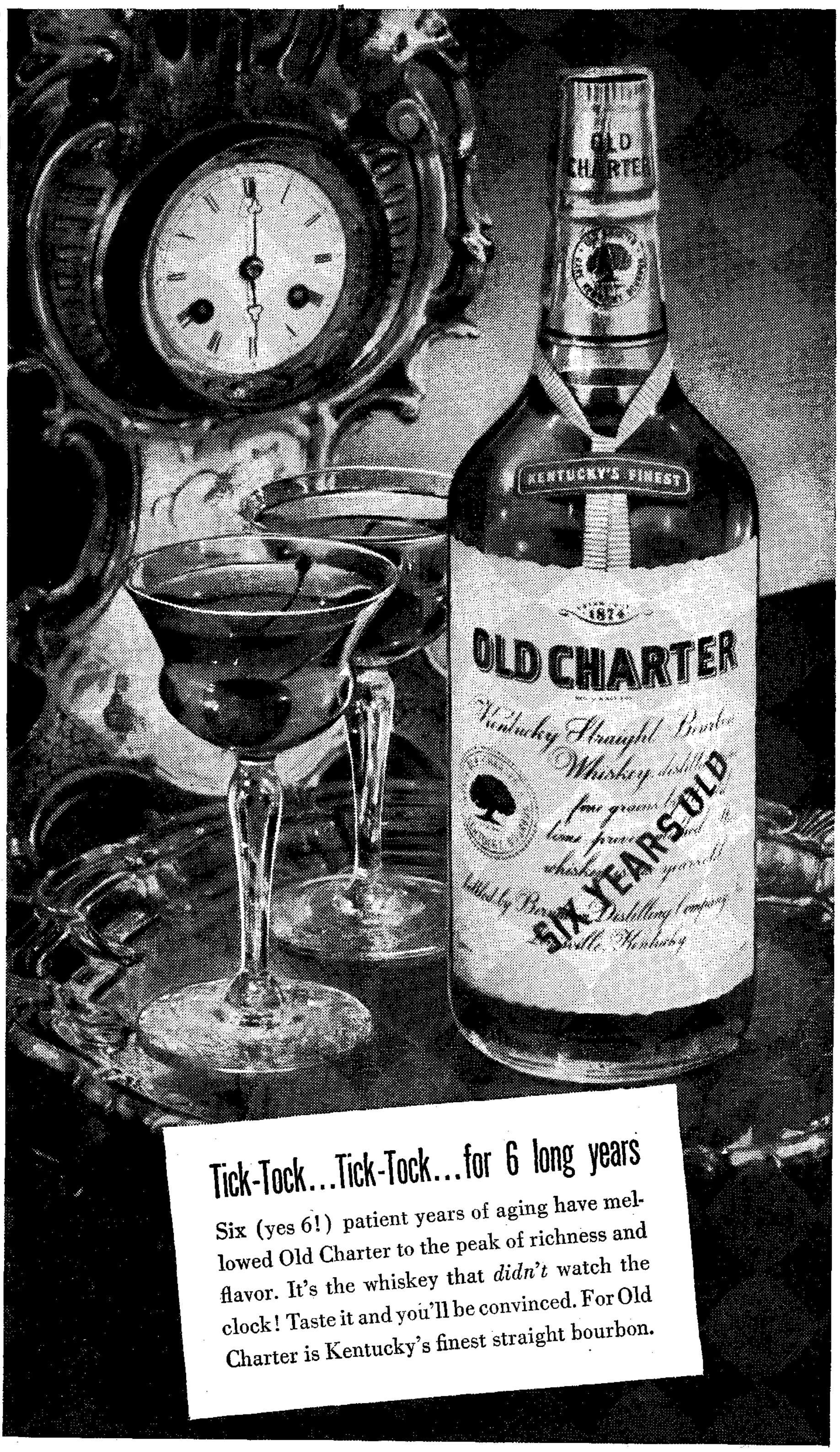

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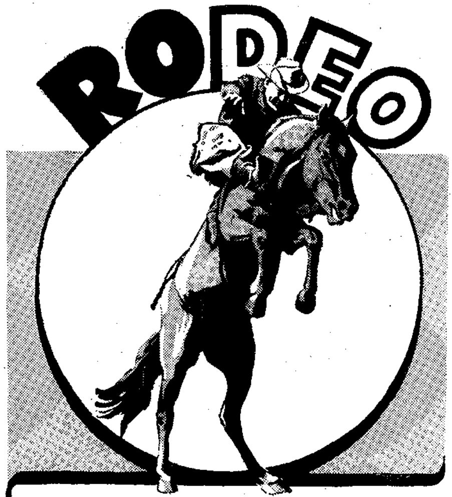

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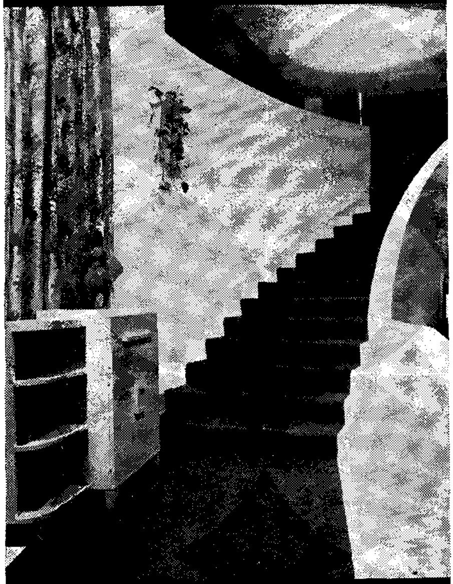

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fellow, I'll tell you. They're a new piece of merchandise—baptismal trousers, they're called. I reckon I'm one of the first to wear them. I bought them in the Baptist Book Store in Jackson, Mississippi, and a better garment you never saw. They're just as good for fishing as they are for baptizing. Leakproof and tough. I stayed in the water over an hour three Sundays ago, and I hardly felt the wet at all."

"What were you doing in the water? Fishing?"

"No, baptizing. You know what baptizing is, don't you?"

The boy shook his head.

"Maybe you call it christening," the man suggested. "You *have* been christened, haven't you?"

"Of course," the boy said. "What do you think?"

"Well, baptizing is the same as christening, except that it calls for a lot more water. A heap more. Do you know what I do when I baptize a person? I take him and I dunk him under the water and I hold him there. He gasps and he chokes, he kicks and he *thrashes, but I keep him down.* Yes, sir."

The boy looked at the man with tolerant, unwavering eyes. "I bet," he said.

NO longer interested in the man, or in anything he had to say, the boy went back to his fishing. He heard the man say that he had arranged for his niece to meet him in her car at the curve in the paved road that was visible from the bridge, that he had a grandson who was in first grade, that he found it got almost as hot up North as it did in the South, but the boy only half listened. He wished the man would leave. That loud voice of his would frighten all the fish away.

"Is there anything in this river?" the man asked. "I didn't get even a nibble. Has anybody ever caught a fish around here?"

"I caught a twelve-inch trout," the boy said casually.

The man stared at him. "You caught what?"

"A twelve-inch trout. I caught it in the brook behind our barn. All by myself."

"Did you, now?" the man said. "A trout a foot long. Just three feet smaller than you. Well, well, well! What do you think of that!"

"I did *so* catch it," the boy said. "It's the truth."

"Are you sure about that?" the man said, severely but not harshly.

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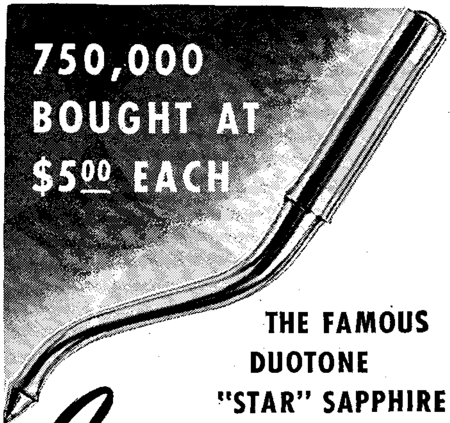

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"Real sure? Because, if you aren't . . ."

"I can prove it," the boy said heatedly. "It was a fine, big, beautiful fish. I got up before breakfast, when it was hardly light, and I went to the chicken run and dug my own worms—"

The blare of an automobile horn blotted out his words. The man waved his arms in the direction of the sound and shouted, "Here I am! I'm coming!" to a young woman who sat behind the wheel of a car on the road. Then he hurried from the bridge. With hot, angry, defiant eyes, the boy watched him go to the car.

"The old grown-up stinker," he said bitterly. "Calling that old pair of pants *baptizing* trousers! As if I'd believe that! Saying he dunked people under the water and held them there! As if I didn't know they would drown if he did! And he tried to make out that *I* was telling a lie, the old goddam stinking grown-up bastard!"

This, the boy knew, was the very worst kind of corral language, such as even the ranch kids seldom dared to use, but he felt that what had happened was every bit as bad as Don Morgan's getting thrown by Cherokee, and that his father would understand that this was one of the times when ordinary language just wouldn't do.

—HAMILTON BASSO

•

One day a publisher notified her [Willa Cather] that her book had been selected by one of the book clubs, and that a $40,000 check was waiting for her. Two weeks later the publisher again notified her that the check was there for her. "All right, all right," she said. . . . One month later the publisher phoned her again and suggested that she pick up the check. "Isn't it safe where it is now?" she asked. . . . "Yes," said the publisher, "but has it occurred to you that if you deposited the check the money would be drawing interest?" . . . "Frankly," Willa Cather confessed, "it never occurred to me."—*Leonard Lyons in the Bangor Daily News.*

Didn't it occur to the publisher that he could mail her the check?

•

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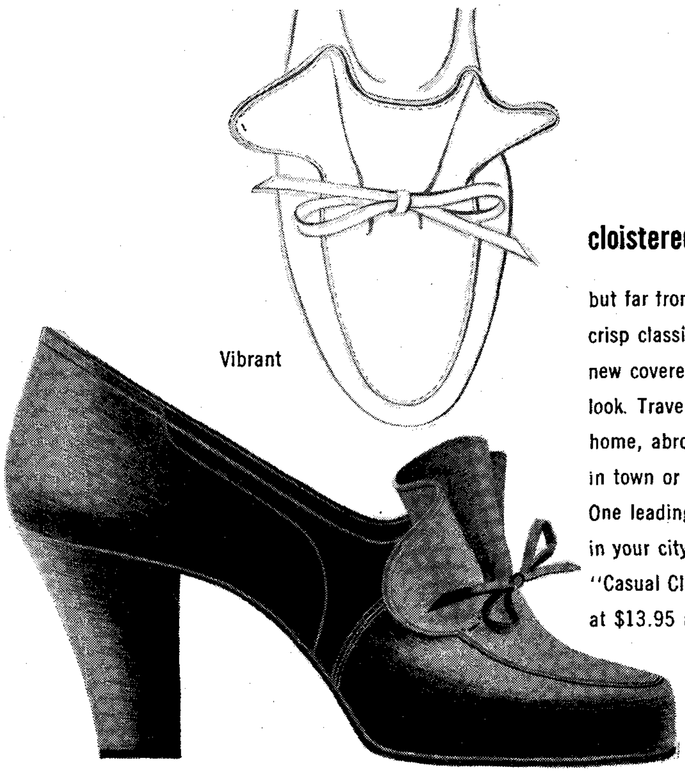
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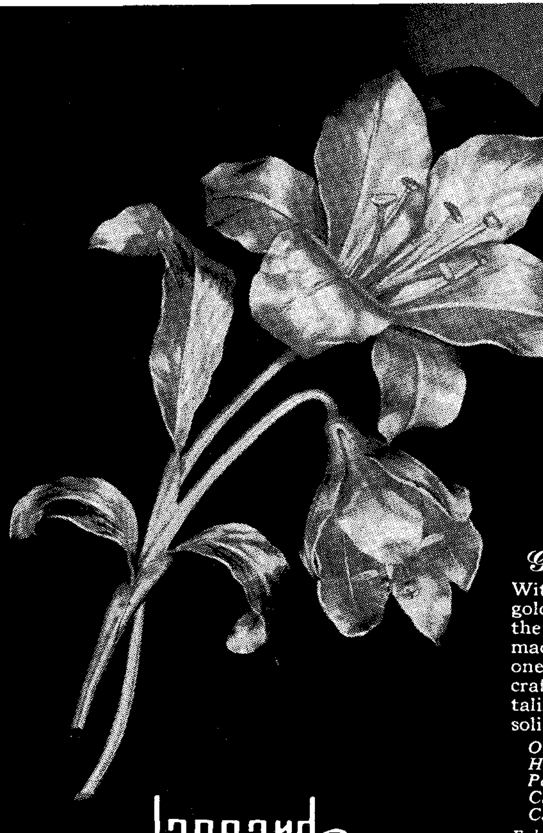
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

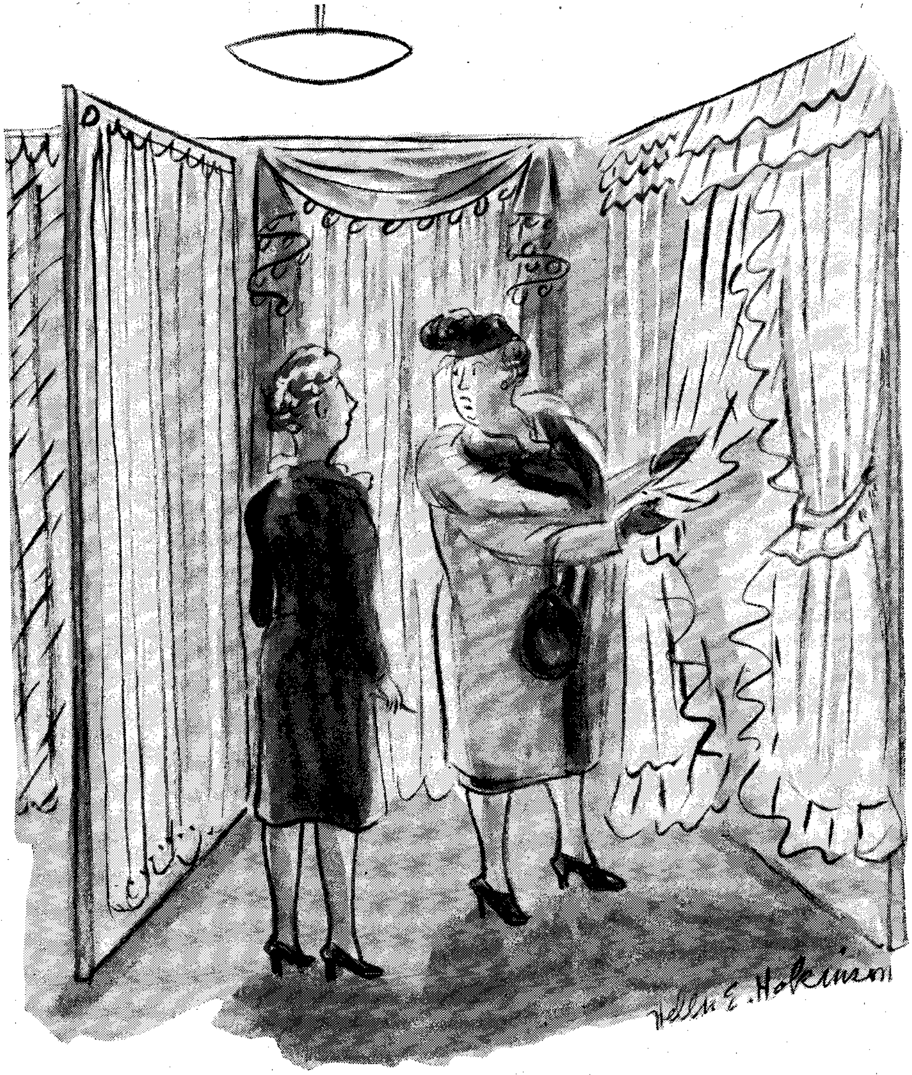
SOME of you may be able to think all the way back to that strange interlude, around twenty years ago, when skirts dropped from the knees to the ankles and then rapidly rose again to the knees—to the temporary enrichment of manufacturers and to the rage of husbands. You may also recall the year the overpoweringly ornate Eugénie hat was launched by snickering Parisian milliners in midseason. The design was immediately grabbed by copyists and then almost as quickly forgotten by everybody except the male sex, which still dimly remembers this nonexistent fashion as a menace to American womanhood and the sanctity of the home. The present wave of masculine indignation over longer skirts seems to be even more virulent. Men, it would appear, were unhappy enough when the American Hair-do disappeared under the Eugénie hat; they are truly downcast now that the American Limb is disappearing under the new clothes.

Some of the things that have showed up in the fall custom collections are not likely to alleviate this gloom. Spangles and trailing scarves and other fussy stuff are around, too. (Bergdorf, of all people, is showing strings of pearls that dangle to the knees.) Girls teeter down the street wrapped in narrow skirts that descend to the ankles, and college shops are full of tight-waisted dresses with peplums and long, billowing skirts. Not that the college girl or the débutante who buys them is going to start a trend for the rest of us. Myself, I shan't get very excited over the hubbub, because I doubt that any skirt lower than mid-calf will be in favor very long for grownups' daytime clothes. And the best after-dark things, though they do swirl just above the ankle strap, are so romantic and feminine that even those downcast men ought to be bewitched by them.

All this experimentation makes a lot of sense, really. Many people—not just manufacturers and designers, either—have been yearning for a change, since skirts had become so short that women almost needed a course in modelling so that they could sit down gracefully, and shoulders had become so padded that females were beginning to look like turtles. When the ladies recover from their alarm over some of the new fashions, they will realize that, as always, clothes that have clean lines and a basic regard for the contours of the body will survive and the rest will end up in the makers' wastebaskets. As in any period of sudden change, of course, a few designers have gone to wild extremes, and there are horrors even among clothes with the highest price tags.

The majority of the lovely, curved, long-torso jackets *must* have mid-calf skirts to look right. Naturally, slim skirts that are too long (say, only nine or ten inches from the floor) look out of scale and make a woman mince when she walks. Jay Thorpe, to get around this problem, have turned out some splendid wrapped numbers that, though longish in back (twelve or thirteen inches above ground), reveal a fair amount of calf when their wearers are in motion. I'm thinking particularly of a black crêpe dress with a wide waistband and a skirt that wraps up on one hip.

One menace you may encounter this season is the tight bodice with a wildly flaring peplum (either padded or pleated) over a skirt that is full from the waistband all the way down. A concoction like this may be fine for skinny kids, but it makes women who have reached some degree of maturity look squat and matronly. Good dressmaking means slimness over the hips, and a jutting peplum requires narrowness below it. You will also, I fear, see some offerings with narrow shoulders, easy-fitting jacket, and a long, circular skirt—and intended for daytime, mind you. A mannequin who pranced out at one of the showings in a job of this sort looked just like a pyramid on the loose. Bright operatives, such as Bendel and Saks Fifth Avenue's Sophie, make their shoulders seem nat-



"I want to be ready for Bing & Bing as soon as Bing & Bing are ready for me*."*

ural—sometimes squared but never exaggerated. Bergdorf loves sloping shoulders, but shows them mainly in dresses for the theatre and formal evenings. These clothes are apt to have a wide V neckline, with short, below-elbow, or long and tight sleeves starting at the tips of the shoulders. Often there is a raised fold in back of the neck. A particularly effective version of this wide-neckline dress, in alabaster brocade, is caught up at the back of the left hip. (Up-in-back drapery is evident all around Bergdorf.) Another dress, in black crêpe, has tulle pulled tight across the décolletage to emphasize its narrow, off-shoulder design, and a skirt that is ankle length in back and shorter in front. This sort of thing is only for trim women; on others, those falling-off-the-shoulder necklines are likely to look sloppy.

To generalize about evening dresses, I can report that you can be properly taken care of, whether your style is satiny, bouffant, and dreamy, or whether it's stark and slinky.

And now to get down to fuller detail:

Bendel's collection is so pretty and graceful that it should reassure any but the most excitable alarmists. There are suits (with circular skirts thirteen or fourteen inches from the floor and easy to walk in) that have longish jackets with nipped waists and slightly rounded hips. Wonderful, slim tunic suits have jackets that dip very low in back and curve upward in front to button on a diagonal line; the contours at the hips are very smooth, except in the case of a few jackets with what Bendel calls "winged hips"—big folds that jut out below the hipbone on each side. This business turns up on a navy broadcloth suit and a two-piece gray velveteen dress with a slim brown wool skirt. There are also long-torso affairs, of which my pet is a black broadcloth suit with a three-tiered peplum on the jacket and a circular skirt that is full in back. I also admired Bendel's assemblage of bright-colored wool dresses, which have skirts that are full and longish but not bulky. A green wool one, cut rather like a monk's habit, has a cowl neckline, a wide waistband, and full, bloused sleeves. A knockout in lilac wool has a V neck and self-covered buttons down the snug bodice. The waistline is long, and the skirt is gathered at the bottom to give a slight barrel effect, which is augmented by a wide band of lilac velveteen at the hemline. This sort of banding appears on the skirt of one of the handsomest after-dark dresses you have ever seen—

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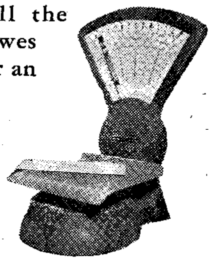

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711 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

in black taffeta, with a high, folded collar, a buttoned bodice, and a skirt that comes just above the ankles. It cries out for a wisp of black lace to serve as a hat and for high-heeled slippers with lacing up the instep. Then, for late afternoon, there is a marvellous black satin suit with a skirt that is full in the rear and a jacket that has a rounded peplum below its slim waist and a collar high in back. For lagniappe, there are revers of yellow faille embroidered with black passementerie. And for dancing or the theatre, Bendel loves slim-hipped dresses whose skirts begin to widen just above the ankle. They come in satin and faille, with an oval neck and short sleeves; in taupe satin, with a tight jacket that has embroidery of steel beads over the hips; and in black lace, with a capelet over the shoulders and a taupe velveteen band at the bottom of the skirt to give it that barrel look.

SOPHIE, at Saks Fifth Avenue, sticks to daytime skirt lengths of fifteen or sixteen inches from the floor and lowers them *only* slightly for after dark. She has always been a stickler for clean line and delicate detail, and her day suits are as trim and pert as you have a right to expect. To begin somewhere, there's a tan wool one with a jacket that has brown braid binding, a pinched waist, and ever so slightly rounded hips. A brown wool suit has a jacket with a folded collar of silver mink and a petalled peplum in back; the skirt is circular. These clothes are young and typical of Sophie. There are long-torso suits here, too, among them a round-necked, buttoned, black broadcloth thing in tunic style. As for late-afternoon clothes, Sophie has really let go. One suit has a black ribbed velvet jacket with jutting pockets, a black broadcloth skirt that poufs out in back, and a pink lace blouse ornamented with black beading here and there. Another is of copper satin, with bows on the pockets and a navy lace blouse. For either late afternoon or dinner, you can have black bengaline two-piece dresses with elbow-length sleeves, black lace edging their apron fronts, and bell skirts; black taffeta princesse dresses with black velvet tops and pockets; and still more black taffeta dresses with tiny sleeves of black lace and a gathered band below their oval necks. For evening, Sophie provides long-sleeved black velvet dresses with white lace at the high necks to match the hem of their petticoats.

There are also magnificent, misty evening dresses, one of which is of gray tulle, shirred tight from the bosom to the hips and full below, and sporting a ruffle of tulle around the strapless décolletage. This house does exceptionally good off-one-shoulder dresses, too. Samples: A bright-green satin ball gown with but one sleeve, which is puffy; and a royal-blue satin number, draped on the left shoulder, with an irregular long torso above a swirling, circular skirt. And, speaking of elongated middles, there's a splendid dress of black velvet with a round neck and elbow sleeves. It follows you closely downward until, well below the hips, it reaches an encircling raised velvet band, sort of like a crumb-catcher, at which point the skirt starts flaring out. Bendel calls this the "middy" silhouette, but no middy fits like this unless its wearer has just been heaved into a lake. Then there is a noble draped green slinky rayon jersey dress with long sleeves. It wraps high across the chest, and horizontal folds that start in back of the skirt on the right side wind up on the left hip in front.

BERGDORF GOODMAN have a new idea about every ten seconds, so it's a cantankerous taste that they can't please. They go in a lot for vast, loose coats and jackets that you are supposed to wrap around you (echoes of the past, I'd say). There are suits with box jackets that flare at the back, and there are suits with jackets that are fitted. One is of black wool with a black satin tie, a black jersey blouse, a circular skirt, and a jacket with a collar of white ermine that is long and pointed in front and high in back. A jacket, in navy wool with a black seal shawl collar, is loose and mid-thigh in length, and is worn over a navy wool dress. There are also crisp satin suits for afternoon, with small-waisted jackets that usually dip in back. One has quilting around the hips of the jacket to give the illusion of pockets; the skirt is slim but longer than I like. A black jacquard taffeta evening suit consists of a jacket with a slight peplum over a slim dress draped up in back. The same sort of dress turns up again, under a brown bengaline jacket, but with a skirt that is full at the back. And there are quantities of those slender, draped décolleté dinner and evening dresses that are reminiscent of almost forgotten days.

LET'S now get on to Sophie's evening dresses, which are of the aforementioned dreamy school. One of the best is her gray net in a silvery, lacy pattern, with an oval neck and a full skirt that has a hoop near the hem. Dresses with swirling skirts composed of alternating bands of pink and black satin under pailletted black lace are equally engaging. Next, a belted burgundy velvet dress with a circular skirt and one of the cleverest one-shoulder décolletages in town—spiky leaf detail frothing like a ruff up on one shoulder and going meekly under the opposite arm. A sheer black lace dress has a ruffle that zooms clear out to the tips of the shoulders; the skirt has wide taffeta ruffles descending to the hem in V's from a point slightly below the hips.

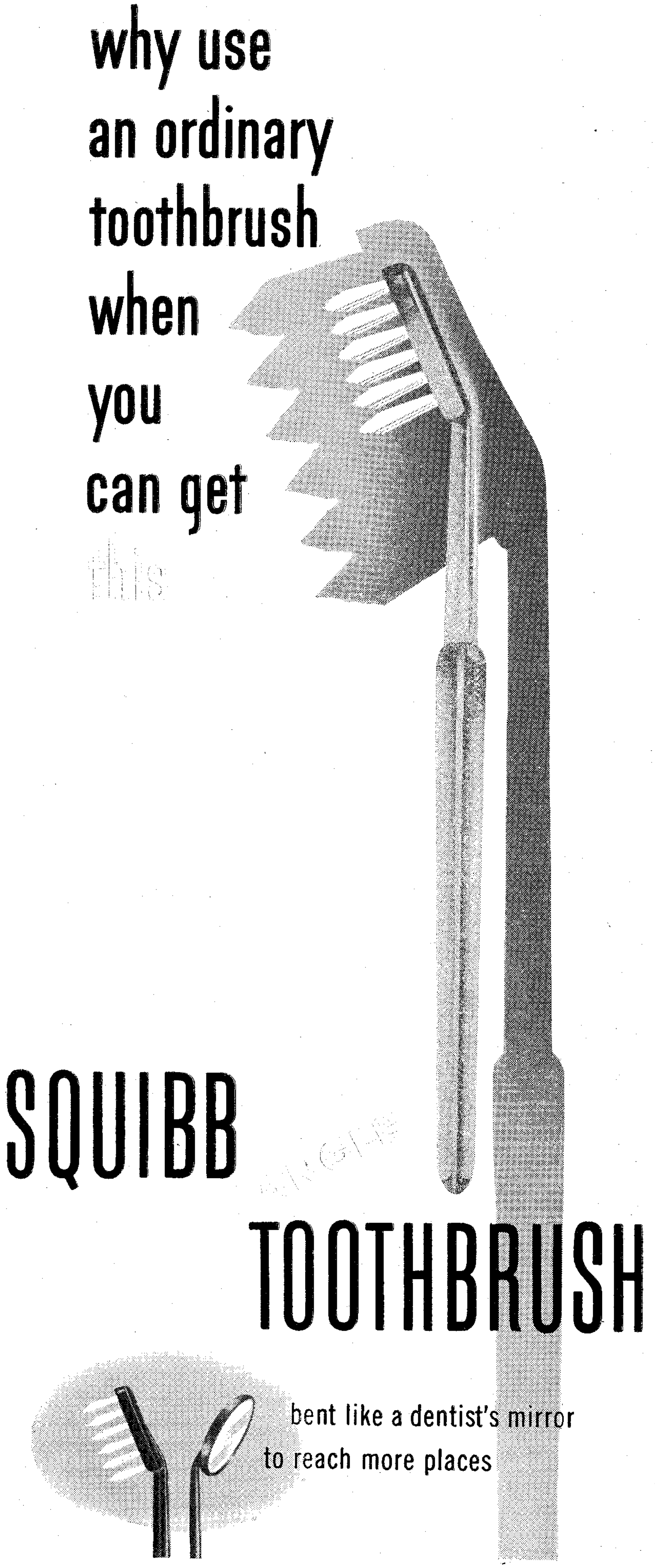
I HAD almost forgotten about coats, of which there is of course great variety around town. Bergdorf is all in favor of long, loose affairs—some with hoods—whether they are of cloth, mink, Persian, or seal. Jay Thorpe show a fine black broadcloth cape that is hip length in back and somewhat shorter in front, and a lovely fitted princesse coat of black broadtail that wraps on the left hip and is secured there by a vast black faille bow. Bendel likes fitted coats, among them one of black wool with patches of Persian lamb on the slanting pockets. At Saks, Sophie's fitted coachman coat, by now one of the hardiest of all our perennials, is miraculous this year in black chinchilla wool with turnover collars and jutting hip pockets, or in brown wool with double-breasted closings and double-flap pockets, or in green wool with fat sleeves, no shoulder seams, and tiny waists.

ENVOI: Don't be distressed by clothes that are overlong, overbulky, and overdone. As you can see, they don't *have* to be that way. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Return to the Native

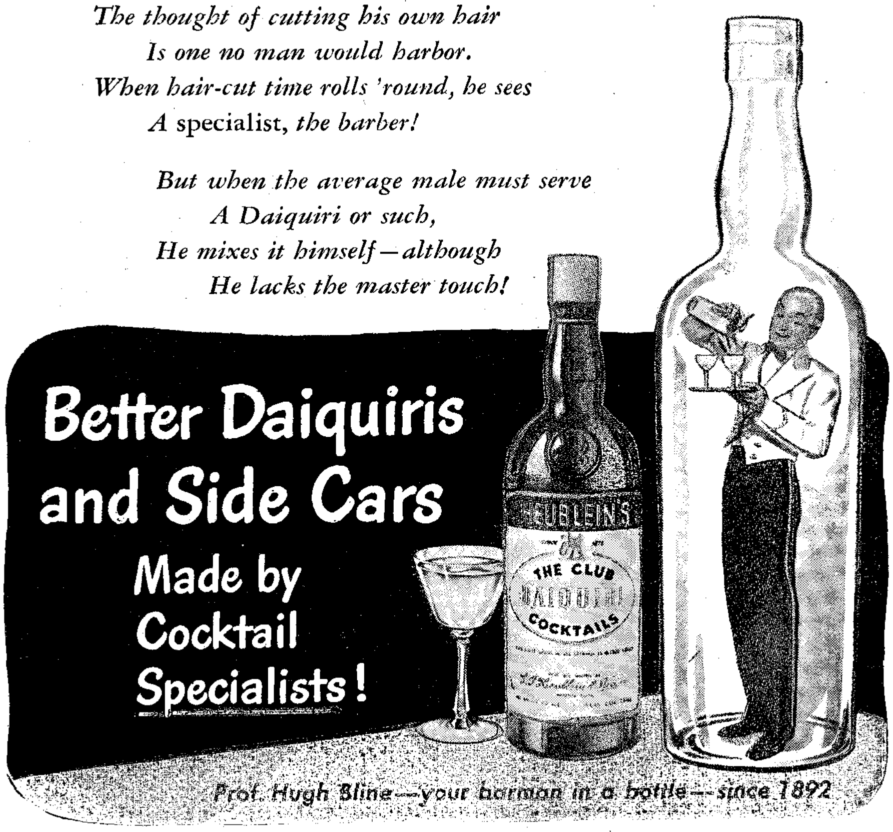
THE craze for identically patterned wallpaper and fabrics carries on doggedly, even though it's hard to imagine a scheme that could go more wrong in inexpert hands. Now America House, the native-handicraft shop at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), has taken it up. The designs there are hand-painted, which puts the papers and fabrics well out of the bargain-price class, but I think they are somewhat easier than most matched affairs for amateur decorators to cope with. America House has fortunately limited the number of colors in any one design, and it has not gone in for those busy, crowded patterns that, if they cover large expanses of wall and are repeated in curtains or chair covers or both, can make a room just about uninhabita-



SOME JOBS CALL FOR A SPECIALIST!

The thought of cutting his own hair
Is one no man would harbor.
When hair-cut time rolls 'round, he sees
A specialist, *the barber!*

But when the average male must serve
A Daiquiri or such,
He mixes it himself—although
He lacks the master touch!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Made by Cocktail Specialists!
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THE CLUB DAIQUIRI COCKTAILS
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SURE, Daiquiris and Side Cars are delicious—but they're mighty hard to make. So why not leave this exacting task to the world's most experienced cocktail specialists—*Heublein!*

You enjoy the finest ingredients money can buy in Heublein's Daiquiris and Side Cars—and they're so easy to serve! Shake well with lots of ice, then strain and serve!

(All Heublein Cocktails are made extra strong to allow for 20% dilution by the melting ice.)

NOW...EIGHT KINDS!

Daiquiri, *60 proof* • Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Stinger, *65 proof* • Whiskey Sour, *60 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof* • Manhattan, *65 proof*
Gibson (very, very dry Martini), *79 proof*
Old Fashioned, *70 proof*

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HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ble. One pattern, called Leaves, consists, to nobody's surprise, of green leaves, painted on white backgrounds with rough brush strokes, and it is so simple and airy that it probably would be hard to use it too lavishly—provided you're dealing with a big, light room, and I hope you are if you're thinking of using matched paper and fabric at all. The pattern appears on fifty-inch white cloth with a ridged texture resembling rayon shantung, at $6 a yard; the companion paper is $6 a roll. Another particularly cheerful design has widely spaced pictures of enormous orange nasturtiums spilling out of a gray wheelbarrow; it's $10 a yard in heavy white cotton and $9 a roll in paper. You can't use such a distinctive recurrent pattern indiscriminately, of course, but it would be fine for a pair of adjoining rooms or a room with an alcove, where you can apply the paper in one section and the fabric in the other.

America House also has hand-blocked decorating fabrics *without* wallpaper to match. The materials are all cottons, and they range from smooth-finished thin material to gauzy, rather rigid stuff; the patterns are hit-or-miss geometrical abstractions, and the colors dark and queer, relieved here and there by touches of comparatively bright hand-painting. (In one fabric, for example, mustard yellow is slipped into a design of dark, slaty blue and several sombre greens.) No doubt I've overemphasized the glum aspect of these fabrics; actually, they have a curious charm and should be perfect for setting off a roomful of old pine furniture. The prices are from $8 to $12 a yard.

APPARENTLY, Americraft, 903 First Avenue (51st), has been fretting over the fact that nobody has been able to think up a new way to nest tables. At any rate, now that they have found one they're pretty pleased with themselves. Instead of the familiar tables that slide one under another, the shop offers small, square ones, all the same size (and all around fourteen inches high), that can be stacked on top of each other. The resultant edifice will not fall down because each table top is rimmed, which prevents the legs of the table above from sliding off. To those who crossly ask what was the matter with old-fashioned nesting tables, the shop points out that the new system allows you to erect a really towering whatnot for books, magazines, flowers, and such. Perhaps it's more sensible, though, to place three or four tables cheek by jowl before a sofa to make a long coffee table. That way, it's easier to distribute the tables through the room for company to put things on. They are yours for $12.50 each (or a set of four for $40) in plain, waxed mahogany or birch, or in the same woods coated with liquor- and heat-resistant plastic paint in various colors.

Americraft's new open-stock stoneware, which comes in oyster white with an etched fern pattern and in black garlanded with gray-and-blue figure eights, can stand up to both oven heat and casual treatment in the pantry sink. The dinner and salad plates ($3 and $2.50 each, respectively) are square, and so are almost all the other table pieces, including a huge serving platter ($8.25). The casseroles (from $2 to $11.50) have lids that you can turn over and use as serving dishes. The coffee cups are large and surprisingly light, and have large, comfortable handles. Americraft also has some round, fourteen-inch wooden trays that you can have painted to order in all kinds of designs. For children, the artists favor idiotic horses in incredible colors, framed in repeated scrawls of the child's name. It takes about two weeks to get the painted trays, and the prices run up to $15.

THE men of science who devote their lives to eliminating small household troubles have recently trundled forth a better-than-average crop of minor marvels, adorned with the customary fanciful names, and I shall now submit a catalogue of some of the more helpful ones. Rug Seez, to plunge right into the list, is a plastic liquid that you apply to the undersides of rugs to make them skidproof. It doesn't gum up either the rug or the floor. You put it on with a brush, a hand spray gun, or the spray attachment that comes with vacuum cleaners. Lewis & Conger have it; $1.89 a quart. . . . Lewis & Conger (along with Macy, Bloomingdale, and Stern, this time) have also come up with Panettes, which are aluminum-foil linings for skillets. They do away with one of the most disagreeable kitchen chores—cleaning up the pan after a frying job—because you simply take out the used Panette and throw it into the garbage pail. They're sold in boxes of anywhere from two dozen, in a three-inch size, to eighteen or sixteen six- or eight-inchers; $1 a box. . . . The Meatmaster, a new, six-quart Presto pressure cooker, can handle seven-pound pot roasts. Until now, the largest domestic pressure cookers have had about a four-quart capacity. Bloomingdale and Macy sell it for about $15. . . . Abercrombie &

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Choose the new Deepfreeze home freezer and get larger capacity at lower cost—plus all the exciting new features shown here and many more. (No other freezer has so many—only the Deepfreeze home freezer has them all.) Four sparkling new models. See them at your dealer's . . . his name is in the classified telephone book.

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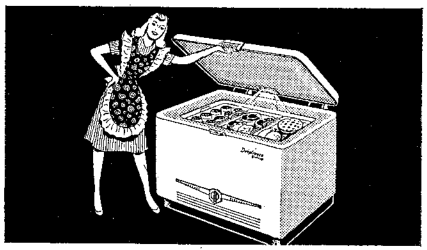
QUICK LIST OF ADVANCED FEATURES—Fast-freeze compartment (91 lbs.) • 3 big ice cube trays • baskets and dividers • temperature indicator and control • counter-balanced lid • interior lights • easy-grip handle and lock • quiet, hermetically sealed compressor has five-year warranty. De Luxe Model C-10, 10 cu. ft., holds over 350 lbs. of food, $439.50, delivered.



De Luxe Model A-5, 4.8 cu. ft., holds over 175 lbs. of food, $259.95, delivered.

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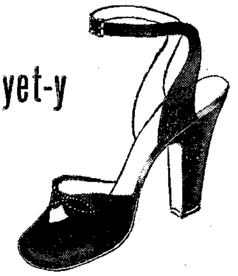

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Fitch have a new hand broiler for charcoal-broil addicts. The grill has a nice, long handle and an attachment that gets a bulldog grip on meat of any thickness; $4. . . . Perma-Key is a key all right, and it opens sardine and other tins, the conventional keys to which the grocer generally mislays before you have a chance to; a quarter, in Gimbel's housewares department. . . . Du-Ev Degreaser, a fluid, does a *phenomenal* job, mixed with hot water, on dingy pots and pans, stove parts, and the like. It seems to work almost as well in cold water, but I suppose skeptical housewives will have to try that before they believe it. Du-Ev comes in quart, half-gallon, and gallon jugs at Hammacher Schlemmer, Hearn, Altman, and Gimbel. —B. B.

•

BIRDS

Birds are a pure
  democracy.
No delegate
  a bird can be.

He sings no anthem
  but his own.
No craft but bird
  by him is flown.

And for his home
  there's but one test—
Has it a curve
  to fit his breast?

No zones to him
  restricted are;
He stamps his foot
  and leaves a star.

It is his sign
  that he goes free,
Is citizen
  of melody.

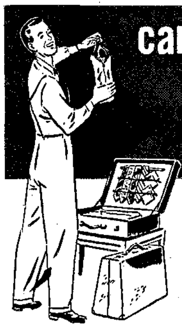
—JESSAMYN WEST

•

FOR SALE

A fine collection of about 40 African big-game heads (Koodoo, Hartebeest, Speke's Gazelle, Mrs. Grant, Kob, Topi, Gerenuk, Waterbuck, Eland, Oryx, Warthog, Buffalo, etc.): mounted mostly by Rowland Ward or by Spicer of Leamington; some recorded in Rowland Ward's book of Big-Game Records; in excellent condition; also two Lion skins (heads set up) and two Panther skins; offers; also a number of Persian carpets and rugs, antique and semi-antique. P. LORY, The Knapp Cottage, Upper Clatford, near Andover, Hampshire, England.—*Adv. in the Christian Science Monitor.*

Never mind the carpets, how much do you want for Mrs. Grant?



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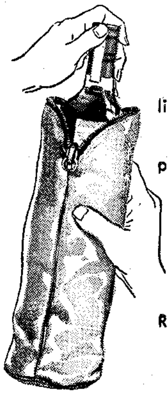

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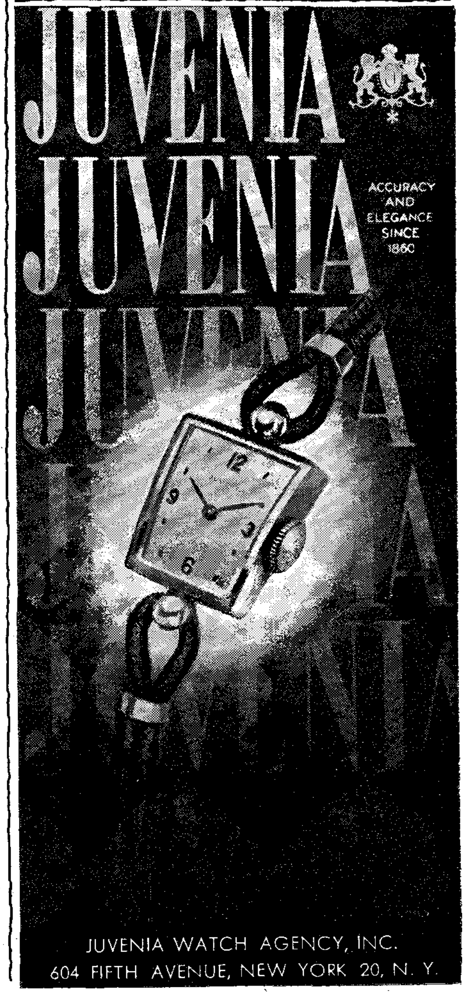

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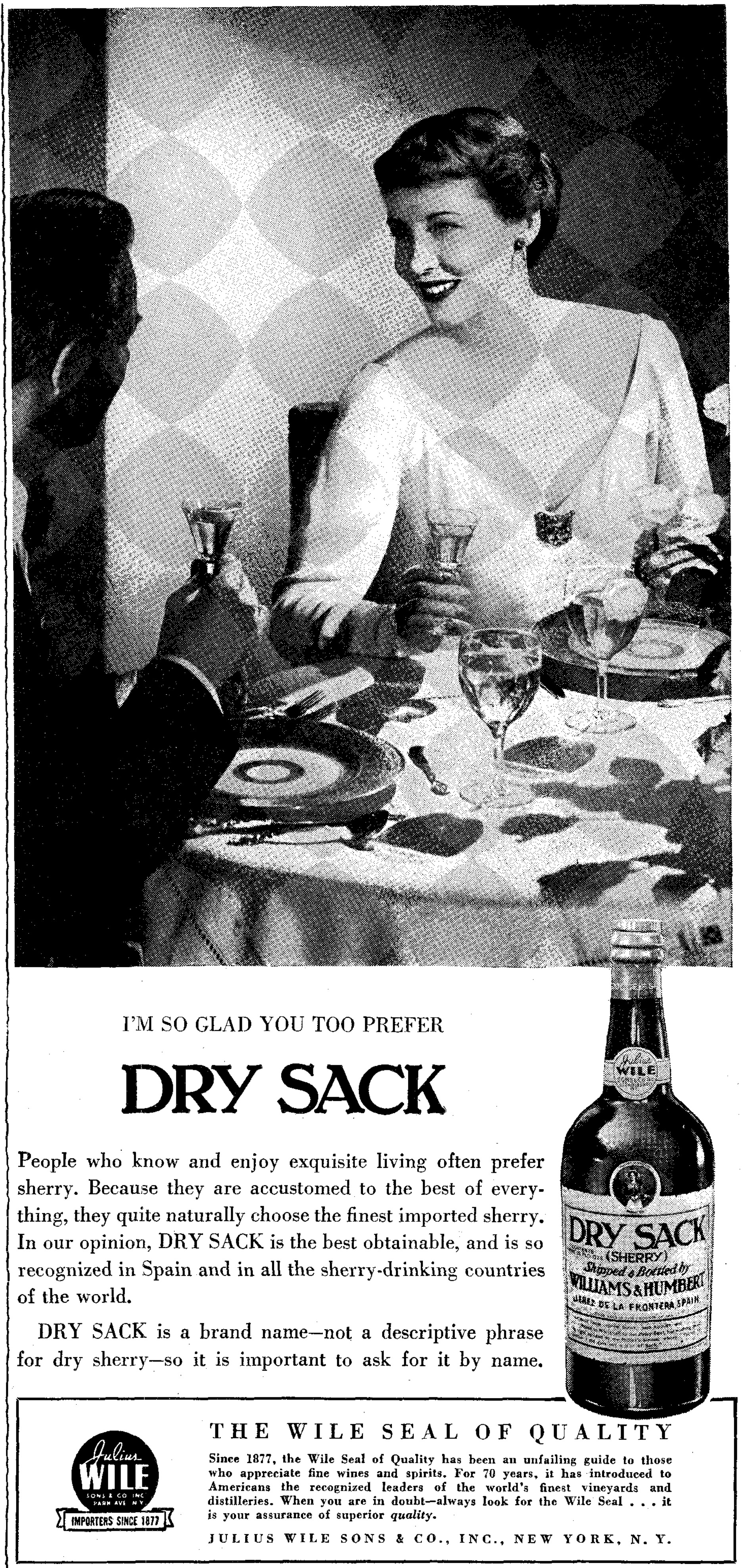
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Irish Emigré

NOTHING is more gratifying than to watch a thoroughbred of whom you have expected nice things perform as if he were reading your mind. When Golden Hill, the handsome Irish chestnut owned by Joe Hale, won the hunter championship at the North Shore Horse Show, at Stony Brook, last week, those of us who had favored him couldn't suppress a few clucks of self-congratulation. As you probably remember, Golden Hill was the only locally owned fencer (Hale bought him in Dublin and brought him to Greenwich) who put up much of a fight against the invasion of Virginia horses in the National at Madison Square Garden last fall. His most dangerous opponent at North Shore was another Virginian, Highlander, the big, brown eight-year-old, owned and ridden by Mrs. Amory Lawrence, who won the thoroughbred class at Devon in June. At that, the danger was pretty theoretical; Golden Hill finished with 53½ points to Highlander's 28.

The best jumping during the three days at Stony Brook was done by Wig, a reformed polo pony owned by James Wigmore, a Californian, who at seventy-two still enters a Meadow Brook polo match now and then, with the explanation, for those who question the wisdom of such activity, that he has his father's permission. Elizabeth Altemus Whitney showed two grays, Daze and Safety Call, who might have done creditably in the five-hundred-dollar Conformation Hunter Stake, won by Golden Hill, if their riders, Freddy Wettach and Dick Kirby, had been equipped with road maps. Both put their horses over the wrong fences and were disqualified. Safety Call, a mare, didn't come out altogether badly, though; she won the five-hundred-dollar Young Hunter Stake and the young-hunter competition.

My favorite rider in the show was eleven-year-old Kathleen Rice, who had a pleasant time putting her family's bay, Fitzgerald, over the fences in the open classes, against the very best adult competition. The Rices, who come from County Armagh, Ireland, and now live near Lake Success, are astonished that anyone considers Kathleen's



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DRY SACK is a brand name—not a descriptive phrase for dry sherry—so it is important to ask for it by name.

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This bottled B and B is blended in Bénédictine's own cellars—where genuine Bénédictine is carefully combined with selected Cognac Brandy . . . then laid away to fuse thoroughly before bottling . . . to give you B and B of uniform excellence!

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efforts precocious. "There are seven of us children," her sister Mary, who is twenty, said, "and we all learned to ride at two."

Russell Stewart's aged bay, My Play Boy, won the jumper championship after two stiff jumpoffs with Sheik of Albrurae, ridden by Billy Steinkraus, a viola-playing Yale student. Although I keep confusing the Sheik's name with that of the fellow who crept into tents in the old song, I must admit that I have a soft spot for him, because he's the son of old Sir Gilbert, the one-eyed hackney jumper, whom his owner, Stephen E. Budd, used to hitch to a plow on his Litchfield farm between horse shows.

BUDD, a North Shore Show committeeman and a former Master of the Litchfield Hounds, was reminiscing the other day about the time he lent the hounds to The Players for the club's revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Alvin Theatre. On the opening night, he said, the audience and the cast were almost asphyxiated by the drag that had been laid across the stage to make the hounds bay as they pursued Eliza. In later performances, the hounds were lured by a roll of sausage, carried by Eliza. Later during the run, a hungry and supposedly ferocious hound broke away from Simon Legree, cornered Eliza on the stage, and affectionately licked off her makeup. Another evening, the hounds escaped through the stage door and made for Broadway. They were caught by Johnny Sedor, the professional huntsman in attendance, with the help of a few volunteers from the Police Department. —T. O'R.

•

Cooking ideas are unlimited—witness the Countess' inspiration of cooking fish wrapped up in the New York *Times*.
—*Junior League Magazine.*

You witness it; we're not hungry.

•

At Fort Douglas, a high-ranking officer, who declined to permit use of his name, would not comment.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Too busy throwing discretion to the winds, probably.

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS

[*Elsa Maxwell in the Post*]

There has been an interesting poll recently in France. The people were asked whether or not they still favored settling quarrels by duelling. Ten per cent still favored duelling, 75 per cent were against and 18 per cent had no opinion.

YOUR FORM IN FABRIC

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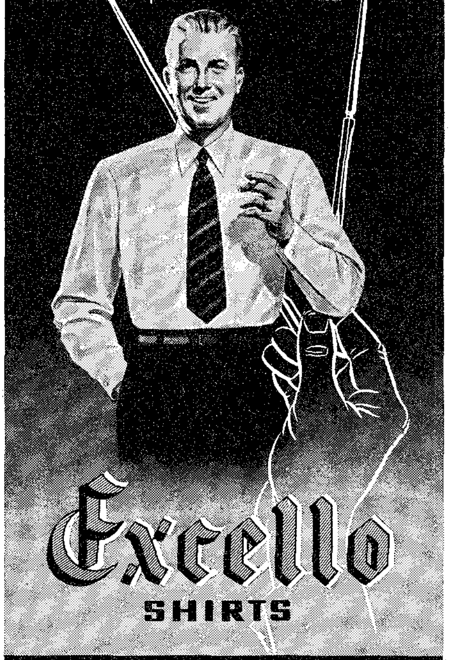

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WEATHER NEWS: Tune in WHN (1050 on your dial) at 6:31 pm or 7:00 pm if in doubt "weather or not" races will be run.

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LETTER FROM BADEN-BADEN

SEPTEMBER

HERE at the headquarters of the French Zone of Occupation, near the boundary between Germany and France, there has naturally been a considerable furor over the news that the British and Americans are about to permit an increase of industrial activity in the Ruhr. Some authorities in the Gouvernement Militaire de la Zone Française d'Occupation—or G.M.Z.F.O., in the terminology of the road signs—who at first looked upon the Marshall Plan as the salvation of France have taken to muttering that it seems nothing more than an elaborate façade behind which the old enemy is to be allowed to get himself into fighting trim once more. The prospect of another German invasion is a source of constant anxiety to the French, who, when they look about them in this devastated region, see not Germany prostrate but Germany couchant, gathering herself to spring again. The better one becomes acquainted with the French in the occupation zone, the more one is reminded of a small dog who, after taking a bloody mauling from a larger opponent, has at last, to his surprise, managed to get a mortal grip on the beast and is going to require considerable prying to make him let go. "All of the other occupation powers—including even Russia, for reasons of her own—are worrying about the problem of the preservation of Germany," a French officer remarked the other day. "*We* are worrying about the preservation of France." None of the other powers concerned approaches the problem of Germany with such directness. It is hard to decide whether this *idée fixe* about the inevitability of German aggression is a sign of farsightedness or a case of myopia.

In the aspects of their military government that have nothing to do with the resolve to keep Germany helpless, however, the French seem much more casual than their allies. They go through the same motions as the other powers—establishing election procedures, denazifying, and so forth—but they don't appear to take these matters quite so seriously. Their treatment of small-fry Nazis is comparatively lenient, their attitude toward the possibility of German democracy in our time skeptical. Although they say that they are determined to remain in Germany for at least a generation, their estimate of the amount of good they can do by their presence is modest. M. Jean Arnaud, their director of information at Baden-Baden, said to a visiting American recently, "The one thing we learned from our years under the German boot is that no occupation can succeed." After a moment, he added, "Still, we hope that ours will be an exception." Whatever optimism the French may feel in this connection is based on their cultural program and their educational reforms among the Germans in their zone. They don't expect to be popular with the present generation of these people—except, perhaps, among the intellectuals—but they think that they have a chance of winning the good will of the next. According to a story current in Baden-Baden, some Germans in Berlin were recently polled by a zealous American to find out how they thought the occupying forces stacked up against one another. The prevailing opinion of the French is supposed to have been that they are the "most harsh" of the four powers. (The Russians, it is said, were voted the "most good-hearted," the English the "most intelligent," and the Americans the "most generous." No word has reached here of which power was voted the "most likely to succeed.") However the Germans in Berlin may feel about it, Germans who live in the French Zone admit that matters "can be arranged" to make existence bearable. "Things in this zone are no doubt more elastic than in the other zones" is the way one of them puts it. An opinion that seems to embody nice discrimination, as well as the results of many months' enforced consideration of the subject, was offered recently by a German political prisoner, a noted art connoisseur, who had put in almost a year in American internment camps and had lately been handed over to the French. To an acquaintance who visited him in the barbed-wire enclosure of the Reutlingen internment camp, not far from here, he said that he felt quite content about the transfer. "True," he went on, "one gets much better food in the American Zone, but after all, one can't deny that the French do things with a certain charm."

Undeniably, the Germans with whom one talks here have plenty of uncomplimentary things to say about the French. In addition to their tradi-

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tional lack of affection for the French—traditionally reciprocated—the Germans are now affronted at being occupied by a nation that not long ago was occupied herself. The question of the families of the occupying forces is an even sorer one here than it is in the other zones. The French have brought ninety thousand dependents, three times the number the Americans have imported, into a zone only a third the size of ours. Furthermore, unlike the Americans, the French pretty much live off the land. M. Maurice Halff, the director of the G.M.Z.F.O. economics division, has announced, according to newspaper reports, that the French are consuming only five per cent of what the zone produces to eat, but he admits that in the case of some foods, such as dairy products, the take may go as high as twenty per cent. This has caused the Germans to say sneeringly, in effect, that the French never had it so good, and to circulate reports that the occupiers don't want to go home, even for vacations.

Baden-Baden, which had a prewar population of about thirty thousand, was not touched by the fighting, which is probably why this delightful spa resort was chosen by the French as the place in which to administer the cure to their share of the shattered Reich. The architecture here, not much of which is particularly interesting, is mainly early-nineteenth century, but the town has a long history, dating back to those venerable bathers the Romans. Eventually, everyone who comes here winds up in the square containing the old Roman baths, which are still being used—one section of them by officers and their families, and another by enlisted men. Winding streets, some of them cobblestoned, climb the hills on both sides of the swift, copper-colored Oos Brook, which runs through the narrow cleft of valley occupied by the town and is bordered by gardens and by lanes, lined with fine, large chestnut and copper-beech trees, where the population strolls at sundown.

Officials and troops of other powers are always delighted when they get assigned to French headquarters. After receiving the congratulations of their colleagues, they set out for Baden-Baden as if going on vacation. Berlin, where the headquarters of the Americans, British, and Russians are, and where the French also have a sector, is a city of chaos, and Frankfurt am Main, the seat of the new British-American bi-zonal economic council,

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is rated by many people who have been there as the most depressing place in all of smashed Germany. These two cities represent the real Germany of today, being planted squarely in the heart of the problem. Coming to Baden-Baden gives one the sense of having got away from the whole sorry mess—from the urgency, the competition, the suffering, and the ugliness of Germany—which is odd, considering that this is, after all, a headquarters of a zone of occupation. Perhaps, however, the G.M.Z.F.O. can be forgiven its partiality to idyllic isolation in view of the fact that its officials hardly need, as some of ours may, daily reminders of the rigors and the consequences of war.

The administrative bureaus of the G.M.Z.F.O. are in the Hotel and Villa Stephanie, but the town's center of life, as in the old, *gemütlich* days, is in the Kurhaus, on the other side of the brook. The activities there are much the same as ever. Germans are permitted to enter the building. They may not share in the pleasures of the flesh—the G.M.Z.F.O. mess and bar, which lie, like the temptations in "Pilgrim's Progress," to the left and to the right of the main doorway—but, straight ahead and up the stairs, they may share in the delights of the spirit, which consist of occasional concerts, theatrical productions, lectures, and movies. In the north wing of the Kurhaus, and in the Trinkhalle, which adjoins it, is an export-import exposition. Similar shows are to be found in all zones, each devoted to displays of just about everything that the particular region is capable of producing—of a pacific nature, that is. (The Baden-Baden exhibition emphasizes wood products, textile goods, and precision instruments.) German industry's most pressing need is, of course, raw materials, and the purpose of the expositions is to attract the attention of foreign businessmen in a position to supply these materials or the dollar credits with which to buy them, but, judging by the crowds at the Baden-Baden show, foreign businessmen are considerably less interested than the Germans. Whole families of them turn out for the privilege of staring, at an admission price of one reichsmark, at counter after counter of articles that they need but haven't the slightest hope of buying—a relatively inexpensive form of masochism. In Germany, it is not only practically impossible for civilians to purchase anything but there is not even any outlet for the human urge to window-shop. For one thing, there are hardly any

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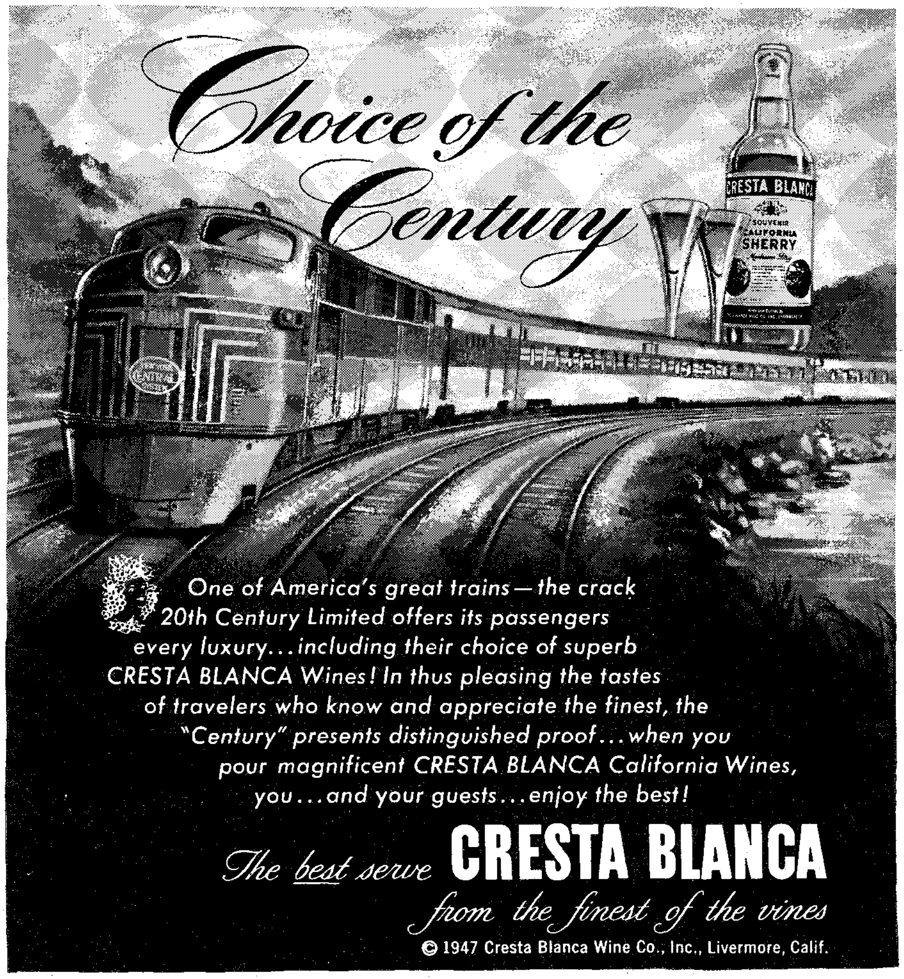

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shops; for another, there are hardly any windows; and, for a third, what few windows there are have hardly anything in them.

EXCEPT for the Saar, the French Zone is predominantly rural. Even in the Saar, where one comes upon drab, industrial-belt cities, which are conglomerations of factory smokestacks, pit heads, and miners' dwellings, the land is surprisingly fertile. The road along the Saar valley that connects the main towns emerges from each of them as if from a tunnel and proceeds between hillsides where, during the evening, miners, still wearing pit clothes, can be seen working their half acres. Wherever one stops in the country, the peasants ask the same two questions that the city dwellers ask: 1. Will there be another war? 2. When will it come? West of the Rhine, minefields are still being probed and cleared, mostly by crews of convicted Nazis who volunteer for the risky work in return for a promise of commutation of their sentences. Road signs startle the casual traveller with such announcements as "You have just passed through the Siegfried Line, courtesy of the 63rd Division," and abandoned tanks with cannon levelled, still lying in strategic positions near the bends in the highway, momentarily disturb the motorist's admiration of the serene and gentle countryside.

"The world has room for only one power in these times," a farmer in the ruined village of Rinnthal remarked as he helped a passing motorist fill his radiator the other day. "*Im November kommt der Krieg wieder hierher*." The Germans seem unable to conceive of any solution of political problems other than a still larger, still more destructive war than the last. They fancy themselves to be anti-war, but they are so steeped in the war tradition, and have lived so long in the belief that war is the only way to work out their destiny, that when a crisis comes they can see no other solution. They are like hypochondriacs who, after brooding about a certain disease, eventually exhibit its symptoms. It is because of this dark cloud, no bigger than a mailed fist, that is always on the German horizon that the French are not quite so concerned with keeping the records straight on past storms or storm troopers as with preventing future ones.

SINCE the elections earlier this year, the main political excitement in Germany has been supplied by the conference at Munich of the German Minister Presidents from the four zones. It was supposed to be not a political meeting at all—though it was obviously loaded with political implications—but a symposium on economic matters, having been convoked because, so its sponsor, Bavarian Minister President Hans Ehard, declared, "two full years after the capitulation, it has still not been made possible for us to distribute our poverty equally over the country." The representatives from the Russian Zone, after arriving with considerable fanfare and at the last moment, busily set about confusing matters by demanding a new agenda, one concerned primarily with the question of what to do about the political unification of Germany, even though they knew perfectly well that the French had made their zone's Presidents give their word of honor that that horrid subject would not be mentioned before letting them attend the conference. After twenty-four hours, the representatives from the Russian Zone were whisked off as abruptly as they had appeared, with parting gestures of admonition and recrimination almost as animated as those of the marionettes in the nearby Blumenstrasse Theater. After that, the conference continued in a mannerly but more or less chastened fashion.

The actions of the German officials are, of course, limited by the aims of the occupying powers to whom they are answerable. These aims have been summarized in a neat, if rather too pat, précis in the Munich magazine *Der Simpl:* "The Russians want a Germany that is strong politically but weak economically. The British and Americans want a Germany that is strong economically but weak politically. The French want a Germany that is weak economically and politically. All four want a strong peace."

As for the elections, the Christian Democratic Union, which won a majority of the votes in the French Zone, is the farthest Right of the major parties. Despite earnest newspaper campaigns to stir up interest, the voters were decidedly apathetic, the general attitude seeming to be "I have other worries." No matter how hard the press urged them to perform their *Wahlpflicht*—their "duty as voters"—they couldn't help feeling, as a Baden-Baden lawyer expressed it to an American, that it was all play acting. "As long as the occupation forces are in command," he said, "these are nothing but schoolboy elections. Children select the members of their school

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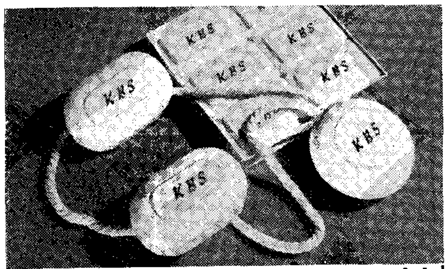

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council, but it can't reduce the tuition fees, change the curriculum—or," he concluded ruefully, "fire the principal."

THE big job ahead in the education of German youth, as the French see it, is the training of new teachers. Eighteen thousand grammar-school teachers are needed in the French Zone alone. At present, the authorities are making do with such of the weary and discouraged teachers of the Weimar days as they have been able to muster, and it is dismally expected that it will be at least ten years before even half the required number will have been graduated from the French-supervised teacher-training schools that are now in operation. Training starts at the age of fourteen and lasts six years. Arrangements have been made for some of the members of each graduating class to spend half of their final year at colleges in Switzerland, to give them a chance to see an established democracy in action before taking up their duties. During the six years of training, the students receive free board in the schools, most of which have been set up in requisitioned mansions and castles. They are now being allowed a daily ration of 1,750 calories, which is only about half the amount considered necessary for adolescents but is nonetheless some seven hundred calories higher than the basic ration for Germans in the French Zone.

Meanwhile, a new curriculum has been instituted in the regular schools, and four million copies of German textbooks have been printed, after being revised by the French to undo the work of Hitler's editors, who made stooges of footnotes in order to lend a Nazi flavor to even so formidable a classic as Plato's "Crito." The editors, while at work on this chore, may have found the going rather heavy, but the job had its compensating moments, too. It is easy to imagine, for instance, what a day it must have been for the footnote boys when they were told to roll up their sleeves and pitch in to give a twist here and there to Caesar's "Gallic Wars."

—BERNARD TAPER

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[*Adv. for This Week in the Boston Traveler*]

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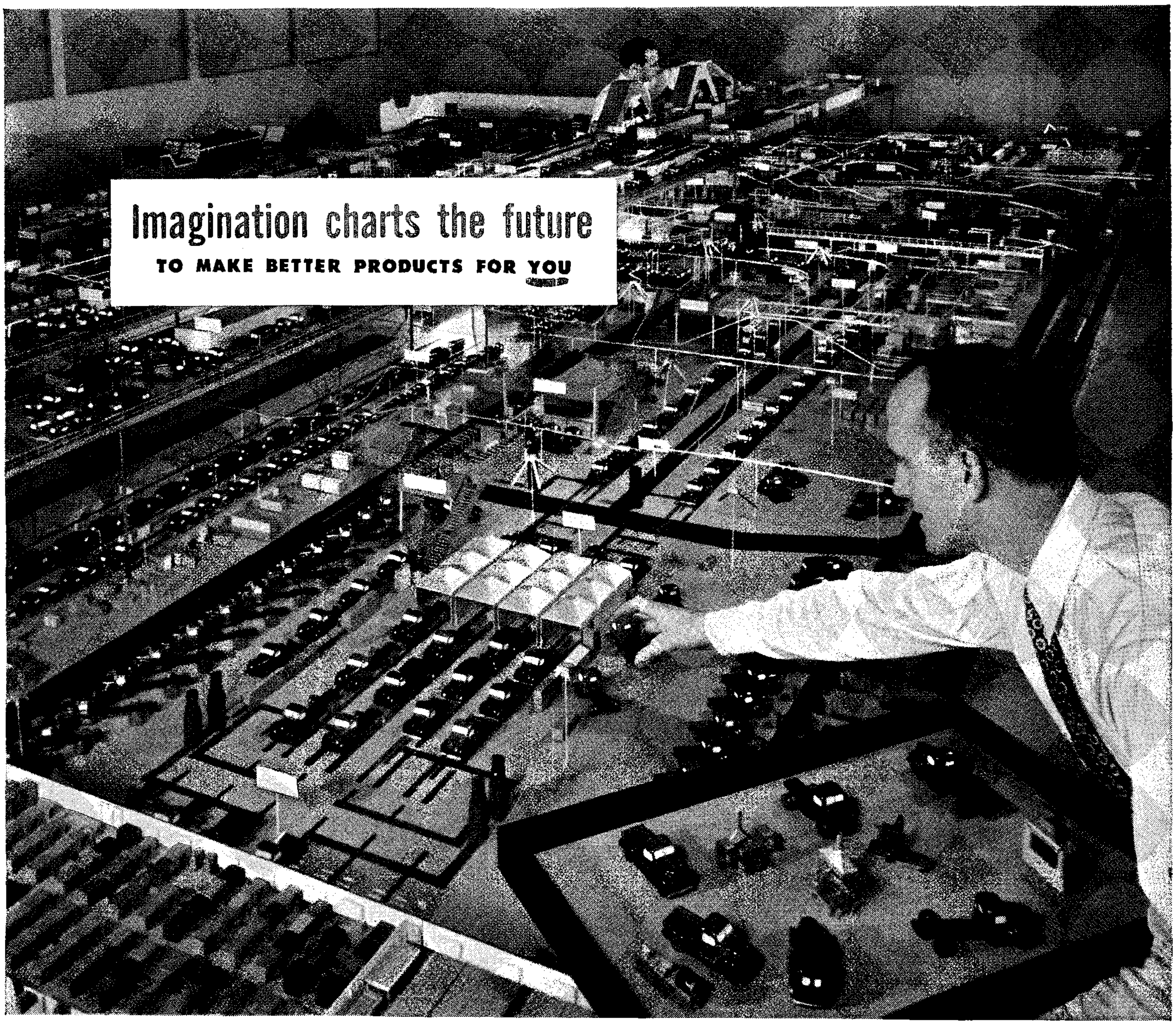
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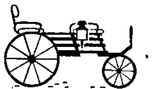

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THE RACE TRACK

Younger Set

WITH the Futurity coming up at Belmont in a fortnight, this would be the time to talk at length about the good two-year-olds, if there were enough good two-year-olds to talk about. Various narrow-eyed observers insist that there aren't half a dozen colts in these parts worth mentioning; it looks like another filly year, they say, the third in a row. In 1945, Beaugay was our best two-year-old; last season it was First Flight; now we have Bewitch, unbeaten in all of her eight starts and apparently quite wonderful. Altogether, the situation produces only severe melancholia in an anti-feminist like me.

I'm giving high marks to one colt, My Request, who isn't in the Futurity. Ben Whitaker, his owner, sheepishly admits that when he retired Requested, he forgot to nominate the first of his children, who happens to be My Request, for the classic. (As you know, the Futurity gets its name from the fact that an animal can be entered in it only before being foaled.) Incidentally, Relic, who beat My Request, Better Self, and others in the Hopeful at Saratoga, isn't in the Futurity, either. Nobody at Circle M Ranch, which owns him, made the final payment on his entry, so he was dropped. The only reason for the oversight I can think of is mass amnesia.

To get back to My Request for a moment, I liked the resolute way in which he won the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. He picked up his field and finally polished off Royal Blood, to whom he gave nine pounds. Until this year, the Cowdin, formerly the Junior Champion, had a large turnout and was a pretty rowdy race. On Saturday, six horses ran and the only boisterousness was in the stretch, when Newsweekly swerved and nearly clipped My Request. It seems that Newsweekly was frightened by some pigeons.

AS an old minority-opinion man, I do not think that Stymie was beaten in the Edgemere because of his impost

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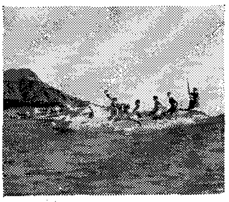

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of a hundred and thirty-four pounds. His friends, in my view, must face the fact that he has a weak spot. A lot of people around the tracks have known for a long time that he would be at a disadvantage in a race in which the pace was consistently slow, for the other runners would remain as fresh as Stymie, a sluggish starter, and any first-rate sprinter could beat him in the stretch. Stymie's races never worked out that way till last Saturday, when Elpis, Bridal Flower, and Gallorette pulled what amounted to a slow-down strike on him. Let me say here very definitely that I'm not implying any collusion; the thing just happened. I've seldom seen good horses run—perhaps the word "run" is used loosely—at as dilatory a pace as these did. Clockers wondered if anything was wrong with their watches as they ticked off the first quarter in 0:26 and the half in 0:50⅖. (Ordinarily, these animals would have gone about three seconds faster.) It took Gallorette, the pacemaker, nearly a minute and fifteen seconds to cover six furlongs. After that, they all speeded up a bit, and Elpis, the winner, finished the mile and a furlong in 1:52⅖. Throughout, Stymie was closer to the leaders than I ever saw him before, but when Elpis sprinted, he couldn't catch her, and finished second. One grumpy horseplayer, putting the old excuse in reverse, remarked, "Well, they ran too slow for him."

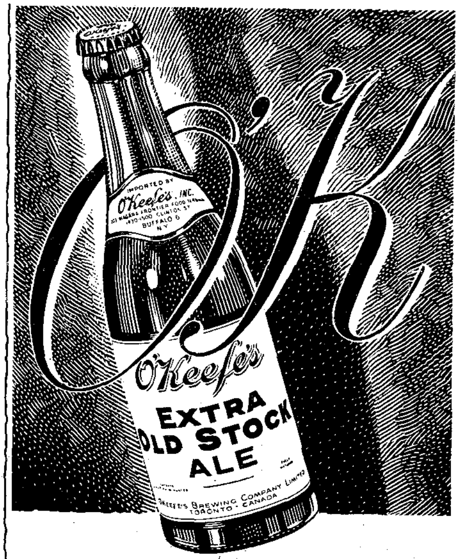
There is nothing else to say about the racing at Aqueduct except that the meeting there ends on Saturday with the running of the Beldame Handicap, which always brings out the best fillies and mares in training. After that, we move on to Belmont, where there is enough room to open a form chart, and a pleasant paddock to collect tips in.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> Romolo de Spirito, Italian tenor from New York, was giving forth with the principal aria in the opera "Martha" at the Memphis open air theatre.
>
> Suddenly he gurgled, choked and one of his high notes went into tailspin.
>
> He tried again and stripped another vocal gear.
>
> He finished the rendition under difficulty and then went over to the side of the stage where he coughed up an overly zealous "opera buw"—a green zealous "opera bug"—a green
>
> —*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

Come on, Romolo! Once more does it.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OF ALL THINGS

General Dwight Eisenhower has told reporters that he hopes they will stop asking him questions about whether he will run for President. Ike has said everything there is to say on the subject except "no."

•

There is still no indication that our resting congressmen will be called back to Washington for a special session, but their vacations may be somewhat spoiled anyway. The news from Europe can hardly be called good hammock reading.

•

Robert A. Taft's suggestion that people combat high prices by eating less has been received coldly in some quarters. Extremists say that the Senator is playing Herbert Hoover in modern dress.

•

The railroads have asked the I.C.C. to permit a further increase in passenger fares. The only people who can possibly object to this reasonable request are subversive commuters and their fellow-travellers.

•

Stories of growing hostility toward America are coming in from various parts of the world. Uncle Sam is discovering that he cannot win popularity just by being a banker and an umpire.

•

Many veterans complain that houses they have bought since the war ended are already beginning to come apart. In their view, a building should last at least as long as the mortgage on it.

•

Scientists at the Case School in Cleveland, using a device called the "snooperscope," have found many enormous red stars in the Milky Way. Perhaps the House Committee on Un-American Activities should buy one of these gadgets for Chairman Thomas.

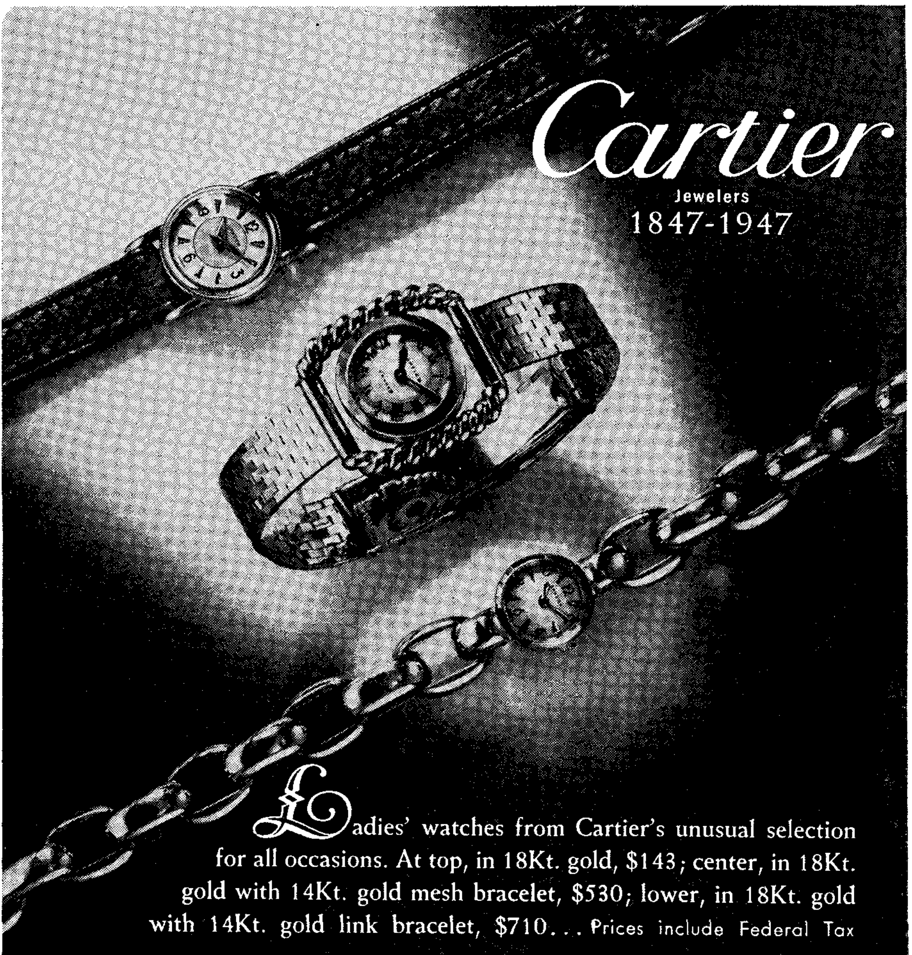
•

N.B.C. has been commended for its decision not to broadcast crime stories before 9:30 P.M. By that time, children should be safe in bed, if their parents have committed assault and battery.

•

The Federal Works Agency is going ahead with its plan for a national superhighway system. Someday, we shall have 37,681 miles of express roads lined with shiny new cars full of happy millionaires.

—Howard Brubaker



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BOOKS

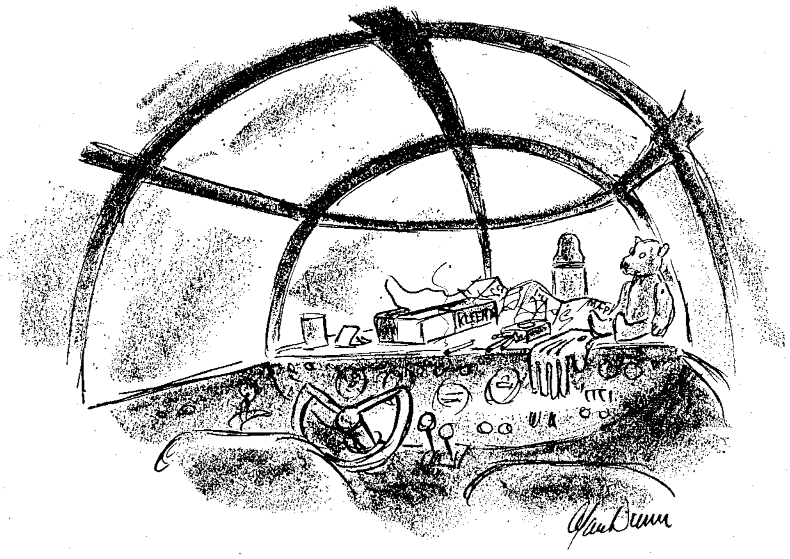
Miscellaneous Recommendations

"Essays in Science and Philosophy," by Alfred North Whitehead (Philosophical Library), contains papers on a variety of subjects by the great English mathematician and philosopher, now for many years in the United States. The scientific pieces range from a popular article on Einstein, through reprints of Whitehead's mathematical articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, to a discussion of symbolic logic intelligible only to specialists. There are also sections dealing with various aspects of philosophy and education, and a section which the author calls "Personal." This includes a handful of memoirs dealing with Whitehead's boyhood and youth which will be of interest to his admirers. Whitehead, who is now eighty-six, was born and grew up in Kent, in an England that seems pre-Victorian (though he insists that the Victorian age was less dominated by the Queen than we tend to believe). The traditions and relics of the English past, from the time of the Romans on, were all about him as he came to manhood. At school he studied Latin and Greek and identified the Houses of Parliament with the Forum and the Roman Senate, and the British with the Athenian Navy; and he believes that, "as a training in political imagination, the Harvard School of Politics and of Government cannot hold a candle to the old-fashioned English classical education of half a century ago." His father was a distinguished Rural Dean much interested in education. The family lived near Canterbury, and the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Tait, was a great figure in Whitehead's youth. He remembers him "in a genial mood, with his back to the bright fire in the ample hall of the old vicarage house . . . laughing heartily as my father told him of the theology of the leading parishioner, who found comfort in the doctrine of eternal damnation." "To have seen Tait," Whitehead adds, "was worth shelves of medieval history. He magnificently closed the line of great ecclesiastics who organized the intimate cultural life of England, round monasteries, village churches, dioceses, cathedrals, parishes . . . parish meetings, schools, colleges, universities." And, spending his youth on the "Narrow Seas," with their dangerous shoals and headlands, rapid tides and blinding fogs, Whitehead was brought up with that sense of the sea that makes men alert and resourceful.

One can see how Mr. Whitehead's work has grown up from its roots in all this and why it is so different from that of even a brilliant modern don—say, his old pupil Bertrand Russell. Abstract and abstruse though it is in its higher philosophic reaches, it is never divorced from the human group or even from the sea and land with which humanity has to grapple. Tough-grained in intellectual structure, scientifically and intrepidly realistic, yet imaginative in its vision of history and appreciative of the insights of poetry, at the same time "benign and shrewd"—like Beethoven in Edna Millay's sonnet—in dealing with mankind's activities, it stands as one of the most impressive products of the English genius in our day. This is what England was in the world of constructive, creative thought and what it still on occasion can be.

"A Name for Evil," by Andrew Lytle (Bobbs-Merrill), is an ambitious ghost and horror story which does not quite achieve what it attempts. It leans a little too obviously on "The Turn of the Screw;" and it indulges a little too often in such words as "loathsome," "hateful," and "evil" in the description of its sinister forces: the devils are better presented by showing their concrete effects. And the events are not always handled in such a way that we believe in them as we read. Yet this is one of the better things of its kind. Mr. Lytle is no mere bugaboo-monger. The book has its psychological interest and a point which is not merely dramatic, and, from the literary point of view, it is a not undistinguished performance.

A young couple buy an old plantation, in some unnamed Southern state, which has vaguely belonged to the husband's family but been allowed to deteriorate in the hands of the poor whites and the Negroes. They try to raise tobacco and renovate the house, but the husband, who tells the story, feels that he is being opposed by the ghost of the former owner, a "Major," who appears to represent for the author the self-willed and self-destructive aspects of the autocratic old South. The young man is under the impression that the Major is blasting them with his own sterility; but we presently begin to suspect that the ghosts are hallucinations, that the obstruction is in himself, and that he is gradually going mad. The theme is a promising one, but the whole thing does not quite come off—partly because, as it seems to me, certain elements are left unclear. You never know precisely what is wrong with the narrator or understand his relation to the recent war, which provides a second ghost. Nor do I grasp the historical implications which are evidently intended by the author to connect the death of the old South, the Western conquests of the United States, and the destruction involved in the Pacific war. But the struggle with the run-down old house and the general psychological atmosphere of a return to the country that does not go are very well done indeed.



If you prefer the real marvels of animal life to the imperfectly invented marvels of fiction, you will enjoy a book called "Wonders of the Great Barrier Reef," by T. C. Roughley (Scribner). The Great Barrier Reef is on

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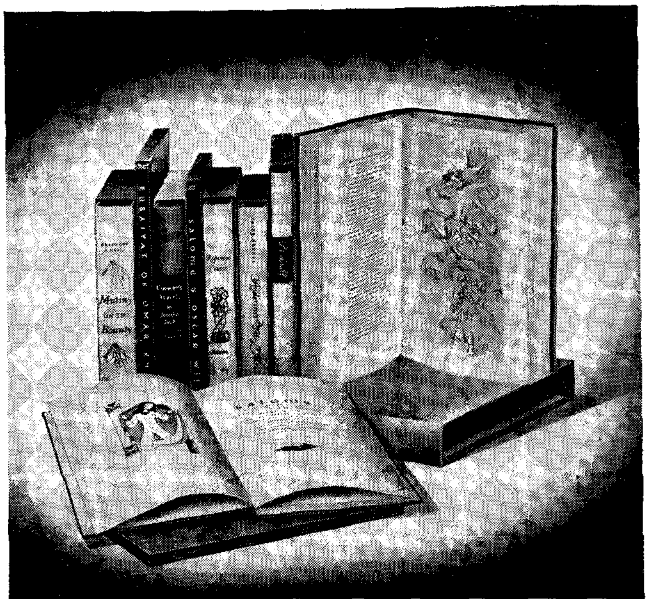

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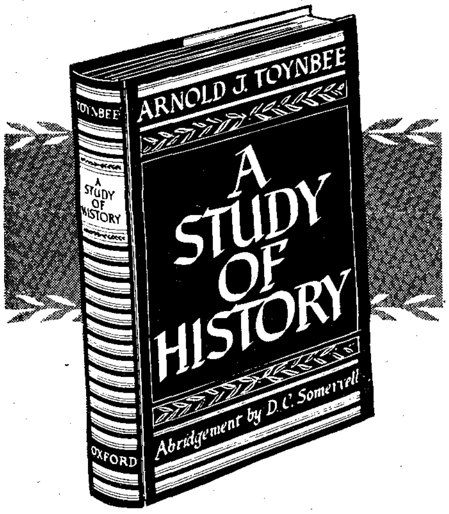

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—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FINE OF 200 FRANCS, by Elsa Triolet (Reynal & Hitchcock). Three very feminine narratives of the French underground, which are certainly not novels, as the publishers call them, though it is hard to find a better label for them. They are more like poignantly written case histories of how three very different people reacted to the necessity for resistance to the Germans, and as such they form an artistically presented footnote to history. Mlle. Triolet, whose sympathies are obviously with the Communists, writes extremely well, but she seems almost intentionally to avoid making the perils she recounts particularly moving or vivid. She has skillfully crystallized the concerns of certain Frenchmen during the Occupation (she assumes that everyone knows all about the Resistance movement by now), but it is doubtful that readers will be either enlightened by, or even greatly interested in, her narrative as the recent tragedy of France grows more remote.

THE LARDNERS AND THE LAURELWOODS, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper). A not entirely successful novel about a London family, members of the gentry, who, after twenty years, return as paying guests to a farm where they boarded as children just before the first World War. The story, swinging unsteadily back and forth over the two decades, interprets

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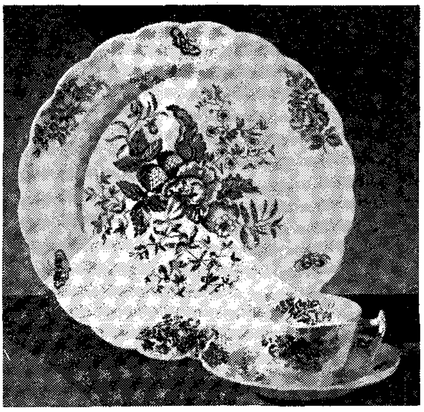

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and reinterprets childhood episodes that were not very substantial to begin with. What may irritate American readers is the quiet assumption by the now middle-aged Londoners (and by the author) that it is proper for their childhood friends to wait on them at table and observe other class distinctions.

KING OF THIS HILL, by Nathaniel Meserve (Doubleday). This story about three American veterans of the war in the Pacific and their efforts to accommodate themselves again to civilian life might have come to a more satisfying end if the author had not been so determined to work in a rough draft of his opinions on most of the major problems of this century. By the time Mr. Meserve has had his three disorganized veterans spend a few months drinking and talking things over in the bars and ateliers of San Francisco's bohemian quarter, they are in condition to set out separately on their more or less readjusted ways. Some of the universal problems that the author wonders about in the course of the book, on the other hand, are left very much as they were before he discussed them.

SUMMER LANDMARK, by Richard Day (Macmillan). A slight but fairly charming first novel that has to do with the events of a ten-year-old boy's summer vacation on his uncle's farm in Iowa. The author's description of a child's mind grappling with the strange adult world is done with better than average ability, and his handling of some episodes involving a marvellous carnival and a wonderful hired man—both of them standard elements in a story of this kind—is very nice, too. It would take a more unusual talent, however, to make you forget that you have read something very like this many times before.

PROUD DESTINY, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking). A long-winded novel dealing with that confused, hesitant period just before the French Revolution when liberal thought was riding high in the midst of reaction. The story is primarily about the negotiations that led to the alliance between the United States and France, with Franklin, the French King and Queen, Lafayette, and that amateur politician, Beaumarchais, as the principal characters. Why Mr. Feuchtwanger has thought fit to go over this bit of history, which has already been recounted so many times, is not clear. It is additionally unfortunate that he has not been able to give even

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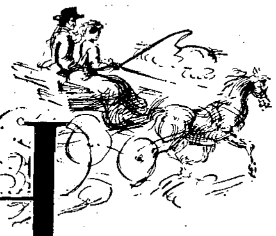

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momentary life to his clumsy waxworks. The book is the Literary Guild selection for October.

Woman of Property, by Mabel Seeley (Doubleday). The heroine of this novel, set in the American Midwest during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is a person of humble birth who concludes, quite soon in life, that money represents the most rapid and direct route to spiritual ease and social emancipation. The story of what happens to her after she comes to that decision is largely an account of her marriages and their relation to her financial ascent. It makes a long, sturdy book that sputters a good deal in places but never really takes fire. The author, though, seems to have the feeling that her heroine's career is a microcosm of the American society of the time.

You Can't See Around Corners, by Jon Cleary (Scribner). The main character of this story is a young Australian who supports himself by gambling, stays out of the Army through chicanery until he is caught and inducted, deserts, burgles to get out of debt, and finally attacks and brutally murders a girl who is in love with him. How he got that way is not divulged; the author simply sets him up as an attractive and clever chap who just happens to fall into a lot of trouble. The novel, incidentally, won a thousand pounds in an Australian newspaper's literary competition.

GENERAL

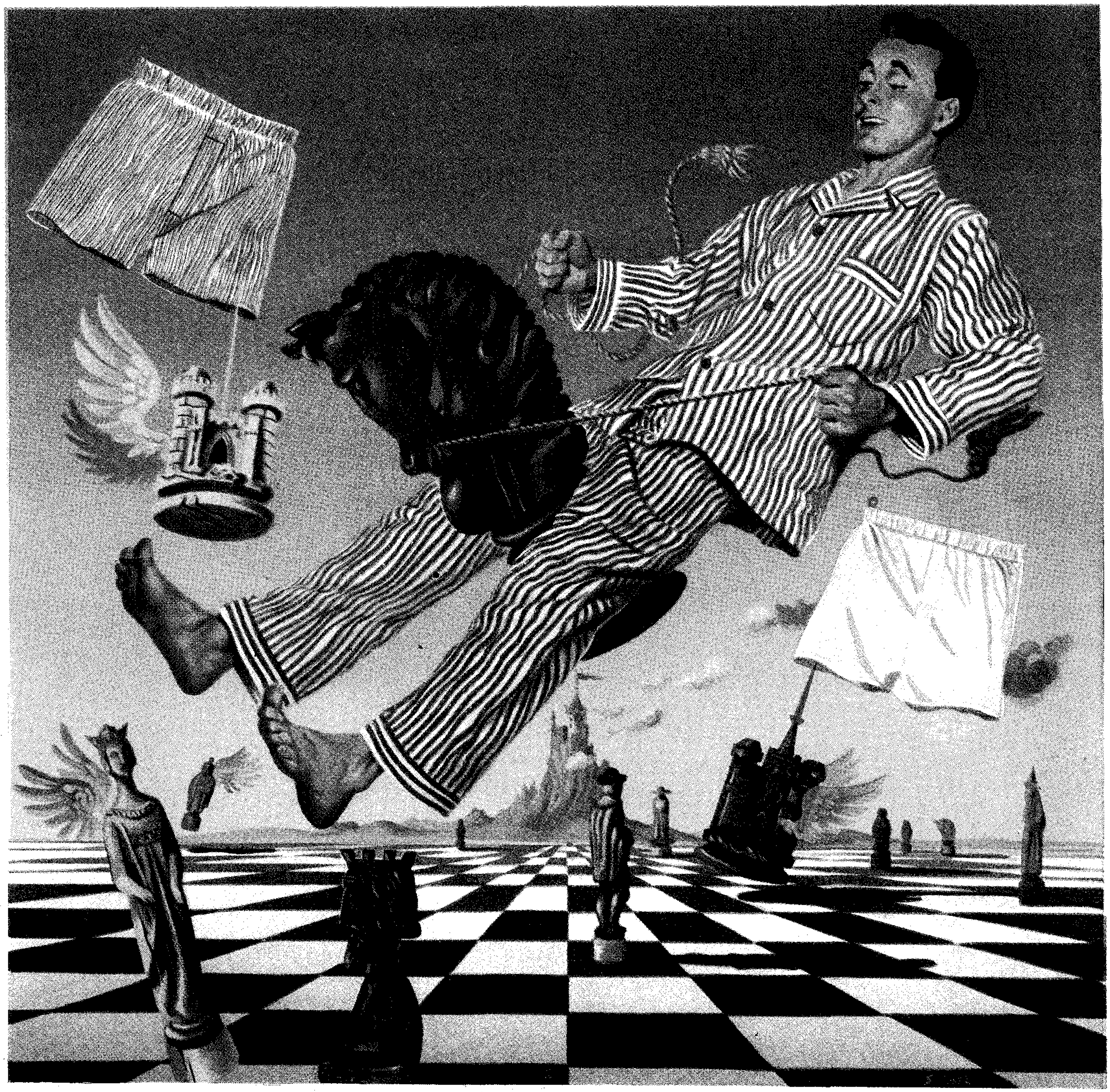
The Journals of André Gide, translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien (Knopf). Volume I (two more are promised) of what will very likely turn out to be one of the great contemporary personal documents. This book covers the years from 1889 to 1913, beginning with the painfully analytical introspections of a young aesthete and ending with the reflections of a mature and original mind. Unlike the Goncourts and other Parisian literary gossips, Gide is a subjective diarist. In his youth, he was preoccupied by a determination to achieve individuality by ridding himself of every affectation and clearing his mind of every thought not his own—an undertaking he felt he had accomplished by 1913. In the following volumes, presumably, we may expect more about the men and women Gide knew (they include nearly everyone of importance in the European artistic world of the last half century) and about the literary and political movements he led and inspired.

Letters of James M. Barrie, edited by Viola Meynell (Scribner). A collection of quiet, restrained letters to close friends in the London writing and theatrical sets. They add up to a pleasant autobiographical sketch of a humorous and engaging man who did not overestimate his literary importance (though he always saw that he got every penny due him) and who had a real admiration for what he considered literary excellence in others.

The European Cockpit, by William Henry Chamberlain (Macmillan). Mr. Chamberlain's attitude toward world politics has for a long time been based on a powerful distrust of Soviet Russia, and it is unchanged in this book, which was written after one of those rapid sweeps around postwar Europe that have become the American journalist's Grand Tour. He says much that he has said before, and his conclusions could have been formulated just as easily if he had stayed home and read the newspapers. He is against a tough peace for the Germans (might soften them up for Communism) and he believes that we should give up our dangerous One World illusion and make the best of a two-world reality.

Patrick Henry: The Voice of Freedom, by Jacob Axelrad (Random House). A rather porous biography of the Virginia lawyer and orator. Mr. Axelrad has tried hard to animate the man, but the attempt is fairly inconclusive. However, his review of the events in which Patrick Henry had a part—chiefly the long and often muddleheaded progress to revolution, and the fight he led against adoption of the Constitution—is very ably done.

The Reach of the Mind, by J. B. Rhine (William Sloane). An account of the extrasensory wonders that Dr. Rhine and his associates have come upon since he wrote "New Frontiers of the Mind," a description of a journey into man's telepathic and precognitive regions, which, when it was published, ten years ago, brought about the Doctor's immediate separation from the company of orthodox psychologists. His experiments with cards and dice have a disturbing resemblance to an old-fashioned evening of table rapping, but, as the author points out, there is always the chance that his researches



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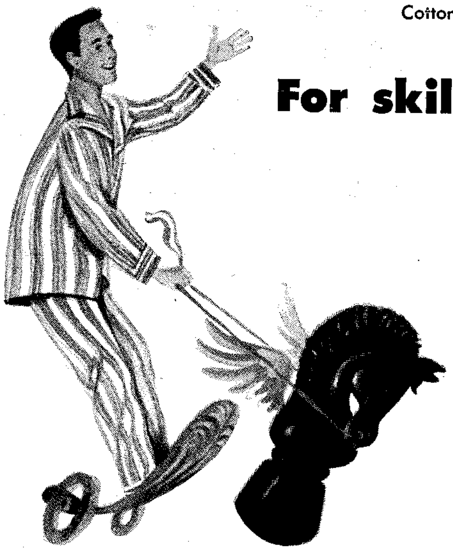

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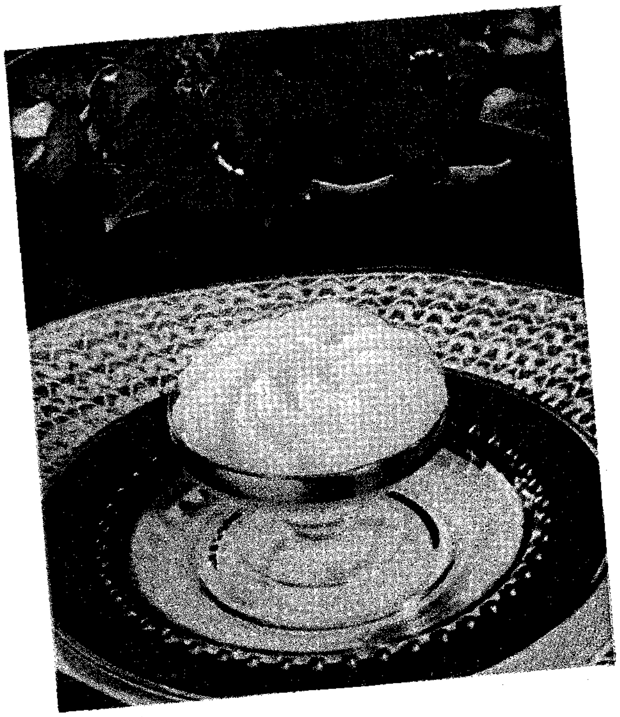

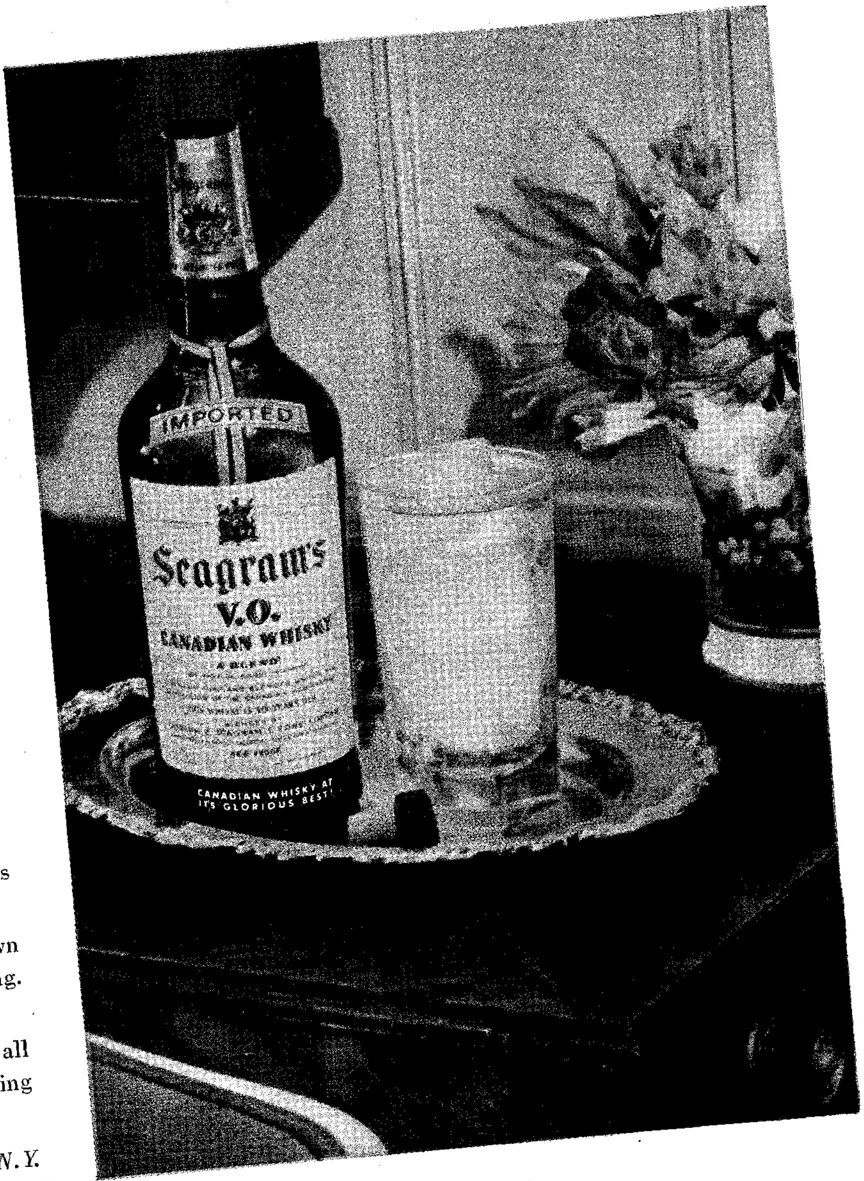
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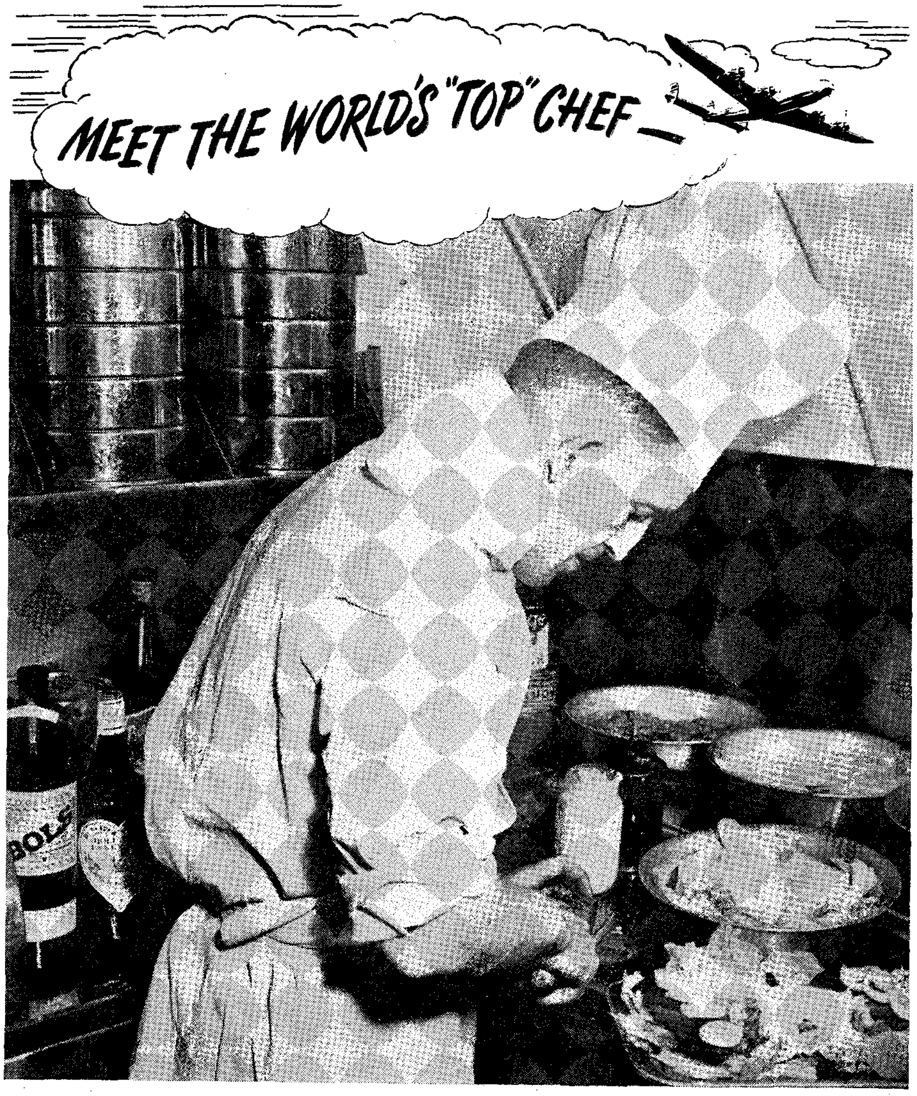
Tom's Town, by William M. Reddig (Lippincott). A journalistic history of Kansas City during the last fifty years of the Pendergast machine, and an instructive study of the workings of boss rule in America. Mr. Reddig goes into his Kansas City politics too exhaustively for the book's own good, but his chronicle is often highly entertaining. His indulgently ironical treatment of the Pendergasts, though, will probably grate on your nerves.

A Southern Vanguard, edited by Allen Tate (Prentice-Hall). An uneven but often stimulating anthology of short stories, poems, and critical essays on Southern art and culture. The stories are not much, but some of the essays are of considerable interest, particularly Malcolm Cowley's "William Faulkner's Legend of the South" and Louis B. Wright's "Myth-Makers and the South's Dilemma." There is also an entry called "The Southern Quality," by Herbert Marshall McLuhan, a Canadian, that is easily the most magnolia-scented piece of nonsense printed in a long time.

Henry Vaughan: A Life and Interpretation, by F. E. Hutchinson (Oxford). This seventeenth-century Welsh metaphysical poet, who has his devoted admirers, now at last also has a full-length biography. The book is based on years of research by Miss Gwenllian Morgan, of Wales, and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, of Massachusetts. The historical background is meticulously dovetailed with all the known details of the private life of the man who now appears, in the words of his biographers, to be "the most Welsh of all who have written English poetry."

Modern Painters, by Lionello Venturi (Scribner). One of the soundest of living art critics and historians discusses eight artists, from Goya to Courbet, all of whom, though obviously far from being modern in fact, can be considered so because of the great contemporary in-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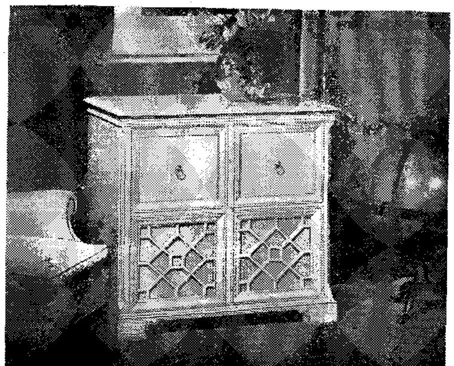

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terest in their work. Not much new material is supplied and the interpretation is basically orthodox, but the author writes with such grace and perceptiveness that he illuminates even the conventional criticisms. Few will be able to read the book without feeling that their understanding of the men has been heightened. A hundred and fifty-seven illustrations in black and white.

TREASURY OF AMERICAN DRAWINGS, by Charles E. Slatkin and Regina Shoolman (Oxford). The first really thoroughgoing attempt to make a survey of American drawings, from Colonial times to the present. A good deal of solid research has gone into the book, but in spite of all this scholarship the text is crisp and readable. A valuable contribution to American art history. A hundred and sixty-three illustrations.

HIERONYMUS BOSCH, by Howard Daniel (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A rather cursorily written but well-documented study of the life and times of the fifteenth-century Flemish master, who surpassed modern Surrealists in the range and inventiveness of his fantastic creations. Unfortunately, many of the plates in the book require a magnifying glass, because Bosch's major paintings were so crowded with minute movement that they can be reproduced successfully only in full scale. Many enlargements of excerpted detail help considerably, however. Sixty plates, twelve in color.

VERSE

THE SONNETS OF LOUISE LABÉ, translated by Frederic Prokosch (New Directions). It is almost impossible to translate these twenty-four intense and severe sonnets of the French Renaissance without making them sound like products of the Romanticism that came much later. Mr. Prokosch's English versions are even softer and more diffuse than Rilke's German ones. The originals, one of which is in Italian, are included. A handsome edition, with a slipcase.

THE SUN MY MONUMENT, by Laurie Lee (Doubleday). A sparkling and gay impressionism is the principal characteristic of these lyric poems by a young Englishman who has shaken himself free from the tunelessness and gloom that afflicts so many of his contemporaries.

PERSONÆ: THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EZRA POUND (New Directions). All of Pound's lyric poetry and translations but the "Cantos"—from the

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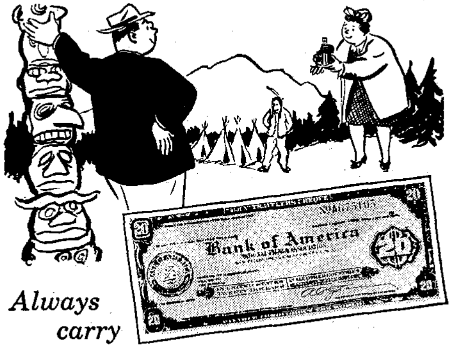

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"Personæ" of 1908 through "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly" (1920)—is here included. The best poems, written, as the publisher says, before the onset of the "mental illness" which affected Pound so tragically, still seem lively, exquisitely written, and frequently moving.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

So Evil My Love, by Joseph Shearing (Harper). A fictional account, based on a famous nineteenth-century murder case, of some horrid doings in an upper-middle-class British household. Olivia Sacret, a mousy but determined widow, works her way into a job as companion to an old school friend and, later on, under the influence of a very unmousy young man, sees to it that her employer's husband gets a mortal dose of antimony. In depicting the results of Mrs. Sacret's fall from grace, the author departs widely from the facts but improves on them considerably. Excellent suspense stuff, done with typical Shearing care.

The Fatal Caress, edited by Richard Barker (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A collection of chronicles of English murders between 1551 and 1888. The title piece is an excerpt from De Quincey's "On Murder Considered As One of the Fine Arts;" the other articles, all of them brief and most of them anonymous, have been taken from pamphlets or newspapers of the day. Each case is presented with very little embroidery, and unless you happen to have rather special antiquarian tastes, you may think the book monotonous. Preface by Anthony Boucher.

Devil Take the Foremost, by Thomas Kinney (Doubleday). Miss Jennie Mayfield, a New York model, marries into one of those conventionally psychotic families, becomes pregnant, and almost at once finds it prudent to feed her vitamin pills to the cat, since several of her in-laws seem resolved to prevent her from producing an heir. Jennie discovers that life around the old mansion in the Hudson River valley is pretty perilous until the various family aberrations result in a general administration of cyanide, thus smoothing things out. Reasonably alarming.

Night Walk, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart). The bibliophile Henry Gamadge, as elegant and leisurely as ever, investigates the clubbing to death of old George Carrington, a gentleman of taste who lived on a

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small annuity in a village in New York. The town, which is somewhat run down, contains an expensive rest home, an inn, a refined rooming house, a library, and an elaborate, moderately plausible array of witnesses, who have been made to believe that the murder is the work of a roaming maniac. Gamadge, of course, knows better. Very self-consciously literary.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES, by H. C. Bailey (Doubleday). Another case for Mr. Joshua Clunk, the London criminal lawyer who annoys the police by singing hymns and outsmarting them. This time, Clunk goes to bat for some young ex-criminals who seem to be involved in robbery, murder, and black-market activities, and ends up by ferreting out one of those super crime organizations. Not too engrossing, even if you're an admirer of the hero.

•

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Some people call me spud
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A member of a family great,
One thousand all in all,
We come in great varieties,
We answer to your call.

Look at me through a microscope,
When cutting me apart,
You'll find me wonderfully made,
In eye, pulp, skin and heart.
My history is interesting.
I have some enemies
Who threatened to destroy me but
We fought their trickeries.

They tell me when I first arrived,
The cold shoulder they gave,
But I soon made good history,
Thousands of lives I've saved.
I have fed multitudes of folks,
I have made many rich,
A place of honor I now hold,

I hear that they will make from me,
Some distilled alcohol,
I hope that it will not be used
To make men drunk and fall.
They tell me motor cars will get,
Their power from me to run,
This I would welcome very much,
My power comes from the sun.

I am dependent on the rain,
And on the sunshine too,
And men to plant and cultivate.
God helps the whole year through.
I do thank God for what He does,
To make me thrive and grow,
And make me useful in the world,
As many friends do show.

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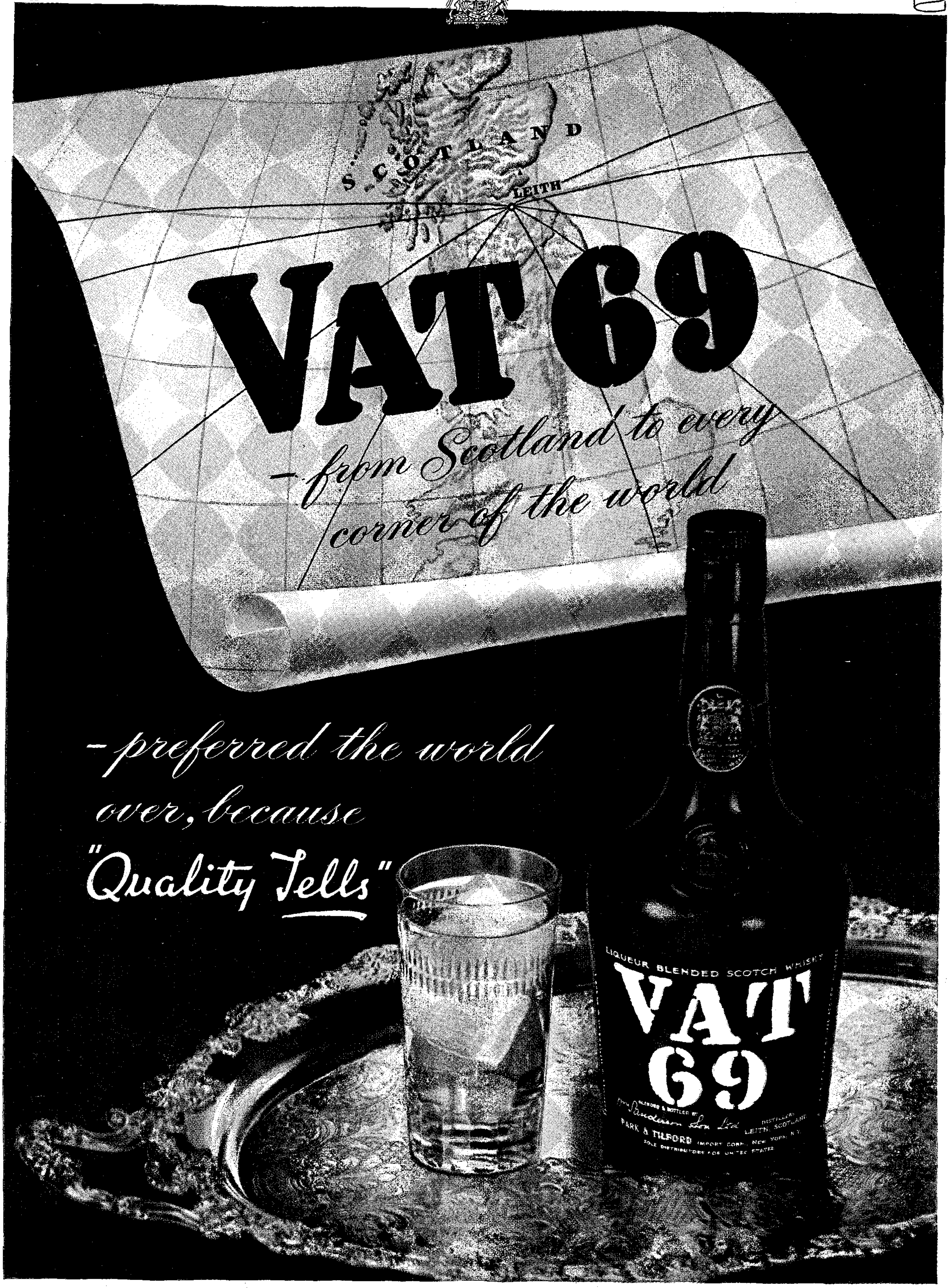
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